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THE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE,

MRS. DELANY:

WITH INTERESTING REMINISCENCES OF

KING GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

EDITED

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LADY LLANOVER.

Second Series.

23995

THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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Joseph Brown sc.

MARY, LADY JERNINGHAM.

From her Portrait by Opie
in the possession of the Right Hon.ble Lord Stafford.

A PEDIGREE OF THE GRANVILLE FAMILY.

ROLLO,
First Duke of Normandy (son of JARL RAGNVALD, a Scandinavian Chief of the highest rank in the time of Harald Harfager, King of Norway), mar. *more Danico*, Popeia, dau. of Berenger, Count of Bayeux, and sister of Bernard of St. Liz, by whom he had one son, William (his successor), and a dau., Gerloc. He afterwards repudiated Popeia for Gilletta, or Gisella, dau. of Charles the Simple, King of France, and became a Christian in compliance with the conditions of peace and the hereditary possession of all the country between the river Epte and Brittany. Gisella dying soon after, he married Popeia *more Christiano*. Died A.D. 917, and was buried at Rouen. [1] having previously abdicated in favour of his son.

WILLIAM (LONG SWORD), 2nd Duke of Normandy, began his reign a year before his father's death; married, 931, Espelota, or Spesta, by whom he had one son, Richard, his successor. He mar. (2) Leitgarde, 2nd dau. of Herbert of Vermandois, who died s.p. He was assassinated 944. [2] Buried at Rouen.

GERLOC (*afterwards christened Adela*), mar., 934, William, Duke of Aquitaine, Count of Poictiers and Auvergne, and had issue,

WILLIAM FIERABRAS, Count of Poictiers, &c., &c.

RICHARD SANSPEUR, 3rd Duke of Normandy, mar. Emma, daughter of Hugh, the great Earl of Paris, sister of Hugh Capet, King of France, died s.p., mar. (2), Gunnora, sister (*or dau.*) of Herfast, a noble Dane. He died A.D. 996. Buried at Fecamp Abbey.

JUDITH, Sister (or dau.) of Jeffry, Count de Brittany. = RICHARD LE BON, 4th Duke of Normandy, d. A.D. 1026. = ELESTA, s.p., daughter of Sweyn, 1st Christian King of Denmark, ob. 1021. = PAPIA, or PAVIA.

ROBERT, Comte d'Evreux, 2nd son, Archbishop of Rouen, d. 1037.

MAUGER (or MAUGER), 1st Count of Corbeile, in Normandy, 2nd son.

HAWISE (or HEDWIGE), Wife of Jeffrey, Count of Brittany.

MATILDA, Wife of Eudo, Earl of Chartiers.

EMMA, Wife of Ethelred, King of England, afterwards wife of Canute, King of England. She was called the "Flower of Normandy." She was the mother of Alfred, whose eyes were put out, and who died in a monastery, and of King Edward the Confessor, of Goda, and of King Hardicanute, and of Gunhilda, wife of the Emperor Henry 4th of Germany.

RICHARD, 5th Duke of Normandy, d. 1026-7. [4]

ROBERT LE DIABLE, 6th Duke of Normandy, d. in 1035. Leaving by Arlette:

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, 7th Duke of Normandy and King of England.

WILLIAM, Count of Arques.

MAUGER, [3] Archbishop of Rouen. Deposed by the Conqueror.

HAMON DENTATUS, 2nd Comte or Earl of Corbeile, Lord of Thorigny, Granville, Brely, and Creuly. = HADWISE (or HAWISA), Sister to the Emperor Otho, and widow of Hugh the Great.

ROBERT FITZHAMON, (or FITZAYMON) [5] Who came into Britain with the Conqueror, Earl of Corbeile, &c. &c. He died without male issue, A.D. 1107, his English and Welsh estates going to his eldest dau. Mabel. = SYBELL, Dau. of Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury.

RICHARD DE GRANVILLE, Came into England also with the Conqueror, and at the death of Robert Fitz-Hamon, his brother, became Earl of Corbeile, with all the titles and estates in Normandy, and Lord of Bideford in his own right. He founded the Abbey of Neath (properly *Nédd*), in consequence of a dream in which he was warned that he must restore to the Cymry all that he could, of which they had been unjustly dispossessed. He returned home and tried to fulfil the injunction, and with the residue founded the Abbey of *Nédd*, the ruins of which, and tesselated pavement tiles with the Granville arms—the three horsemen's rests—still exist. = (1) ISABEL, [6] Dau. of Walter Giffard, Earl of Bucks and Longueville. (2) MUNEVE (or Constance), [7] dau. of Caradoc ap Arthen, the Lord of Glyn Nédd.

HAMON, [8] 2nd son. (qy.)

MABEL, Eldest dau. ns. Robert, son of Henry 1st (by Nest, dau. of Rhys ap Tewdyr, Prince of South Wales); who was created Earl of Gloucester, in right of his wife, and succeeded to Robert Fitz-Hamon's English estates, and had issue—
WILLIAM, 2nd Earl of Gloucester.

HAWISE, 2nd dau., was Abbess of Wilton.

CICELY, 3rd dau., was Abbess of Shaftesbury.

ANNE, 4th dau., mar. Count of Brittany.

RICHARD DE GRANVILLE, = GUNDRED, (or Earl of Corbeile, Lord of Thorigny and Granville, &c. &c., in Normandy, and Lord of Bideford, in England, ob. ante, 1205. GUNDREDA.)

RALPH, 2nd son.

GERARD, 3rd son.

ROBERT, 4th son, progenitor of the Buckingham branch. Qu. Was Wm. Corbois, or Corbyt, who was Abp. of Canterbury, 1122, another son of Rd. de Granville.

RICHARD DE GRANVILLE, = ADELINE, &c. &c., ob. circa, 1217. Widow of Hugh Montfort, dau. of Thos. Fitz-Nicholas, of Middleton.

RICHARD DE GRANVILLE, = JANE, ob., 1248. (Qu. 1251.) Dau. of Wm. of Treynt, or Trevint, or Trewynt, in the parish of Blisland, co. Cornwall, of which nothing but an old Gothic arch now remains.

RICHARD DE GRANVILLE, = ISABEL, &c. &c., ob., s.p., 1310. Dau. of Joscline, or Joscelyn, of Mount Tregomlan.

BARTHOLOMEW DE GRANVILLE, = AMY, [9] &c. &c., ob. 1325. Dau. of Sir Yvel Yvynn, of Trevidden, co. Cornwall.

WILLIAM DE GRANVILLE, [10] Dean of Chichester, Abp. of York, and Lord Chancellor of England, ob. 1315.

HENRY DE GRANVILLE, [11] = ANN, ob. 1327. Dau. of Wortham.

RICHARD, Rector of Kilkhampton, ob. 1312.

SIR THEOBALD DE GRANVILLE. = JOYCE, Dau. of Thomas Beaumont, Earl of Millent.

SIR THEOBALD DE GRANVILLE. = MARGARET, Dau. of Sir Hugh Courtenay, of Haccombe, by Maud, dau. of Sir John Beaumont, of Sherwell.

SIR JOHN DE GRANVILLE, Living in 1397, ob. s.p., 1412. = MARGARET, Dau. of Burghersh (probably Bartholomew Lord Burghersh, who was living at that date).

THOMASINE, [12] 1st wife, dau. of John Cole, (*see note*) ob. s.p. = WILLIAM DE GRANVILLE, Esquire—Armig. ob. 1443.

PHILIPPA, [13] Dau. of William, Lord Bonville, of Chuton, 2nd wife.

ANN, Daughter of Sir Phillip Courtenay, of Powder- = SIR THOMAS GRANVILLE, ob. 1484.

ELIZABETH, Sister of Sir Theobald Georges.

ELNEA. Mar. (1) Wm. Yeo, of Heanton, Esquire (Qu.

NOTES.

[1] The dates of Rollo's and his son William's (Long Sword) deaths are on their tombs in Rouen Cathedral, viz., Rollo 917 (Sir Francis Palgrave gives "about 926"), William 944.

[2] Palgrave says 942.

[3] Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, succeeded his uncle, Robert of Evreux, in that Archbishopric. He married, and had issue. He was dispossessed before his death, and banished to the Isle of Jersey.

[4] Richard, the 5th Duke of Normandy, was supposed to have been murdered, or caused to be, by his brother, Robert le Diable.

[5] Robert Fitz Hamon (or Fitz Aymon) styled "Prince of Glamorgan, Earl of Corbeile, Lord of Thorigny and Granville, Lord of Gloucester, Bristol, Tewkesbury, and Cardiff, Governor of Wales, near kinsman to the King, and General of all his forces in France."

[6] Isabel was wife of Richard de Granvil, and in the account of that powerful family, the Giffards, it is mentioned that their daughter Isabel married Richard de Granvil.

[7] In the charter of the foundation of the Abbey of Neath, Richard Granvil's wife Meiven (or *Constantia*) is mentioned as co-founder. *She was his second wife*, and the change of names is of frequent occurrence from persons being baptised under different names. For instance, Rollo was afterwards christened Robert. The name of Granvil, *Grynvyl*, or Grynield, is *Scandinavian*, and the name of Granville (the town in Normandy) is probably a Frenchified termination given to the name bestowed by its Scandinavian conqueror.

[8] In one of the pedigrees it is said that Robert Fitz Hamon and Richard de Granvil had a younger brother, called Hamon; but it was very unlikely, if there had been a 3rd son, that his name would have been Hamon, the elder son being *Fitz* Hamon, viz., the son of Hamon.

[9] The arms of Bartholomew Granvil and Amy Yvvian, his wife, were cut in stone over a chimney-piece in an old house in the village of Moorwinstow.

[10] "In 1306, William de Greenfild, son of Sir Richard de Greenfild of Stow, in Com. Cornwall, and Jane Trewynt, was elected Archbishop of York."

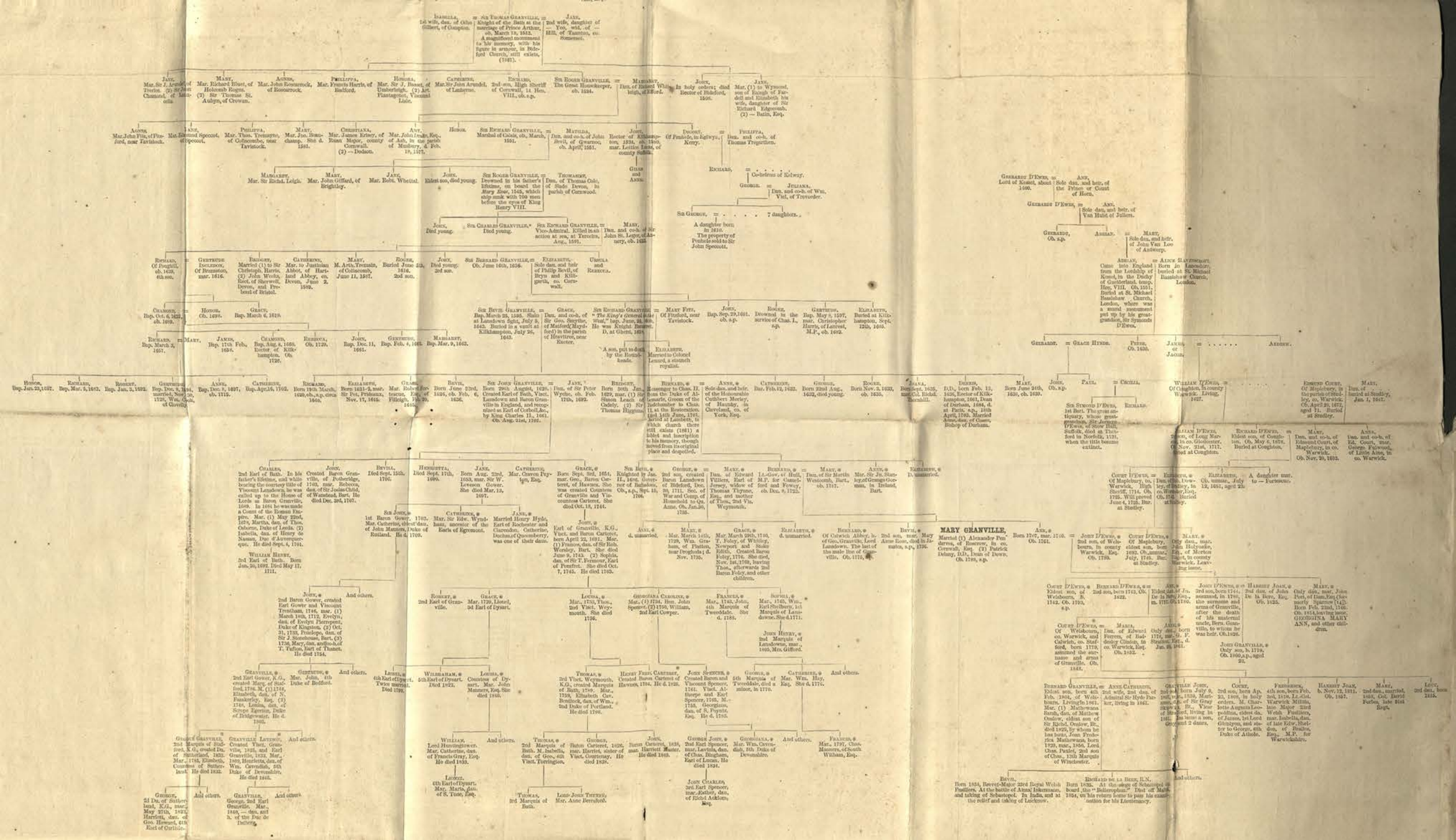
[11] Henry de Granvil, who died in 1326-7, married Anne, daughter and heiress of the family of Wortham, and they were both buried in Kilkhampton Church, as his arms impaled with those of Wortham still show.

[12] "It appears from an old Record (A.D. 1426) that Thomasine, daughter of John Cole, was William de Grenvil's first wife, as it should seem by indenture made at Bideford, Monday after the Feast of St. John, ante portam Latinam, the 6th of Henry VI., between William de Greynevill and Thomasine his wife on the one part, and John Cole on the other part, &c. &c.

[13] The hatchment (in stucco) of William de Granvil and Philippa, his wife, is in Kilkhampton Church.

[14] The Sparrow family were originally from North Wales (*Sir Pen.*), Isle of Anglesea.

* Indicates all those individuals who appear in the Pedigree who were Knights in the



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THE

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

MARY GRANVILLE

(MRS. DELANY).

CHAPTER XXVII.

JANUARY, 1781—DECEMBER, 1785.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Jan., 1781.

So weakened that I can no more attend to busyness than a child, not that I feel any other *defect* in my apprehensions but that of being overcome with any interesting attention. I *endeavour*, therefore, to avoid as much as possible everything that agitates my spirits, and to preserve *that tranquillity of mind* wch is necessary for the great object in view, and must make the kind and attentive friends who are interested for me easy and satisfyed with my present state of life, and indeed I believe, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will prove the most likely *means* to prolong my life. You will answer this immediately, that if necessary to put up another bed it should be done direct. So, my dearest child, praying most ardently for your good journey and

our happy meeting on Saturday the 20th of this month, I salute you all with my best wishes.

Ever yours,
W^th^ the tenderest affection,
M. DELANY.

P.S. Lord Guilford is happy with his grandson, Mr. North, being made Secretary to the Queen. Mr. Willm Legge[1] Groom of ye Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales.

A word of the potted meat. I sent the Duchess of P. a small pot of it, as *made by you* at y^e^ *request of y^r^ daughter*, and she says she "never eat any so good." I have more in store for her, but I thought if I sent the whole it would be lost in her great kitchen, for she is as choice of it as of a fine shell.

Send your trunks in time with a full direction, that they may be ready for you.

I have heard news from Welsbourn—all well. Lady Foley[2] was so ill yesterday with a fever after her lying-in that there was small hopes of her life. I have not heard to-day.

Sr Francis Bourgoyne[3] died Saturday night; poor Miss Bour^ne^ sat by him at his supper: he was as well as usual, but soon after eating his cup of gruel he fell into convulsions, from one fit into another, and she had the terror of seeing him dye! On other accounts his death can cause no grief.

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[1] Hon. Mr. Legge, appointed Groom of the Bed-chamber to the Prince of Wales, Dec. 19, 1780.

[2] Henrietta, wife of Thomas, 2nd Lord Foley, and daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, died in Jan., 1781, having on 22nd Dec., 1780, given birth to a son, Thomas, afterwards 3rd Baron Foley.

[3] Sir *Roger* Burgoyne died in 1780.—(*Burke.*)

Mrs. Delany to her nephew, the Rev. J. Dewes.

St. James's Place, Jan. 4th, 1781.

I am much obliged to my dear nephew for the good things you design me, which will be welcome, but rather more convenient a fortnight hence; but as you and your brother are such excellent purveyors for me, pray consult together that my larder may *not overflow*. I am tolerably well; have some very sinking days, but, on the whole, am as well as old age will allow. Ever *happy* to hear you are *all so*, and,

Ever your affectionate,
M. DELANY.

I shall expect Mrs. Port on the 20th.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place. Friday morning.
Jan. 5th, 1781.

This is the *first* day I cou'd sincerely boast of an amendment, or my dear agreable Miss Hamilton's *commands* wou'd have been sooner obey'd, *they* were too flattering for me to neglect. I have been a poor languid mortal since I saw you; but instead of smelling a bottle of salts, &c., I took a look at my *charming* locket, and recollected the honour my heart most gratefully feels; which also abounds with every warm wish for the health and true felicity of your royal mistress, who is so amiable that 'tis impossible not to love her. You are an enviable creature, but as you are worthy of the honour of seeing her every day, I will not (if I can help it) envy

you, but wish you many years enjoyment of that and of every earthly felicity.

Affect^ly y^rs,
M. DELANY.

The Duchess of Portland's cold is much better, and that makes me better.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Feb. 2nd, 1781.

I long to see you, my dear Miss Hamilton, to congratulate you on being initiated into the science of "*conchyliology*," which I am sure you will do honour to, from what I have heard reported of you from the *fountain-head*; but I have many reasons to wish to see you, among the number to enquire very particularly after Lady Char. Finch, as I hear she has had an indifferent account of L^d W's health, and I sincerely feel for her and Mrs. Fielding.[1]

I fear this is an impertinent interruption to your precious moments. I am tolerably well for my tottering state, but only allow'd the liberty of seeing ye quintessence of my acquaintance; and truly I have no reason to complain, but of my abominable pen and ink. This requires no answer.

M. DELANY.

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[1] Mrs. Fielding, daughter of Lady C. Finch and sister of the Earl of Winchelsea.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 27 Feby., 1781.

MY DEAREST MARY,

I must wave all tender reflections and acknowledgements, they would overpower me, and we are sure of doing each other justice—"paying and still owing."

Your sweet pledge came to my bedside, and *we sympathized!* we eat a solitary breakfast; we—but I am insensibly doing what I meant to avoid. I assure you she is pure well, and minds all your injunctions: she was not disposed for dancing, so I excused her, and sent her on an errand to *neighbour* Sandford, who dined and staid wth me the even^g^. Her son came from Danson at 6, and drank tea here and diverted his sist^r^, wch I was glad of. I sent her to bed early; she had a good night, and is very well to-day; transported last night with her papa's letter; indeed, so was I, and most heartily congratulate you both on the happy state of y^r^ nursery, and you may believe not a little impatient to hear how you go on, and what sort of a journey you and my sweet dear little Vandyke[1] (alias G. R. P.) have had; M. and I followed you from stage to stage.

---

[1] "*My dear little Vandyke.*"—George Rowe Port, then seven years old, whose remarkable beauty caused Mrs. Delany to call him her "little Vandyke," from his resemblance to a picture of a beautiful child by that master. It was probably on the occasion of this his first visit to London, that Queen Charlotte unexpectedly entered the room where he was, and held out her hand to him, upon which Mrs. Delany said, "Kneel down, and kiss her Majesty's hand," an order which he obeyed instantaneously; and the grace of his attitude, the beauty of his countenance and complexion, with his curling hair, and fine eyes looking up at the Queen with the most perfect simplicity and innocence, and without one particle of self-consciousness, awkwardness, or affectation, made altogether a picture which his sister who was present often recalled long after death had deprived her of this favourite brother. He died June 20, 1794, 2nd Lieutenant on board H.M.S. *The Reprisal*, at Antigua, of yellow fever.

My nephew Dewes dined wth me, and staid till his concert hour, and I was well pleased no other visitor came: nothing is so soothing as a single sensible kind friend's conversation when the mind is in a sensitive state, who is also interested in the subject that occupys (I may say, engrosses) our thoughts.

This evening I expect, besides our dear Dss, Lady Stamford, Miss Hamilton, and some chance etceteras. How kind and considerate it was in Mr. Port not to let you into the secret of the infection spreading! it was time eno' for you to be prepared with it before you reach'd home. I think George can hardly escape it.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 1st March, 1781.

Our dear girl is perfectly well and perfectly good, and at this moment very busy with Mr. Snow, who has requested to alter his time, so he comes on Thursdays at 8 in the morning, and Tuesdays and Saturdays at 9, which suits just as well.

The journal of 2 days past.—Tuesday morning no body; in the evening, my never failing friend and Lady Stamford, Mrs. San^d^ and her son; at *past nine* in flounced Lady Clarendon and Lady Charlotte, wch honour might have been spared at such an undue hour. Yesterday morning Mr. Bolton began with G. M. A; at 12 Mrs. Sand^d^ and her bro^r^ T. C. had the Dss's coach to go to Chelsea to see Mrs. Chapone, and took my sweet girl with them; *she* and I dined tête-à-tête, and before apple pye came the Dss of P^d^ made me a visit in her way from

her daughter's home, but would not partake of our lenten fare. At 5 came Mr. French; I did not expect him, but thought it too innocent an employment to put him off, and he gave her a long lesson for missing one on Monday. Mrs. Sand[d] and her son came at 7, then Mr. and Mrs. Cole, also Lord Lewisham[1] (so polite and agreable that I wished his visit longer), then Lady Brudenel; then Lady Andover; then L[d] and L[y] Willoughby; and all cleared off by 9 o'clock: and tho' a little tired, I did not think I was the worse for my assembly. I forgot my morning visitor, Lord Carlow, who came to thank me for my congratulations in person, and to give me the satisfaction of knowing that L[y] Carlow and his new born son[2] were as well as possible. I have just sent to enquire after Mrs. A. Foley. Mrs. Sand[d] has received fresh satisfaction about her son, who is now in great spirits on board Admiral Darby's[3] own ship with many advantagious circumstances; her cousin (the saylor, Mr. Tho[s] Sandford) went down to Portsmouth last week on purpose to see him; saw him on board, and returned yesterday with this good acc[t]. I send a note by Mrs. Sand[d] to-day to L[y] Willoughby with the paper I had wrote down, and shewed you (ab[t] Mr. B[m's] coming into Parl[t]); she is so judicious as well as zealous that I am sure she will do what is best.

[1] George, Lord Lewisham, born 3rd Oct., 1755; married, 24th Sept., 1782, Frances, daughter of Heneage, 3rd Earl of Aylesford; succeeded his father as 3rd Earl of Dartmouth in 1801, and died in 1810.

[2] John, 2nd Viscount Carlow (afterwards created Earl of Portarlington), married, 1st Jan., 1778, Lady Caroline Stuart, daughter of the Earl of Bute. Their eldest son, John, 2nd Earl, was born 26th Feb., 1781, who died unmarried, Dec., 1845.

[3] Rear-Admiral George Darby; he relieved Gibraltar in 1781, and was made a Lord of the Admiralty the same year. He died Feb., 1790.

Mr. Snow has given us an hour and ¾ this morning, and the overture of Amadis into y° bargain. I shall never be forgiven if I omit G. M. A.'s love and duty; indeed, she wants me to say more than I have time for.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

10 o'clock, Wednesday,
March 14th, 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I hope the regal flower[1] has returned safe into your hands, tho' not so blooming as when I received it; I fear I have kept it too long, but my vivacity (like the flower) droops with time, and I truly think nothing less than the honour and delight of having been thought worthy of *such a task* by her Majesty cou'd have given me the power of attempting it; you know, my dear madam, how truly sensible I am of the Queen's goodness, and you also know how difficult it is to do justice to that gratitude which an honest heart must feel. Joy! joy! for our *excellent good news!* The Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Porteus drink tea here, and my never failing friend this afternoon. Have you a moment to spare? If you have you cannot bestow it where it will be more truly valued than on

Y^r^ most affectionate
And obliged
M. DELANY.

Don't write; I know your hours are better employ'd than in answering notes.

---

[1] "*The Regal Flower.*" This flower was beautifully represented by Mrs. Delany, and on the back she wrote, "*Amaryllis Regia, St. James's Place, 16th March*, 1781. *Sent me by the Queen.*'

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Monday, March 19th, 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I send for your inspection one of my drawers of shells, and wish most heartily I cou'd have brought them; but I must content myself with the pleasant feel of sending you a moment's amusements; you may keep them as long as they can be of use to you, knowing them in safe hands; I will send for them to-morrow or Wednesday, wch ever day you name to the bearer; the mode of the trays[1] I have found answer the purpose better than any; I don't despair of assisting you in the work, as I hope to improve with the season.

Ever your much obliged and affect^te^

M. DELANY.

Don't trouble yourself to write; Mr. Turton has been wth me, and assures me y^u^ are better.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dewes.[2]

St. James's Place, 19th March, 1781.

I am happy that my dear niece Dewes likes the little addition I have made to her toylet, and obliged to her for her kind manner of accepting my offering. I am sorry *our distance* has prevented my being personally

---

[1] Mrs. Delany made quantities of little trays of cards to hold her shells and divide them, and it appears that she sent a pattern of one to Miss Hamilton.

[2] Harriet Joan De la Bere—Mrs. Dewes.

more intimately acquainted with one who is so amiable an acquisition to my family, and whose character and conduct have so much gained my love and esteem. Yet, notwithstanding *that regret*, I cannot but felicitate you and my dear nephew for being settled far from the follies and temptations that infest this great whirlpool of London, and for filling your station of life wth honour and true domestic happiness: I hope you are as well as y^r^ present circumstances will allow you to be, and that you are cautious not to run any hazards. Y^r^ kind guardian and protector, I am sure, will be watchful, and the care of your health is the *only* point where it may be necessary for him to exert the lord and master. No long walks, I beseech you, nor jolting in rough roads; every fatigue to be avoided as much as possible. To your kind enquiry after my health I can truly say I have no complaint but what is the natural attendant of old age, but gentle monitors to keep in view *the haven where I wish to be!* and I am most grateful to Providence for allowing me so many enjoyments beyond my years! When my friends are well and happy *I am* so; when otherways I recollect this is a world of tryal, and that our sorrows are sent to refine us for a better state, and wean us from a vain attachment to this life. My little circle of *choice friends*, and the kind remembrances of *absent ones*, are the only cordials I have recourse to, and they cheer without intoxication. I shall soon lose my dear Court, but you and Ilam will, I suppose, gain by it, wch will be my consolation. Y^r^ dear sister-in-law, Port, I hope is well, and not over-fatigued wth her nursery. I try to be as little anxious as possible, and her sweet girl *enlivens and delights* me. It is a great satis-

faction to me to hear that y^r^ dear little boy[1] thrives so charmingly. My love and best wishes attend dear Calwich. I don't think I return'd you thanks for the "*good prog*" you sent me. I was ill and unable at that time, but Mrs. Port promised to do it for me. I wish, though my visit is already very long, I cou'd lengthen it by some entertaining news. We are all spirits, and wth reason, on the important victory Sr G. Rodney has gain'd, and even the grumblers not only abate of their ill-humour, but even complim^t^ and *applaud* our Minister. Happy if all terminates in peace, and there ends my politics.

Lady Althorpe[2] appeared at the Drawing-Room last Thursday—a fine and happy bride: silver tissue trimm'd with gold; many jewels, and very well dress'd. Most of the relations and attendants on the occasion were in plain or striped sattins.

Lady Bridget Talmache's disappointment has been matter of conversation. Her b^r^, Ld Northington,[3] told her to "be comforted, for Renelagh wou'd begin soon, and she might get another husband;" not a *very delicate* manner of consolation.

I had ye pleasure yesterday of seeing y^r^ b^r^, Mr. T. De la Bere. He looks very well, and says he is so, and

---

[1] John, born 1780.

[2] Lord Althorp, son of Earl Spencer, was married by special licence, March 6, 1781, to Lavinia, eldest daughter of Charles, Baron and afterwards 1st Earl of Lucan."

[3] Robert Henley, 2nd Earl of Northington, succeeded his father in 1772. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1783-4, and died unmarried in 1786, when his titles became extinct. Lady Bridget Henley's first husband was the Hon. George Fox Lane; and her second husband was the Hon. John Tolmache, killed in a duel with Mr. Pennington (afterwards Lord Muncaster.)

does me the favour to dine wth me to-morrow wth Mr. Dewes and Master Sandford, and they go afterwards to the Oratoria. In the evening I saw Miss Foley, who is very well, and gave a good account of Staffordshire friends. She is *very amiable.*

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill-Hill, 27th March, 81.

ffrom not thinking it reasonable that one out of ye world sh^d^ engross a mom^t^ of *those* y^t^ are *in it,* is one cause of my profound silence; and my old man has often inform'd me you was well, wch saves you ye trouble of answering my enquiries. Then I've no ffrank left. Poor Tomy gave me many; but alas! his mother has bussled him out of Parliam^t^, and they are as useless as almanacks out of date! I've remain'd here, I believe, for want of spirits to move, tho' well, quiet, wth out any disturbance; w^t^ can an old woman desire more? Sometimes a wish to see some individuals has come across my profound tranquility; but a languor from age, I sopose, prevented puting it in execution. Enough of myself, which always must be countrey peoples subject, for want of any other.

Mrs. Port and her little ones I don't doubt gave you much pleasure. Mrs. Leveson, who was here for a few days, said they were return'd; I hope safe and well home. Here has been ye finest March weather ever known, and in consequence ye finest bloom; magnolias in a flourishing state. I may say to 'em w^t^ ye late L . . d Orford us'd to say of his trees (w^n^ a discarded Minister), *they*

were ffreinds, y^t w^d not deceive him. May d^r Mrs. Delany meet wth such is ye réal desire of her most faithfull

M. G.

Almost all my best wishes attend ye Dow^r D^r of Portland.

On the 8th of April, in this year, Mrs. Delany wrote to Miss Hamilton asking her to come to her any time from 2 to 10, as she wished to consult her. The consultation appears to have been upon the subject of the execution of the flower which she had copied in her work of paper mosaic, from the living specimen sent to her by the Queen. On the 11th of April, Mrs. Delany wrote to Miss Hamilton that she will submit the flower to her sentence, as to whether it was to receive the highest of honours, or to be condemned to the station it had a better claim to. Upon Mrs. Delany's note Miss Hamilton had written the message with which she was afterwards charged to the Queen, and which she must have written down from Mrs. Delany's lips. It is as follows:—

"With the utmost fearfulness of being too presumptuous, Mrs. Delany earnestly wishes to offer this lowly tribute of her humble duty and warmest gratitude to the Queen; the *apprehension* that it *may* be *the last* effort she shall be able to execute of this work, which has been so much honoured by her Majesty's approbation, urges and emboldens her to lay this at her Majesty's feet; and if in the smallest degree it should prove acceptable, and be received as a testimony of her profound respect, her highest ambition will be gratified."

As Queen Charlotte *had* this lily, and there is another in the work, Mrs. Delany must have done *two* from the flower sent her; probably she was dissatisfied with the first, and did a second for the Queen.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place.
Wednesday, 18th April, 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Your obliging request of hearing from me is too agreable not to be complied with. The softness and cheerfulness of the present weather I hope will contribute to make the Dss D^r^ of P. quite well. What need I say any thing of my own health? *She* is my barometer, and yesterday I had the courage to go to Sir Ashton Levers[1] and Sir Joshua Reynolds,[2] and not too much fatigued. How you at this moment pity us, poor Londoners! Well you may, who enjoy such superior pleasures, and I shou'd truly envy you, were I not so well acquainted with you, and so sincerely

My dear Miss Ham^ns^
Affectionately and most obliged, hum^bl^ serv^t^,
M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place, 30th April, 1781.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

I take the liberty of sending a piece of antiquity to add to your collection, tho' I fear it is much less valuable than a piece of spar or a lump of mundic. If

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[1] Sir Ashton Levers, founder of the Leverian Museum, a valuable collection of Natural History, which was exhibited at Leicester House about 1778. It was afterwards disposed of by lottery, and in a few years dispersed by auction. Sir Ashton Levers died in 1788.

[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, in 1723; was appointed President of the Royal Academy in 1768 and knighted. He died at his house in Leicester Square, Feb. 23rd, 1792.

you will find a corner for it, and sometimes look on it with a partial eye, you will agreeably flatter and gratify

Your most affectionate
And much obliged hum^bl serv^t,
M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 3rd May, 1781.

I did not know till I receiv'd your dear letter yesterday that I had miss'd a post, but you are very kind and indulgent in making those allowances which my present stage of life requires; but don't imagine it is *always inability of writing*, for my interruptions are numerous, especially as I now lay hold of good days and good weather to air about and visit, wch with the attentions (the most delightfull of all) paid to our lovely girl, leaves no great leisure for writing, and now and then will occasion a slip. I think after this I shall make Tuesdays my day of sending my letter to the post, and shou'd be glad if as convenient to you that you wrote on ye day that wou'd bring y^rs to me on Saturday. I am sorry, my dearest child, you shou'd apologize for sending me y^r commission; as long as I am able I shall with pleasure get them executed. I know nothing of Mrs. Pen but that the letter about her cloaths was sent to her. I am most *truly sorry* she ever was in your service, as I have good reason to know she is a mischievous woman, (so that I have forbid her coming) and am heartily glad Mrs. Joyce proves a *comfortable* servant, for indeed *such*

a servant is one of the necessarys of life, especially where a family is apt to increase!

I am unreasonable eno' to prolong the time of my dear G.M.A.'s stay. My wish *I own* was to have kept her till the end of y^r confinement.

Your bro^r C. will ever be ready to do all the service in his power to you and your children, and when people are willing and able to be of *real use*, small matters must be overlooked, as they have a right to confer in their *own way*.

Shou'd you alter your mind about G.M.A.'s journey, cou'd not you spare Mrs Joyce better than A.V., I cou'd by no means be easy (as I am sure *he* wou'd not) that Mr. Port shou'd be two or three days from you when his tender care of you is so necessary; but be assured whatever you determine I shall be quite satisfied with.

I have continued G.M.A.'s masters, and I think they will lay such a foundation as will enable her to go on at home with advantage. I believe 3 times more finishes Mr. Bolton, and I shall then discharge him, as she is grown fonder of looking into her books of geography and her maps. *I can* attend to her writing, and her papa I trust will improve her in arithmetic and teach her multiplication table wch she is deficient in, but her excellent capacity, when improved by attention, will do all we wish for her; you must not expect much on the harpsicord. *Mr. Snow* does *not* desire to bring her so forward in the *executive* part as in the knowledge of her book, wch I hope you will approve of, as it will then be a fund of pleasure that will not fail her. *He* will write down all his directions.

She is gone this morning to breakfast with Miss Ha-

milton at St James's Palace, comes home at eleven to meet Mr. Snow, and in the evening is invited to a little dance at Miss Black's (my friend ye paintress) to meet the Lady Greys. Mr. and Miss Foley run away with her to dinner last Monday, and carried her with them to the play; Lady Clan^{l} and Miss Foley were here yesterday evening; poor Lady Clan^{l} looks thin, and still has a bad cough, w^{ch}, being nervous, has been increased by her anxiety about Mrs. Winnington. She showed me a most affecting letter of hers; *so much* maternal feeling and at the same time *so much Xtian resignation* and attention to the *blessings remaining* that it raised my admiration as well as my affection for her; if my spirits will let me after this long letter and 4 visitors that come this morning to visit *Flora Delanica*, I mean to write to her. Shou'd you see her *before* that, assure her of my very *affectionate attachment* to her on *all* occasions.

The Bishop of Worcester (Dr. North) is to succeed the B^{p} of Winchester. The Bishop of Litchfield removes to Worcester. I am afraid the Mills's will think me negligent of them, but I have not been able to depend on myself to ask them to dinner.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, Sunday,
May, 1781.

I wrote last Thursday, the day our little girl was to go to Miss Black's "little dance," as she called it; but it proved, like all other private parties, a crowd; however, she was pleased with it and met her young friends, the Lady Greys and Lady Stamford. I knew they were

to be there or I should not have trusted her without myself. She came home at eleven in a chair. I would not let her stay supper; but she was a good deal tired, and she did not recover quite her usual vivacity till after dinner on Friday, but was then perfectly well, and has been so ever since.

We had a large circle in the evening, morning and evening visitors were 17 in number. I bore it tolerably well, and yesterday the Dss D. of Portland carried us both to Mr. Smitman's to see the wonderful works of the African ants.

Tuesday noon, 8th May, 1781.

We were there full 4 hours and G. M. A. as attentive to the *last moment* as any philosopher could be, and is very busy writing down all she can recollect of what she saw to entertain her friends at Ilam, so I will not forestall her design.

Sunday morning at one, I went to see Mrs. Walsingham, who is still in her retired way and sees only particulars. She has not yet put on her mourning tho' for some time I think she must be convinced that the Thunderer and all its crew *has perished*;[1] she waits till it is declared by Government. *His* conduct for some years past has been so ungrateful and unworthy, tho' with a *parade* of kindness, that she can feel no real affliction for the loss after the first shock is over. I found her and her agreeable girl surrounded with their ingenious works, which for some months they have had much leisure for; I have been very sorry that G[a] has as yet had no inter-

[1] The Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, third son of the Earl of Shannon, was lost on board the "Thunderer" man-of-war, of which he was commander, in a hurricane in the West Indies, in Oct., 1779.

course with Miss Boyle but as children of a longer intimacy and relations have not been admitted, I would make no advances that might embarras. G[a] will have a pleasant day. She is just gone to Lady Stamford's, where she is to dine and spend the day. 'Tis Lady Louisa Grey's[1] birthday.

Last night Lady Mansfield, her 2 neices, Bishop of Litchfield (now Worcester)[2] Lady Stamford and Dss of Portland drank tea; roasting by a good fire which even I could endure, the weather is so sharp, what must it be it be more north[d].

Mrs. N. now is almost at the summit of her wishes. I am quite disappointed for my good and worthy Mrs. Chapone.[3] The late Bishop of Winchester[4] allowed her £20 a-year out of his annual income of above £6000, and has only added 30 p[d] a-year more for her life. He has greatly provided for his sons-in-law and all his relations by livings and places, long before his death and if he would *not* distinguish her *as a relation* it would have done him honour to have placed such an uncommon and estimable *woman*, whose talents have been so nobly employed at least in an easy state of life; but Providence, who has enriched her mind with useful as well as elegant sentiments, will give her the best support—that of *contentment!*

Mrs. Foley, I hope, will have Mrs. Chris. Vrankin this week, she seems impatient for her; her children have begun with Mr. Bolton and he is liked by Mr. and Mrs. Foley as well as the little ones.

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[1] Lady Louisa Grey died unmarried in 1830.

[2] "*Bishop of Litchfield, now Worcester.*"—Dr. Hurd.

[3] "*Mrs. Chapone.*"—Miss Mulso.

[4] Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, died 1781.

My company last Tuesday were, Mrs. Stow and her 2 daughters the youngest but 6 and plays several minuets and cotillions, in most exact time and perfectly *clean*, so she bids fair to be as *early* a *wonder* as her sister! My circle consisted of Dss Dr Port^d^, Lady Bute, Lady Walling^d^, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Keate, Miss Hamilton, (accidentals) Lady Clarendon and Lady Charlotte Hyde, Mrs. Vesey, but as I had nothing to do but short civility's marshalling my company, and listning silently in my easy chair, I was not much fatigued. The little *demi semi quaver* played a minuet in such good time without any hesitation that y^r^ daughter and the eldest Miss Stowe danced to it!

To-morrow morning curiosity brings Sr Abram and L^y^ Hume[1] at 1 o'clock to see my book of plants; in the evening I expect the repast of Doct^r^ Beattie's company and I hope Mr. Montagu and a few choice spirits.

No account that can be positively depended upon is yet come from Lady Char. Finch: a report that she found Lord Winchelsea alive, living upon a quart of asses milk a-day, half a pint at a time, his *only* food! and that she was going with him to Nice, if he could travel—a deplorable situation for poor Lady C. F., and indeed for all her friends in England, who are very anxious about her. I expect this morning Lady Clanbrasil and Ld Foley's little daughter.[2] I believe he will *at last* consent to letting her go to Ireland with her Aunt

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[1] Sir Abraham Hume, Bart., married ————, daughter of the Hon. Dr. John Egerton, Bishop of Durham, and grand-daughter, maternally, of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent.

[2] Harriet, only daughter of Thomas, 2nd Lord Foley. She married, 16th Aug., 1796, Christopher Bethell Codrington, Esq.; and died, 1st Jan., 1843.

Clan., it is strange and like all his other absurdities that he should *not rejoice* to have her under ye protection of such a friend whilst he is incessantly pursuing his game at Newmarket, &c.

I hope you and her papa will excuse G^e^'s not writing, as she wishes much to do, but every spare moment I wheedle her to her harpsicord as it is a pitty she should not profit as much as she can by Mr. Snow's directions.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Tuesday morning, May 15th, 1781.

Is it possible for Miss Hamilton to spare any part of this evening from 8 to 10, on her *friends* in St. James's Place; if it is she will make them happy. Mrs. Delany has a long story to tell her. Mrs. Delany has company to dine with her or wou'd have named an earlier hour.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

19th May, 1781.

I am to make G. M. A.'s apology for the shortness of her letter; very willingly would she have filled a folio, but a Mr. Bolton,[1] a Mr. French,[2] *a Mrs. Delany*, and a Mr. Snow,[3] make such demands on her that she must bottle up all she has to write till she can pres it by word of mouth. She is pure well. Lady Clanbrassil has been

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[1] Writing-master.
[2] Mr. French, Scotch dancing-master.
[3] Mr. Snow, music-master.

with me this morning and says she shall go to her sister Winnington the first week in June, and has offered in the kindest manner to take the charge of your daughter and deliver her safe into her father's hands. She is really very attentive and affectionate and has a vast liking to Mary, and I think it will *keep up* my spirits to have the dear child go in so *comfortable* a manner and I *hope* it will appear to you *so*.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place, Sunday, 20th May, 1781.

A bad head-ache yesterday prevented my sending my dear Miss Hamilton a line of congratulation on the return of a day[1] so infinitly valuable. I *feel* its consequence too much to express, and am as little able to do justice to the flow of good wishes that it may prove every year a blessing to HER who is a blessing *to all*. I expect you and your gentleman according to promise, here at what hour you please; you will find y^r^ most affectionate humble ser^t^,

M. DELANY.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Tuesday, 22nd May, 1781.

I am much obliged to my dear Miss Hamilton for the enclosed letter, and heartily wish for still better accounts. I should have called on you yesterday, but it was a bad day with me, and you are too busy this morning were I

[1] The Editor is unable to explain this date, as 18th January was the birthday of Queen Charlotte; and June 4th of George III.

able. I want to say a word or two to you ab^{t} Lady Dartrey's [1] proposal before farther proceedings.

Y^{rs},

M. DELANY.

Miss Hamilton to Mrs. Delany.

Saturday morning, ½ past 7 o'clock.

MY D^{EST} MRS. DELANY,

I have the pleasure of informing you that their Majesties last night order'd me to acquaint you that they wish to have the pleasure of seeing you *this evening* at the Queen's house. I w^{d} have call'd upon you this morning, but I was apprehensive of intruding at so early an hour, and I could not postpone what I know will be such agreable intelligence. I am to send to the Dss D. of Portland.

Ever dear madam,

Most aff^{ly} yours,

M. HAMILTON.

As I expect company this morning, I should be glad if you would send y^{r} servant wth the note to ye Dss.

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[1] "Lady Dartrey."—Philadelphia Hannah, only daughter of Thomas Freame, Esq., and grand-daughter of William Penn, Esq., founder of Philadelphia. She was the second wife of Thomas Dawson, Baron Dartrey, created Viscount Cremorne, 1785.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

May 25th, 1781.

Accept my dearest G. M. of this small token as my birthday offering; the intrinsick worth, tho' trifling, will receive an additional value as a testimony of my affection; and may it prove an emblem of y^r^ future merit, ever pure and unchangeable! You have wished me to write to you on the subject of *attention*. I think *that very wish* will lead you to it, and make you feel its consequence. You will not only reap the benefit of it by improving in all your lessons, but make those happy you wish most to please, particularly

Your ever affectionately,

M. DELANY.

Being now entered into my 82d year, must plead my excuse for *bad writing*.[1]

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa. Saturday morn, 1781.

When I receiv'd your kind letter yesterday, my dear friend, it was so excessive hot that I long'd for a carrier pigeon to fly to you with my answer—viz., "Come now this evening in the cool, were it only to let Miss Port see how pleasant the morning bower will be to-morrow when 4 mowers begin to whet their scythes close by;"

[1] What Mrs. Delany called "bad writing" might be taken as a model hand by many persons, so legible, distinct and plain.

but had the pigeon presented itself, I do not suppose you wou'd have regarded my summons, or that anything can move you while my Lady Duchess remains at Whitehall. If balloons were more universal than now they are like to be, I sh[d] often take the liberty to intrude myself for an hour into her Grace's apartm[t], and return to eat my peas with Miss Sayer, the only guest I have at present. I did expect Lady M[t] Edgcumbe to-day for the greatest part of next week, or as long as my lord cou'd spare her, but I had a letter yesterday to say she was unable to come as yet. When it can be agreeable for you to come, my dearest madam, you will let me know. You know, meantime, how glad I shall be to see you well and pleas'd as you are so good as to be with this cottage. But perhaps y[r] first steps will be to the dear palace of Bulstrode; in that case I have only to rejoyce and send my best wishes thither. This goes by a chance messeng[r], for we have no post *out* to-day. I propos'd to have sent by him a basket of fresh strawberries for Miss Port, mine being remarkably good; but unluckily my messeng[r] is *a cavalier*, and I'm assur'd the trotting of his horse will make my strawberries into jamm before they reach the hand of y[r] fair niece, to whom, therefore, I can only send my good wishes for her good journey. I wish, too, you and she were here just now; it is so pleasant after the rain, and the hayfield and honeysuckles are so fragrant. Adieu, my dear friend. Take care of y[r] health.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam, at the Countess of Clanbrassil, (9, G[t]), *Stanhope Street.*[1]

Tuesday morning, 1st June, 1781.

I *am*, my dearest Mary, *convinced* of your sincere gratitude, and I wanted no *token* to confirm it! I will not say one word on a tender subject we felt mutually, but rejoice in the prospect of your being happy with your dear papa, mama, brothers and sisters, &c.; all asking you a thousand questions about the fine folks you have seen, &c., &c., and you almost out of breath with answering them. I begin this to-day, tho' I don't intend to send it till Thursday, as just now I can think of nothing else but my dear child, and I thank God, tho' I in some measure can't help regretting her absence, I am so happy with the thoughts of her being particularly *comfortable* and *useful* to her dear mama that it compensates for that regret.

Here comes back Rea with an account of a delay about your journey, and assuring me you are quite satisfied with dear Lady Clanbrassil's most kind design of *keeping you* under her wing[1] till the hour of your setting out, which is certainly the best scheme for all parties; and I thank you, my dear child, for so sensibly and properly accepting the very kind offer L[y] C. makes you of staying with her till convenient to her to set out; but what can I desire you to say for me to my dear friend L[y] C. for her goodness to you, but the kindness of her own heart will do justice to mine. I shall dine, as I proposed, at Mrs. Walsingham's, and come home to meet Lady Bute at seven, and *suppose* you are on the road, as at

[1] Lady Clanbrassil's house was 9, Great Stanhope Street, Mayfair.

this moment it seems to clear up. Heaven bless you, my dearest child, and your dear protectress. I know you will make her as cheerful as you can, which will make you still dearer to y^r ever affect^te

M. DELANY.

You see I have changed my mind about sending my letter. I thought you would *like* to receive it *now*, and so I will write again on Thursday. I assure you I am pure well, *as Rea will tell you.*

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Thursday night, 3rd June.

MY DEAREST DEAR MARY,

I sent Rea with the enclosed to you, as I thought had you staid to-night in town you would be *glad* to *see her* again, and receive my letter. Miss Foley was so good as to make me a visit this morning, which was soothing to us both; she advised me to enclose this letter for you, that you might have it on the road. Mrs. Dunbar met me at Mrs. Walsingham's. Lady Bute has been here all the afternoon, comes again to-morrow; Mr. Montague is come to town. I have had a charming letter from the Duchess of Portland. She is very well, delighted with Margate; comes to town, I hope, on Friday. I write this by candle-light; perhaps you'll think I write it in the dark. God bless my dear child; my best compliments to all at Kingham,[1] my love to dear L^y Clan: I assure you I am very well, and going to eat an artichock for my supper.

[1] Query Kingston, Oxfordshire, the seat of Richard Clarke, Esq., who married the Hon. Mary Foley.

Mrs. Delany's invariable strength of mind, founded on strength of principle and *absence of selfishness* (which indeed cannot exist with consistent principles), is very apparent in this letter. The beloved child was only in G^t^ Stanhope Street, and Mrs. Delany in St. James's Place, but she would not allow of her return to renew the sorrow of parting on either side, although Lady Clanbrassil's journey was delayed. She contented herself with receiving an account brought by her waiting-woman, Rea, and set the child the example of cheerfulness by letting her know that she herself would go to Mrs. Walsingham's, as she had *before* arranged, and reminded Miss Port of her duty to Lady Clanbrassil, who it may be remembered was the daughter of Grace Granville, wife of the 1st Lord Foley, and one of the favourite cousins of Mrs. Delany and her sister, Mrs. Dewes.

Mrs. Delany to her nephew, Rev. J. Dewes.

St. James's Place, 8th June, 1781.

Much I enjoy my dear nephew's happiness in his dear wife's going on so well, and hope strength and spirits will be properly established, and bless all her friends, as well as herself. I am, I thank God, tolerably well: my spirits a little ruffled with the thought of loosing my sweet companion, but am thankful to have had her so long, and am really impatient now to have her with her dear mother, to whom she will be a cordial and a comfort.

Jenny Hunter's brother has just now been with me, and has deposited in my hands eighteen pounds, which he wants to remit to his mother, and begs you will be so good as to give that sum to his mother from him.

I believe I shall hardly go to *Bulstrode* till the beginning of July. The Dss Dow^r^ Portland talks of going

to Weymouth before she settles *there*. If my courage holds out I have thoughts of spending the time of the Dss's absence at Bill Hill.

More words about G. M. Lady Clanb[l] says it will be Friday before she will reach Utoxeter; perhaps it may be Saturday. They go to Hasely next Tuesday, and don't set out till eleven. I shall write a line or two to Ilam next Tuesday.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Colny Hatch, 13th June, Wensday.

Too good a reason indeed you had, my dearest madam, for not honouring my cottage with your presence yesterday, as it was detrempé with torrents of rain; I have now this *great* pleasure *to come*, and shall depend upon it. I need not know when, for I wou'd chuse it should be just when the *fancy takes you*, that is, just when the weather seems to invite you abroad, and you feel as if you shou'd like a country-jaunt to any cottage upon the road. Certes you could find none where your arrival will make a little holyday more truly than it will here. Yesterday I fear was *very unlike* a holyday with you, my dear madam; and the parting with your favourite very painfull, tho' her journey was so well and so pleasantly contriv'd. You have been surpriz'd with a visit from Lady Gower, and not so agreeably as you cou'd have wish'd, for I fear you thought her lady[p] look'd very ill; however, I hope Dr. Warren and her own excellent constitution will bring all right again with God's blessing. Mrs. Leveson, who ventur'd to spend the day here

yesterday, told me my lady meant to return to Bill Hill today or tomorrow, which is, I hope, a good sign, as I'm sure she has no proper person in the medical way to assist her there. My best wishes attend her. She has been uniformly kind and good to me *ever since* I had the honour *to belong to her*.

I depend upon your kind promise, and you will be sure to find me. I have no engagem^t^ but on Friday next, and that none that you would object to, only I am covetous, and wish to have you to myself in all the quiet which this green retreat affords.

God bless you, my ever dear friend. Believe me

Most affectionately, most gratefully

Yours,

F. BOSCAWEN.

Miss Sayer begs to present her respects, and rejoyces to hear that you intend us the honour of a visit. We are all over roses. I saw Lord and Lady Mansfield on Monday; both well.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 14th June, 1781.

I hope my dearest G. M. received my letter, enclosed to Mr. A. Foley at Kingham, as it must testify how much she was in my thoughts, and I know that will give her pleasure. I was *very glad* to find when I sent Rea to Stanhope Street, after I was set down at Mrs. Walsingham's, that *you were gone!* and you travelled so pleasurably, and with so kind a friend, that it kept up my spirits; and I assure you I am pure well, and going

to make a morning visit to the Dowager Lady Gower. Yesterday morning I wrote out the enclosed minuet. I don't allow myself to dwell on the many kind and pretty attentions you paid me, and the satisfaction I had in your application to y^r^ different lessons, for fear I should too much regret the interruption of them for some months, but please myself with the hopes that you will reap the benefit of them, and improve daily by y^r^ constant recollection and practice of them all: indeed, my dear child, the advantage of your being under the eye and direction of your dear mama and her *valuable deputy*[1] are such as cannot fail to do every thing for you I can wish. When I hear you are at home safe and sound, and all well there, I shall be *quite happy*.

Yesterday evening I had Lady Bute, Lady Wey., Lady Wal^d^., and Mrs. Dunbar. Mr. Montague is come to town very well, sorry to miss you; he goes again in a few days, and invited me to go with him to *his forest* for the time of the Duchess of Portland's being at Weymouth; the temptation was *strong*, but the journey rather *too long*; besides, I am afraid of the "*Morning Post!*" I had a letter yesterday from our inestimable Duchess. She had a good journey; likes Margate and ye country about it; is very well; and I hope will be back by next Saturday

Your poor little rival Miss Tatton is dead; she died on the road going home. I pitty her poor parents. She was a fine child; and the Dean of York and Mrs. Fountayne are quite afflicted for her. I desire you will make all my kindest compliments to Ilam and Calwich. My

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[1] Miss A. Frankin.

love to my dearest M.; she has been very good in writing so constantly. I am, my dearest child,

Ever your affectionate

M. DELANY.

Rea begs leave to send her respects; she looks *dolorous* (as well she may). At my return from my visit this morning to Lady Gower, I found Lady Clanbrassil's letter with y^r^ P.S.; I was happy to hear you were well so far.'

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place, June 18th, 1781.

I must, my dear Miss Hamilton, enquire after your health; it is too precious for your friends not to be interested about. As a fillip to the spirits is one means of restoring health, I must tell you that the Duchess Dowager of Portland is returned from Margate entirely to my satisfaction, then judge how well she is! I have had many lonely hours in her absence—and my *little enlivener gone too!* and I have been mortified by a disappointment in an entertainment I was given encouragement to hope for; no less than the publication of Mr. Gilpin's Tours,[1] with the drawings, *both* so excellent in their way and lost to the public from the check of prudence, which will not allow him to run the hazard of so

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1 The Rev. William Gilpin was born at Carlisle in 1724. Besides many volumes of Divinity, he wrote "Remarks on Forest Scenery," and two series of "Observations relative to Picturesque Beauty." He was Vicar of Boldre, and died there in 1804. His brother, Saurey Gilpin, R.A., was a celebrated painter of horses and wild beasts.

great an expence. I think diffidence and modesty has some share in his reluctance; I wish I *cou'd steal* (for I fear I shall never *influence*) out of the mischievous banks at the gaming tables four or five hundred pounds, and bestow it on a work that wou'd do honour, not only to the very worthy and ingenious author, but to the country which he lives in. Forgive this lamentation; but you are too favourable to rational entertainments and pleasures that enlarge, instead of deadening the understanding, not only to forgive, but to join in my regret. I am going for some days to quit my little nitch (some *repairs* making it necessary), and go to my never failing assylum at Whitehall; but as her Grace proposes making her visit to Weymouth before she settles at Bulstrode, I shall bewail my widdow-hood in my own house or at Bill Hill. If you have received any comfortable accounts from Lisbon I am sure it will give you pleasure to communicate them.

I trust you know, without my repeating them, how constantly and ardently my wishes hover round you and your illustrious mansion, being, with true esteem,

My dear madam,

Your most affectionate

And most obliged, humble ser^{vt},

M. DELANY.

The Duchess of Portland desires me to present her affectionate compliments to you.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bow window, Whitehall.
20th June, 1781. Wednesday.

MY DEAREST G. M.,

I promised to address my next letter to you when I wrote last post to your papa, and am so impatient to wish my dear child joy of her dear mama's being brought to bed safe and well, and of your having another sister,[1] that I begin the first leisure moment, tho' my letter does not go till tomorrow. I was very happy to hear you got home well, and had the satisfaction of hearing from L^y^ Clanbrazil that you were an excellent traveller, and cheered her very much by the way; she is a dear and valuable friend; and I am sure your good and grateful heart will always remember her kindness and attention to you; at present I imagine you all attention to your dear mama, delighted to be of use to her, and a comfort during her confinement; great quietness is so necessary to restore strength that there cannot be too much caution, especially this very hot, oppressive weather; but you have two such excellent assistants in your papa and A. V. that I think no lady in the straw will be better nursed, and so I leave the rest of my letter till tomorrow.

Thursday morn^g^ *hotter and hotter.*

Yesterday evening I had the happiness of receiving yours and your papa's letters. Give him my best thanks for the satisfactory account he has sent me, which he

[1] Harriet, third daughter of Mrs. Port, of Ilam, was born in July, 1781. Her sponsors were the Countess Stamford, the Viscountess Andover, and Frederic Montagu, Esq. She died, unmarried, in Sept., 1824.

wrote with such good (*black*) ink I cou'd read it without difficulty; but yours, my dearest G. M., cost me much pains to read, not from the writing (which was very tolerable), but from the paleness of the ink: however, I decypher'd your kind meaning, and must always feel pleasure from every mark of your kindness. My best love to your dearest mama; she knows how happy I must feel with the good acc^{ts} I receive of, and trust in the goodness of God they will continue; I also depend upon you to remember me to all at Ilam and Calwich.

I could not make out by y^{r} letter from Kingham what you want by "*M. Genlis' little book*;" as Madame de Genlis (*Teatre*) is in *four* little vols; but when I know what you meant I will take care and send it the first opportunity, for your books are gone from Stanhope Street. Rea is much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of her; she misses you sadly; so does Molly Butcher, who is quite melancholy for want of a joke, and at present *wonderfully cross*; and truly no wonder, as the house is full of workmen, and so offensive from its being laid open that she and Bytha can neither eat nor sleep; but I hope in a few days it will be comfortable; the stopping up of the drains was occasioned by *the rats!* Next Monday the Dss of Portland goes, please God, to Weymouth. Don't expect me to write quite so often, as the hot weather make my eyes more apt to dazzle.

Mrs. Walsing^{m} has *at last* put on her mourning; we go to her this evening. Tomorrow Lady Bute, Lady Jer^{m}, Lady Walling^{d}, Mr. Montagu come here; Saturday we spend the day at Kenwood. Every body enquires after my little dear companion, and are sorry for me. The Dss D. of Portland sends many thanks for y^{r} elegant letter and the

little chrysalis, which is taken care of. Miss Fran^{s} Thynne has got ye measles, so I suppose they will all have it. A letter with a better account is come from Lady C. Finch. Miss Hamilton at Windsor, tho' not quite well. Poor Miss Tatton's death was on the road, a disorder in the throat, which they call "*the croupe*." I *never* heard of it before, and fear I have spelt the word wrong.

I can write no more. I thank God I am well in health, and ever,

My dearest child, ever y^{r} affect^{te}
M. DELANY

Lord Ed^{d} Ben^{k} is better. If I have made any blunders you must allow for my not being able to read my letter over. Alas! my *young spectacles* are "over the hills and far away."

Pray make my particular compliments to Mr. and Mrs. W. Beresford.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 26th June, 1781.

My dearest child, I thank you for your very satisfactory letter, and am truly happy to receive so good an account of your most dear mama and sister Harriet. I am glad Lady Clanbrassil has had the pleasure of seeing her, if it did not hurry her spirits, as I know it was a mutual satisfaction. I came home again last night. Now that the *treasure* is gone from Whitehall the *palace* has *no charms* for me! and tho' I have lost my dear little enlivener at home it is even now pleasanter than to go any where else.

Your friends at Blandford have got leave from Mr. Pitt to angle and fish in his river at Blandford. *Mast^r Sandford* has desired me to send him some of little Poll's feathers as they drop; I suppose they make flies to angle with. If you could spare a few and send them to me for him I will convey them, and you shall have more as they drop, which they do not at present; and *he* also desires a good impression of your antique seal on a nice bit of card that is not written upon,—with his best compliments to you and he will if he can explain it.

Mrs. Walsingham has put on her weeds; I spend to day with her.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany, in St. James's Place, London.

Vicar's Hill, June 27, 81.

MADAM,

It gives me great pleasure to hear so favourable an acc^t of y^r health, wch will long, I hope, enable you to set an example to a dissipated age, and instruct it, if it could follow instruction, in ye true pleasures of a rational life. You do my works, mad^m, much greater honour than they deserve; but ye more y^r considerations extend their value ye more agreable it is to me, for, as I cannot attribute ye overplus to flattery, I must place it to ye account of friendship. If I can meet with an opportunity y^s summer I shall endeavour to increase y^r collection of drawings by one or two more: and if my Lady Dutchess will not think it impertinent I will add another in ye same parcel for her. I think, mad^m, I once gave you an account of my present amusement; the work now swells into size, and is to conclude with a short history of the

New Forest and a description of some of its most beautiful scenes; I have just now been taking a little tour round its eastern parts, and have brought home with me a budget full of remarks. *After lakes* and *mountains* I give ye preference to *forest scenes* among *all ye pictures of nature.*

Mr. Mason did not absolutely discourage me from printing my lakes and mountains, but only advised me to try some smaller work first. I have thought of correcting and printing y^t^ little excusion wch Mrs. Leveson shewed you; the matter depends on a nephew of mine, who thinks he has skill enough in his art to etch ye drawings in aqua tinta, and wishes to try. He is now making an essay. Having mentioned a nephew to you, madam, may I take ye liberty to mention a neice? She has learned embroidery under Mrs. Wright and her kinswoman, Mrs. Powsey, and is now in London endeavouring to recomend herself in that way. You will not suppose, mad^m^, y^t^ I wish to engage you in any troublesome or disagreable recommendations; very far from it; but it is possible that in your extensive acquaintance there may be some young ladies, who may want to learn embroidery, and whom a word from you would fix. My neice is a very good young woman, and I believe not unqualified in her art; she is ye daughter of a very worthy clergyman at Carlisle, Mr. Farish (an old acquaintance and brother botanist of Mr. Lightfoot), she is at present, I believe, with a lady at Clapham, but may be heard of at Mrs. Carlisle's, a milliner, in Davis Street, Berkly Square. I beg my very respectful compliments to my Lady Dutchess, and am, mad^m^, y^r^ most obed^t^, humb^e^ serv^t^, WILL. GILPIN.

The Editor has two of Mr. Gilpin's drawings which were given to Mrs. Delany, and are very beautiful landscapes in sepia and umber.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Glanvilla, 23rd July, 1781.

I promised in my last letter to Ilam that my next should be to my dear girl, and, as promises ought always to be kept, I begin before the post day lest it should not be in my power if delay'd. I was much obliged to you for your last letter, and for the pains you take in your writing. Now I will try and recollect what I have lately heard and seen. In the first place, Lord Aylsford is to marry Miss Thynne. I came here on Thursday last; Mrs. Beckingham sent her chaise for me to dine there in my way, and from thence I wrote a few lines to y^r^ mama. This is a rural place, with shady walks and bowers, whose laurel walls are all interwoven with orange trees and mirtles in flower, geraniums, jessamin, and roses, &c.; these are pleasures that never tire! and the addition of her conversation and kindness makes it very delightful. Her two grandsons, Lord Worcest^r^[1] and Ld Charles Somerset,[2] come to her every Saturday to dinner from Westminster school, and return on Monday morning between 5 and 6; they are modest, well-behav'd boys, or, rather, young men, being almost at ye top of the school. I forgot to tell you Miss Beckingham's hair

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[1] Henry Charles, Marquess of Worcester, afterwards 6th Duke of Beaufort.

[2] Lord Charles Henry Somerset, second son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, born 12th Dec., 1767; died in 1831.

is turned up,[1] which has improv'd her looks extreamly, and they think her forehead like yours; desired me to make their kindest complim^ts to you, and said many obliging things about you. Last Friday morning Lady Mansfield and Miss Murray came here from Kenwood and invited Mrs. Boscawen and all her guests to dine there yesterday, which we did; and a most agreeable day it proved. Lord Mansfield in charming spirits; and after dinner, when the sun was declining, he invited me to walk round his garden and thro' his wood, and by the time we came back to tea it was 8 o'clock; we had walk'd two miles at least, and, tho' I felt a little tired, the pleasure of the place and his conversation made me not sensible of it till I came home; a good night's rest has recruited me, and I am, I thank God, well to day.

Thus far I wrote yesterday, and recollect I did not tell you what we did on Friday, the day after I came here:—we went at 6 in the evening to Hadley, where your acquaintance, Mr. and Mrs. Smith,[2] live. She has been in a dangerous state of health, but is much better. There we found all the family of the Burrows's assembled, except Mr. Burrows, who was not well; they live in the neighbourhood of one another. Mrs. Chapone and *Lord* and *Lady Dartree*[3] were there, and I have promised

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[1] By "*turning up*" the hair is meant the front hair turned back.

[2] Culling Smith, Esq., of Hadley, married Mary, daughter of John Burrows, and sister of the Rev. Dr. Burrows, rector of Hadley and of St. Clement Danes. Mr. Culling Smith was created a Baronet in 1802.

[3] Thomas Dawson, Esq., elevated to the Peerage of Ireland, 28th May, 1770, as Baron Dartrey, and advanced to the dignity of Viscount Cremorne, 9th June, 1785. He married, first (15th July, 1754), Anne, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, who died in 1769; and secondly, 8th May, 1770; Philadelphia Hannah, only daughter of Thomas Freame, Esq., and granddaughter of William Penn, Esq., founder of Philadelphia.

them to go to Chelsea, and make them a visit on Thursday morn^{g}; for I go to town to-morrow, the same way I came. To-day some neighbouring gentlemen dine here, and in the evening we go to Bush Hill, 4 miles off, to make a visit to Mrs. J. Mellish, who was here to see me when I was out. One of our little Polls has had a narrow escape; Rea thinks puss was the enemy that attack'd him, for some thing had torn off very rudely several of his feathers, and the ends of them were all bloody, and the poor little creature droop'd sadly for 3 or 4 days, but is now recover'd; however, it has caused some dissension in my family, for Molly Butcher defends her *cat,* and is *sure* it was done *by a mouse.* I leave you to decide which is most likely? for the disputants will neither of them yield. What makes the suspicion thrown upon puss very strong is, that the next morning, when I was dressing, and the cage standing in its usual place, up flew puss upon the leads, and had the window been open, wou'd have put a fatal end to ye dispute. This is a long letter, my dear child, and a proof of my love to you, as I cannot often (tho' ever so willing) perform so much. As I do not wish you should write above an hour in ye day, I would propose to you to begin a letter to me a week before you send it, and write 5 or 6 lines in a day as well as you can write it, which I hope would not tire you, but would give great pleasure to my dearest G. M. A.

Your most affectionate aunt,

M. DELANY.

Tell me how Mrs. Winnington does, and if Miss Foley is with her, and pray make my complim^{ts} to Mr. and Mrs. W. Beresford. Rea begs leave to present her respects.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Wroxton, Aug. 2nd, 1781.

MADAM,

Your very obliging letter shamed me by coming before I had troubled you. But two reasons had occasioned my silence. First, an unwillingness to occasion you the trouble of writing, and then wishing to avoid the unpleasant employment of giving a bad account of my health and spirits, which I must have done if I had wrote till very near this time. I got very well to Sr Charles Tynte's,[1] and passed two days very chearfully there. But, during the time I was there, a great deal of very heavy rain falling, made the roads, which are mended with stone, so jumbling, that I was extreamly fatigued, and had a return of several disagreeable complaints, which made me for a time absolutely good for nothing. Some impediments happen'd to prevent Lord and Lady Willoughby coming to me so soon as they designed, but when I grew tolerably well I went to Compton, where the air, and their company, the pleasure it gives me to see the annual improvements of that place, and the children in perfect health, has quite set me up. They have been so good as to return hither with me, and their two eldest children, so we have two of Lord Bagot's sisters.[2] The weather is extreamly favourable, and we

[1] Sir Charles Kemêys Tynte, Bart., of Halsewell, county Somerset; representative of the ancient family of Kemeys (Cemaes), of Cefnmabli. He died, *s. p.*, in 1785, when his estates devolved upon his niece, the grandmother of the present Col. Charles Kemeys Tynte, of Halsewell and Cefnmabli.

[2] William, 1st Lord Bagot, had three sisters, viz., Barbara, married to Ralph Sneyd, Esq.; Maria, to Rowland Wingfield, Esq.; and Harriet, who died, unmarried, in 1825.

are able to live much out of doors, which is always a very desirable circumstance at Wroxton. It gives to my guests, as well as myself, great pleasure to hear you are at length got out of *Purgatory*, and arrived at *Paradise*—(Bulstrode) and that the Dutchess of Portland has brought such health from Weymouth as to make your enjoyment of it compleat. Your visit at Glanvilla must have made a very agreeable break in your long time of pennance, and contributed much to preventing your suffering by it. The Bishop of Winchester,[1] Mrs. North, and their family, whom you are so good as to mention, are at Farnham Castle, very well and happy, tho' unsettled, and hitherto suffering several inconveniences incident to a change of benefice, tho' from a worse to a better. But they give very pleasing descriptions of their place and country. Lord Dartmouth has been frequently pulled a little back by over-fatiguing himself, but he was this day to set out upon his progress to Lymington and Weymouth, and other places in the West, which will, I hope, perfectly recover him. Sr Richard Jebb[2] declares very positively that he has no symptom which portends the least danger; but his life is of such infinite value to the publick, as well as his own family; and his amiable disposition makes him so justly beloved by all who know him, that it is impossible for me to feel quite easy whilst he labours under any degree of indisposition. Poor Lord North has had a

[1] The Hon. Brownlow North, Bishop of Worcester, was translated to the Bishopric of Winchester in 1781.

[2] Sir Richard Jebb, M.D., Physician Extraordinary to the King, and Physician in ordinary to the Prince of Wales. He was created a Baronet in 1778, and died, unmarried, in 1787.

disagreable feverish cold, but I have the satisfaction of hearing, by the post last night, that it is pretty well over. I am ashamed of my ignorance with respect to the Comet; but I had not heard of till I had the pleasure of receiving your letters, and I here now it has disappear'd. I have lately had a letter from our friend at Papplewick, in very good spirits, and I hope for the pleasure of seeing him here in about a month. It is high time that I desire you to accept of the compliments and best wishes of my guests, and present them for us to the Dutchess of Portland. Notwithstanding our bright sun and blue sky we have coöl breeze, of which we should be glad to send a little to Bulstrode, if we knew how to convey it. If you have enough of that you can want nothing else. Believe me, madam, with the most sincere esteem and regard,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

GUILDFORD.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 12 Aug., 81.

I have pity'd myself often and often y^t^ I'm not fortunate enough ever to have arrive to me w^t^ I *most wish to see.* Y^e^ mom^t^ I have a pleasing plan there starts up "more lions in ye way y^n^ Affric ever bred;" but yor want of health or spirits to undertake so short a journey was a fierce one indeed, Mrs Boscawen has been here, related wth w^t^ ease you vissited her. I lamented my situation did not admit such resting places and reliefe. She staid ab^t^ 24 hours, then scutter'd away to Badminton; is to

call here on her return for ye same time. I think perpetual motion may be found in her.

I rejoice ye D^s^ of Portland is perfectly well, to enjoy y^t^ pleasant garden so many hours: ye weather continues favourable for y^t^ purpose. All here are her Grace's and yor most hb^le^ serv^ts.^

I'm glad to hear ye good Mason is in good spirits. I've been told his parsonage house is a most convenient, elegant little building. Mr. Mountagu is lucky to have so good a surveyor. Mother Magnolia and all her daughters have been in full bloom for this month past, and promise a long succession still. She does w^t^ she can to please her old l.. y, but at my time of life one is not dispos'd to be pleas'd; tho' I'm well at this time for an old woman.

All y^s^ county, I believe, have begun to friz for ye ball at Windsor: I wish 'em well diverted, and envy 'em not. Since Tommy[1] is restor'd to Parliam^t^ his ffranks (he was so good humour'd to give me) are restor'd to use, y^t^ have long laid as out of date. I need not tell d^r^ Mrs Delany how much I am, &c. &c.

Mrs. Delany to Edward Winnington, Esq.[2]

Bulstrode, 12th Aug., 1781.

SIR,

I yesterday receiv'd the favour of your very obliging letter and request, which I accept with sincere

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[1] The Hon. Thomas Villiers, who in 1776 became Lord Hyde, and in 1786 2nd Earl of Clarendon. He died, unmarried, in 1824.

[2] Edward, eldest son of Sir Edward Winnington, of Stanford, Bart. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas, 1st Lord Foley, and the Hon. Grace Granville.

pleasure, and acknowledgments for the honour you do me. Most gladly wou'd I also accept your kind invitation, and answer for my dear little god-daughter *in person*, but that is out of my power, and I am sure it will give pleasure to Mrs. Port to be *my representative*, as it is agreable to you and my dear Mrs. Winnington, and *she* will discharge my little offering on the occasion. Your assurance, dear S^r^, of Mrs. Winnington's being so well, is a great satisfaction to me; she is worthy all our care and attention. I beg my very affectionate compliments to her and Miss Foley. The country and the Dss. Dow^r^ of Portland's being return'd from Weymouth in good health has very much revived me, and I have no reason to complain of want of health, tho' sensible of advancing time; I read and write with some difficulty, but find no abatement in my attachment to my friends. That you and my dear Mrs. Winnington may long enjoy health and happiness is the sincere wish of, S^r^,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

M. DELANY.

The Dss D^r^ of Portland desires her best wishes to Woodseat,[1] and is extreamly glad to hear Mrs. Winnington goes on so well, and I must not omit mentioning Mr. Lightfoot, who is always very particular in his enquiries after Mr. and Mrs. Winnington, and often desires me to make his best complim^ts^; he seems very happy in his new state, and so does Mrs. Lightfoot, indeed I believe wth reason, for he is a very worthy man.

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[1] "Woodseat."—Near Uttoxeter, Staffordshire, where Mr. and Mrs. Winnington then resided.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

C. H., Wensday night, ye 17 Augst., 1781?

DEAR MADAM,

I believe I need not send you the inclos'd mark'd "missent to St. Albans" to convince you that it must have wander'd wide of this place, where it never arriv'd till to-day.

Most thankfully I accept y^r^ kind proposal (idea at least) to come hither after early church on Sunday next. I shall be home from church soon after 12, and will dine, if you please, by ½ past 2; I will not, however, expect you *till I see you.* I will go to dinner at ½ past 2 exact, I shall be alone. My dear Mrs. Leveson leaves me to-morrow; I wish I cou'd tell you her husband is better. They purpose to be at Bill Hill on Saturday, and it is a great pleasure to her that you will follow so soon. She thinks it is very happy also for Lady Gower, who she hopes will have her thoughts diverted by y^r^ company from fixing too much on her son and his present ill state of health, wch is a sad disappointment and grief to his wife, poor soul, who wanted none—if it pleas'd God! If they stay at Bill Hill I purpose to follow them in the course of next week. *Meantime,* my lonely hours will, I assure you, do me more good than harm. Ask y^r^ poor dear friend and mourner, she will tell you that in afflictions of this kind one is really the better for being alone sometimes; and, on the contrary, exceedingly *oppress'd* with company, unless it be that of a *sympathizing* friend.

I beg my kindest complim^ts to Mrs. Sandford; I did indeed wish to see her here (till since Mr. L. return'd so ill), I now wish her a good journey, and the greatest prosperity in her sons.

Adieu, dear madam. I will look out on Sunday.

The Marchioness of Tweeddale to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Ham, Aug. 19th, 1781.

My dear Mrs. Port,

I hope this will find you quite recovered of your lying-in, and happily surrounded with all your olive-branches. Tho' this has not been with you sooner, my thoughts have *never left you!* I have been a good deal shock'd with the death of poor Mr. Hay[1] at the family seat in Scotland. He has left a fine little *future heir* seventeen months old. His widow is a very agreable woman about his own age, (33), is much pity'd. My poor little orphan is perfectly well, and too young to know the loss of parents. I have not heard anything of y^r good aunt a great while. I hope she is well, and imagine she is at Bulstrode. The town has married my agreable niece, Miss Thynne, to Lord Ailesford, and many balls have been made for them, which look'd like it, but I am not in ye secret, indeed I am so much out of the world that I *may be* quite *forgot!* I beg my best comp^ts to

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1 William Hay, of Newhall, Esq., son-in-law of the Marchioness of Tweeddale. His first wife was Lady Catherine Hay, who died 11th July, 1776; his second wife, whom he married 6th March, 1779, was Mary, only daughter of William Nisbet, of Dirleton, Esq. Mr. Hay died in 1781.

Mr. Port, and that you will embrace all my little cosins for me, particularly my sweet little Christian.[1] Adieu, my dear Mrs. Port.

Ever your faithfull and affec^t^ cosin,

F. TWEEDDALE.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 14th Sept., 1781.

I am indebted to my dear child for two letters, which I should not have been could I write as easily as willingly, and I must give you up to Rea for chit-chat, as I can only indulge myself with a few lines. You must be pleased with Matlock's beauties, and going upon the water. I shall expect to see you a little gipsy, but never mind if you are well, for *health* is better than a *fair* face! Rea shall give you an account of our royal visiters. The 2 eldest princess's are very much grown, Princess Royal extreamly pleasing in her manner. They all did me the honour to enquire after you, ask'd what employment you liked and applied most to. I said you loved music and reading, and read a great deal to me in French and English, and that *work had its turn.* I yesterday had a letter from the saylor, John Sandford[2],

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[1] The Marchioness of Tweeddale's god-child was George Rowe Port, Mrs. Port's second son.

[2] John, third son of the Rev. Daniel Sandford (and Sarah Chapone) died an officer in the Royal Navy in 1791.

full of spirits. I have sent it to his mother. L^y^ Wey. goes on very well.[1]

My dearest G^a^,
Ever your affectionate aunt,
M. DELANY.

You should write a letter to L^y^ Clanb^l^ to enquire after her health, and say you cannot forget her goodness to you. Mr. Lightfoot's little girl is recovering.

On 16th Sept. Mrs. Rea wrote to Miss Port as follows—

"I am sorry to acquaint you poor Polly is dead. I layed him in cotton and put him in a box and sent him to London, to Mr. Yeat's, to be stuff'd for you; his poor widow is in a good deal of trouble, and laments him very sincerely.

"The King and Queen, the Prince of Wales, Princess Royal and three more Princesses, with the little Prince Octavius, paid a visit to Bulstrode the 28th of last month. Her Grace and Mrs. Delany returned the visit and staid out until twelve o'clock, but came home in good health and spirits, eate a hearty supper, went to bed, had a good night, and was not a bit fatigued the next day. Your aunte was dress'd in her *new sack*, I have sent you a bit of it. She *looked very well.* Mr. Jenkinson is dead, he was formerly butler to her Grace; they think his wife will not live long."

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[1] "On the 10th of Oct., 1781, the Viscountess Weymouth lay-in of a daughter."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 17th Sept., 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

At my return from Kent, where I had been to visit my good friend Lady Smythe, I rece[d] the great pleasure of your letter. Lady Mansfield told me yesterday that L[y] Weymouth never had a better lying-in, which I am heartily glad of, for no newspaper that I saw wou'd tell me that she was safe in her bed, tho' I search'd them carefully. Y[r] silence as to the *sex* made me suspect it was a dau[r], w[ch] L[y] Mansfield confirms; but as *most* of Lady Weymouth's daughters are beautifull, and *all* are good, methinks they may be as welcome as sons! Now, my dear madam, as to S[r] J. Wallace, I never saw him in my life that I know of, but I have a friend whose name sounds like his, Capt. Wallis, now a Commissioner of the Navy, formerly the discoverer of Otaheite, and the *first* favourite of that queen of frisky memory. My friend is a Cornish man, and his wife (one of Mrs. Hearle's daughters) a Cornish woman. S[r] J. Wallace is, I believe, a Scotchman. I shou'd think I can find out a *berth* (the sea phrase) for a chaplain, but then I shou'd know his name before I apply for it. I cannot say I sh[d] apply to S[r] J. Wallace, who *is a lion* indeed (as our enemies have felt), but of the fiercest kind, unless Mrs. Sandford's friend has any particular predilection for this commander. In that case I will certainly inform myself whether *he has a chaplain?* I trow not, and that he may be apt to account them "live lumber;" c'est assez vous dire notre homme.

I had heard (in my rambles, tho' I know not from

who,) of the Royal visit, and I thought of you, and meant to have enquir'd as soon as I got home how it had agreed with you. *Perfectly* it seems, and I rejoyce *therefore!*

I congratulate you on completing your 9th admirable vol.:[1] their *duration* will be equal to that of the *oak*, with which you close them so *properly*, and so like *a good* English woman. *If* English women (in return) *were but like you!*

I am all alone in my cottage, but to-morrow I go to London to meet the Dss of Beaufort on her way to Margate, where her health requires her and her eldest daug^r^ to make some stay; indeed, she carries 5 children. The Duke will go and see them settled, and then repair to his seat at Coxheath, wch must be now *swimming*, I think.

When I waited upon Lady Mansfield yesterday I found her alone, my Lord and Miss Murrays being gone to the christ'ning at Ld Stormont's.[2]

I had a lett^r^ lately from Mt Edgcumbe. The Duchesses of Rutland[3] and of Devonshire[4] are both in the neighbourhood *en militaires*, so that if the combin'd fleet had visited that coast *the admirals must have suppos'd* two Venus's were risen from the sea!

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[1] The 9th volume of Mrs. Delany's Flora.

[2] Charles Murray, third son of David, Viscount Stormont, who succeeded his uncle the Lord Chief Justice, in 1793, as Earl of Mansfield; was born Aug. 22nd, 1781. He became a Major in the army.

[3] Mary Isabella, daughter of Charles Somerset, 4th Duke of Beaufort.

[4] Georgiana, daughter of John, 1st Earl Spencer.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

C. Hatch, 1st Oct., 81.

My dear Madam,

I have an answer from my friend Capt. Wallis in these words: "With regard to the worthy clergyman, the case is that the Admiralty generally allow the captains to apply for chaplains to their ships. I do not know any captains who are in want of chaplains; when I do, I will not fail to mention your friend." The grenadillas[1] waited upon you (Judge Ashurst[2] told me) from this country with so much care, that it is hop'd it arriv'd safe.

Mrs. Williams sent to me yesterday the finest grapes I ever saw to entertain my young men of Westminster, who do not forget Mrs. Delany, and have often enquir'd after her health.

The Duchess of Beaufort says I must make her a visit at Kingsgate. She has got that chateau, having found the lodgings taken for her at Margate very inconvenient, indeed much too small for her family. I am not likely to obey her kind summons, and much too indolent to stir once I am sat down by my fire-side. Miss Sayer comes to me to-morrow, and I reckon we are settled till November.

F. B.

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[1] The great granadilla is the fruit of passiflora quadrangularis, the square-stalked passion-flower, a native of Jamaica, and was first cultivated in Britain in the year 1768. This beautiful plant was executed from nature in paper mosaic by Mrs. Delany. It is sometimes called the granadilla vine.

[2] Sir William Henry Ashurst, Knt., was made one of the puisne Judges of the King's Bench in 1770.

Frederick Montagu, Esq., to Mrs. Delany.

Melton, Oct. 12th, (1781 Qy.).

MY DEAR MADAM,

And do you really imagine that I could have been in London without making every possible enquiry after you? I should certainly have been in St. James's Place, and at least have *rummag'd* Molly Butcher from head to foot, and scolded at her, till she had return'd my enquiries a hundred fold.

I am here in very good health. The Dean and my sister were with me at Papplewick for a week, the Wilson's [1] a fortnight. They are here now, and preparing for Lisbon. I hope the voyage will be of service to him, tho' he really does not seem to want it at present. From hence I go to the Weddell's, and to Mason at York. What commands have you to him?

I am afraid that the death of Lord Richard Cavendish [2] may affect his sister. I saw her at Welbeck very well, but very large. Lord Edward appeared in good health. Lord Dartmouth is recovering. He writes very cheerfully. If your friend puts the garter over Sandwich's shoulders instead of those of the former, I shall wish for Lady Gower's stile too.

All here join with me in respectfull comp[s] to the Dutchess of Portland, and affectionate comp[s] to yourself.

Y[r] most faithfull humble servant,

FRED. MONTAGU.

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[1] Elizabeth, third daughter of the very Rev. Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, married, in 1781, Richard, eldest son of the Right Rev. Christopher Wilson, Bishop of Bristol. Their son, Richard Fountayne Wilson, succeeded to the estates of Melton on the death of his grandfather, the Dean of York, in 1802.

[2] Lord Richard Cavendish, second son of William, 4th Duke of Devonshire, and brother to Dorothy, Duchess of Portland, died at Naples, 12th Sept., 1781.

P.S. I have had rather a complaining letter from Ld Guilford. He was much vex'd that he could not make his visit at Bulstrode.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 13th Oct, (Qy. 1781).

MY DEAR MADAM,

I believe I ought not to detain Mrs. Sandford's letter, especially as I do not want it by way of memorandum, for Capt. Wallis has promis'd me not to forget Mr. *Thos Mends.* I assure you, my dear madam, if his motive for naming Sr J.W. was because he understood a new-built ship was given him; he cou'd not have a worse reason for preference, as I know enough of these matters to decide that *new-built ships* are *always unhealthy* the first voyage or two; probably owing to the new timber, but the *fact is so,* and Mr. Thos Mends will I hope have *better* luck than to get into a *new-built ship!*

My dear madam, I have had a letter from Mrs. Vesey, a very kind one, on occasion of my loss of poor Mrs. Boone. She tells me that Mr. Vesey is surprizingly well, and she writes in very good spirits, I think. She names many of her friends and you, my dear madam, *you may be sure.* The beginning of her letter quite a *copperplate,* the latter part not so easy to decypher. I have answer'd it, and given her such an account of Bulstrode as I am sure she will be glad to receive.

Mrs. Williams was here to-day with her young gardener, who bro^t^ me a charming bundle of plants and a delightfull basket of grapes for my young Westm^rs^, who are also supply'd with such a cargo of beurré pears from

Bill Hill that I think y^r^ neighbour (Betty Neale) cannot exceed us in fruit. Lady Gower is very well, and has rode on horseback lately. Lord Mansfield honour'd me with a visit last Saturday, and you may be sure the pleasure equal'd the honour, however great. The ladies were gone that day to London. My L^d^ look'd vastly well. You have heard that Ld Rochford[1] has left only £300 a year to his nephew and heir, the present Earl.

Mrs. Chapone is coming to Miss Sharpe in this neighbourhood, and afterwards to Mrs. Smith, at whose house t'other day I heard Mr. Maly relate a curious anecdote that lately happen'd at Enfield. There lives a couple who have a son that is worth a *plumb* when he comes of age, but is now only 17. There came to visit his mother a gentlewoman, a friend of hers, aged 36. She had been in the house just a week, when she left it un beau matin with the pretty master, on a matrimonial scheme to Scotland. So his £100,000 will be in *discreet* hands.

Adieu, dear madam.

F. BOSCAWEN.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham, Oct. ye 22nd, 1781.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I blush when I look at the date of your kind letter, and should be still more ashamed of myself for letting it remain so long unanswer'd, if I had not requested my dear mother to assure you, how sensible I

[1] William Henry Nassau de Zulestein, Earl of Rochford, died 28th Sept., 1781. His titles and estates descended to his nephew, William Henry Nassau, son of the Hon. Richard Savage Nassau.

was of your goodness to me! I trust these lines will find you *as well* as I most sincerely wish; *happy* I am sure you are, my dear Mrs. Delany, at present, in the pleasing prospect of happiness that awaits our beloved Miss Thynne. It is an event that affords me great satisfaction, as there is every reason to believe that Lord Aylesford's attachment to her proceeds from the fullest conviction of her merit. It makes me vastly happy to find our dear Lady Weymouth is so well satisfied in regard to it.

I am much obliged to you, my dear friend, for your kind wishes for my lord's recovery; I should be rejoiced if I could say he was *quite well*, but that is not the case; however, I have very great dependance on the Bath waters, as it is the opinion of the faculty that they may be very efficacious, and it is the earnest wish of all his friends that he should try them. We propose to be there about the middle of next month. My lord desires me to make his best compts acceptable to you. All my young people beg me to assure you of their love. Permit me to request you to present my duty to my mother; and to do me the justice to believe me, with the most sincere regard,

My dearest friend,
Your ever obliged and most affectionate
H. C. STAMFORD.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 22nd Oct., 1781.

I am glad you are to go to Bernard at the time you name. I think we may contrive very well to get G. M. A.

to town from thence; as I hope my health and strength will allow me to undertake so great an indulgence. Indeed I expect much comfort and assistance from her, as at times the weaknesses natural to my great age call for such attentions as will spare my too great *exertions*. On Saturday, as I was at my usual work, and the Dss D. of Portland just preparing for her breakfast, between 11 and 12, her Majesty, Princess Royal, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia, attended by Lady Courtown, walk'd into the drawing room, and caught me (*not* "napping" indeed), but in some confusion, which was soon dispers'd by the Queen's most gracious (I may say) *kind* manner. She would not suffer me to remove any of my litter, but said it was her wish to see me at my work; and by her command I sat down and shewed her my manner of working, which her great politeness made her seem pleased with. When the Dss of Portland came into the room, the Queen told her she came on purpose to wish her joy of the new alliance that was going to be in her family; and spoke with such *earnest* pleasure, it was evidently *warm* and *sincere*, and *not* a meer compliment, and she said every thing that was kind and handsome of all parties. She said the King was jealous of her congratulating the Dss of P. before he had an opportunity; but yesterday we were at the Queen's Lodge to enquire after the Queen. The Dss went to the Lodge by herself, and I went to Mrs. Walsingham, but I was soon sent for, and spent 3 hours there with more ease and pleasure than is generally imagined could be the case in royal society. The King was there, and spoke in the highest terms his approbation and his wishes for the happiness of all parties.

I don't know (even to you) how to express the particular grace and favour I received from their Majesties, without (an appearance of) vanity that would ill become me. But this is quite *entre nous*. Lord Aylesford did not make his proposal till Monday 15th, tho' so much has been said about "never man was more in love." *Few indeed* have *so much reason*: Ld Aylesford's attachment has been ever since Miss Thynne's appearance, but being *really* in love, he was timid of not being accepted. On Tuesday morning he acquainted the King with it, who told him he had chosen a prize indeed, and that it must be his own fault if he was not a happy man.

Lord Aylesford has a universal good character, affecte to his family, dutyful to his mother, sensible, lively, and ingenious; rank and fortune very high; so the prospect is fair, and you may send yr congratns on the occasion.

M. D.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Waldershare,[1] Oct. 23rd, 1781.

MADAM,

You complained of your eyes, and therefore I would not trouble you with a letter which required any answer. But as this does not: I hope you will forgive me for desiring you to present my compliments of congratulation to the Dutchess of Portland (and accept them yourself) upon the approaching marriage of Miss Thynne. Lord Aylesford's amiable character, and the universal esteem of all who knew him, exclusive of all other advan-

[1] Waldershare, between Deal and Dover, the residence of the Earls of Guilford.

tages, give the fairest prospect of happiness, I most sincerely rejoice that Lady Weymouth feels such good effects, from the great attention shown to the education of her daughters, and I heartily wish she may continue to reap the same advantages, till all her daughters are as well married.

This cold, clear weather seems quite made for the ladies at Bulstrode, and I not only flatter myself that they are enjoying it, but reaping every possible benefit from it. I rejoice in the sunshine, but could very well dispense with some of the bracing qualities of it. I am, thank God, much better in health than when I troubled you last, but must not expect to be exempt from frequent disagreeable feelings. Believe me, dear madam, with great truth,

Your most obedient and obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

Lord Dartmouth was to set out last Monday for Sandwell, in good health and spirits, which I pray God to continue.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Colny Hatch, 25th Oct., 1781.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

In this obscure and vulgar corner we hear nothing that passes among the great, so that I remain'd perfectly ignorant of the happy event you are so good to announce

to me till Mrs. Mostyn[1] made me a visit, and she was hardly gone before I set pen to paper to pay my respectfull congratulations to her Grace.

I am quite delighted that this charming young lady has so fair a prospect of happiness,[2] no one can wonder at the affection she has inspired, and her merit will *preserve* that wch her *beauty* excited.

Everybody that knows Lord Aylesford loves him, of which I have heard many expressions, and there cannot be a greater prospect of domestick happiness. Most heartily indeed do I rejoice at this event. I shou'd not have been ignorant of it thus long if I had been at Ken Wood[3] lately, but I have not seen my noble neighbour since I wrote to you, or at least one day after, that I went to return thanks for the honour and great pleasure of my Lord's visit.

Yesterday, I made one to Mrs. Chapone, at Miss Sharp's, and found her remarkably well. She inquired much after you. The awkward post won't let me say half what I feel.

F. BOSCAWEN.

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[1] Mary Catherine Roper, eldest daughter of Henry, 1st Lord Teynham, married, in 1773, Thomas, fourth son of Sir George Mostyn, Bart., of Talacre, Flintshire.

[2] Louisa, eldest daughter of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath, and granddaughter of the Duchess of Portland, married, Nov. 18, 1781, Heneage, 4th Earl of Aylesford.

[1] *Ken* or *Caen* Wood, Middlesex, the seat of the Earl of Mansfield.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham, Oct. ye 29th, 1781.

How good you are to me, my dear Mrs. Delany! Most sincerely do I thank you for your kind congratulations upon my dear Miss Thynne's intended marriage; and, I trust you will believe me, when I say, you could not offer them with more pleasure than I have received them. The prospect appears a very pleasing one, as there is every reason to hope she will be happy. Lord Aylesford has been uncommonly fortunate in having more opportunities of making himself acquainted with her merit than is generally the case; but, at the same time, I think this is a circumstance that is always much to be wish'd, tho' it seldom or ever happens, that they have the smallest knowledge of each others dispositions before *the knot* is tied! for it is certainly an excellent preface to future happiness.

I rejoice at the account you give me of my dearest mother; and not a little happy have you made me, my dearest friend, with what you say of yourself.

Is it taking *too great a liberty* to say, *I love the Queen?* but I *realy do*; and *respect* and *honour* her character most exceedingly. Her behaviour to my mother quite charms and captivates me. I look upon it as a peculiar blessing to this nation that she was sent amongst us, and I wish all the ladies would endeavour to imitate her. Pardon this digression; but I will own to you, that it is always a *great gratification* to *me* to talk of her Majesty.

I have just heard from my friends at Ken Wood, they write in excellent spirits, and are very happy with the

good account that Lord Mansfield had brought them of their valuable friends at Bulstrode.

Permit me to request you to present our duty to my mother. The kindest comp^ts and love of this house ever attend upon you, and allow me to assure you of the sincere regard of my dearest Mrs. Delany's

Ever affectionate and grateful,

H. C. STAMFORD.

Frederick Montagu, Esq., to Mrs. Delany.

York, Nov. 1st.[1]

MY DEAR MADAM, *From* Mr. Mason's *ecritoire ambulante,* in the shape of a screen, which Mr. M. says only wants Mrs. Delany's drawings and ornaments to make it perfect.

If you had been at the Minster this morning, you would have heard an *excellent* sermon. None of your *nettles,* but such as any of your visitors, or any persons you visit might have heard and been edified.

I ought, however, to have begun with desiring my most respectfull comp^ts and congratulations to the Dutchess of Portland upon the marriage of Miss Thynne with Lord Aylesford. I have long been an admirer of the young lady: and I had a great partiality for Lord Aylesford, when he was in the House of Commons. He appeared to me *remarkably promising.*

I am *exceedingly flattered* that great *personages, great Kings* and *great Chief Justices* should speak favourably of

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1 The marriage of Lord Aylesford to Miss Thynne proves the date of this letter to be 1781.

me to *you*, as it shows that they think that *you care* about me, and that they imagime it a good method of paying their court to you! I am returning in a day or two to Melton, from thence to Papplewick, and London, where one of my first visits shall be to M. B.

Mr. Mason begs leave to join with me in compliments and congratulations to the Dutchess of Portland and yourself.

Y^rs^ most faithfully,

FRED. MONTAGU.

Miss Hamilton to Mrs. Delany.

Queen's House, 9th Nov., 1781.

Miss Hamilton is commanded by the King to tell Mrs. Delany that his Majesty "*sends his best compliments to her, and hopes to see her at Gerrard's Cross, on Tuesday morning next, to see the stag turned out.*"

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 12th Nov., 81.

I am heartily sorry to hear you have had an inflamation in your eyes, my dearest madam, but nothing can hinder you from expressing kindness to your friends, and if it was prescrib'd to you to *bind up y^r^ eyes*, I believe you wou'd contrive to *knot them* some quipos of kind remembrance! If eyes were to be purchas'd, *what presents* you wou'd receive! how many pair? you wou'd soon own more than a peacock, or even that Argus himself; for we certainly do love to see your handwriting, which I'm sure one ought not to do, if it has cost you the least

degree of pain, *Spin on* therefore, my dear madam, and remember me sometimes while you turn your wheel, but don't tell me so (in writing).

I have been here since Friday last, but am only encamp'd, and eat with the Duchess of Beaufort, who stays a few days longer before she goes to Badminton for the winter. She is certainly much better for her visit to the sea. Mrs. Leveson does not leave Bill Hill this fortnight yet. I hope my lady will not long be left behind quite alone, wch cannot be good for her.

I have seen Lady Bute in perfect health. Last night I met Lady Maccartney at Mrs. Dunbar's; also Mrs. Montagu, who is very busy furnishing her new house:[1] part of her family is remov'd into it.

I shall return, in a few days, to my cottage, just to plant a few trees for you to sit under, my dearest madam, when y^r^ foe, Apollo, is too fierce. But——the bell tingles, and I must finish this black scrawl. I expect my son from Cornwall, where he has been visiting; his uncle[2] remains at Bath, plus mort que vif. Lady F. has chang'd her tone, and professes *much respect and kindness* to her lord, but thinks he had *better not* attempt coming to London. Adieu, my dearest madam; I know you will express for me to the Duchess every thing I wish to say to her Grace, and believe me always

Your most faithfull F. B.

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[1] Mrs. Montagu (born Robinson) built Montagu House, at the north-west angle of Portman Square, now (1861) the residence of Lord Rokeby. It was on the lawn in front of this house that she assembled annually the chimney-sweepers of London on the 1st May.

[2] Hugh, 2nd Viscount Falmouth, married, 1736, Hannah Catherine Maria, daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., and widow of Richard Russell, Esq. He died Feb. 4, 1782, and was succeeded in his title, &c., by Mrs. Boscawen's last surviving son, George Evelyn Boscawen.

I have not heard any news, but that the B^p of Durham is to marry Miss Boughton,[1] w^ch, if it be true, you probably know.

Miss Hamilton to Mrs. Delany.

Windsor, Wednesday morning.

(Nov. 14th, 1781.)

Her Majesty ordered me to *address you,* my dear madam, as she imagined the Duchess Dowager of Portland might not be out of her chamber when this wou'd arrive at Bulstrode, and she wished to prevent her Grace giving any orders for her carriage *this morn^g* to bring her to Windsor, as Lady Courtown informed the Queen the Duchess intended coming. The King wishes so much to have the pleasure of seeing her Grace and *his* "*dear* Mrs. Delany" (his own expression, *I assure* you) that he desires you will postpone coming till Thursday afternoon, when their Majesties hope to see you both at eight o'clock. They desire to know how the Duchess bore her early rising, and you the fatigue of going out. I have not time to tell you all the fine things said of you both, but my heart assented warmly.

Most tenderly and affectionately yours,

M^RY HAMILTON.

The Queen wishes to have the proper title of y^r Abridgment of the History of England—*the book she saw yesterday wth ye D'ss maiden name wrote in it.*

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[1] The Hon. John Egerton, Bishop of Lichfield, was translated to the Bishopric of Durham in 1771. His first wife was Lady Anna Sophia, daughter and coheiress of Henry Grey, Duke of Kent, by whom he had a son, who succeeded, in 1803, to the Earldom of Bridgewater. The Bishop married, secondly, March 29th, 1782, Miss Bouchier.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Bulstrode, Wednesday, Nov. 14th, 1781.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I enclose the title of the book, as the Queen commanded, but must beg you transcribe it, as my dim eyes will not suffer me to write it better.

It is impossible for me to express the sense I have of the honours conferr'd on me by their Majesties; but you know well how to do justice to my profound respect and gratitude in a better manner than I can do it myself. I am not the least fatigued (tho' *not* quite *so young* as when I *scampered after the hounds in pink lutestring*) by the part I bore in the royal chase, but delighted with the recollection of so pleasant a scene.

The Duchess of Portland, who is just awake and perfectly well, desires her best compliments to you, and that you will present her humble duty to the King and Queen, and will obey their Majesties' most pleasing commands to-morrow, at the appointed hour, attended by my dear Miss Hamilton's

Most affectionate and most obliged
Humble servant,
M. DELANY.

In allusion to the "scamper after the hounds" mentioned by Mrs. Delany, there is the following note in Miss Hamilton's handwriting—

"Alluding to an anecdote which Mrs. Delany used to relate with great humour.—When Mrs. Delany was very young, and lived with her parents in Gloucestershire,[1] she had an invitation to dine at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, which her

[1] Buckland.

mother allowed her to accept. As there was to be company, she was very smartly dressed, and as the road was too bad for a carriage, she was mounted on a pillion behind a steady old domestic. On their way they met a pack of hounds; Miss Granville was enchanted, the mettle of the horse was roused, and old John was easily prevailed on to join the chase. The consequence was the lutestring slip was rent in many places, the smart shoes lost, and the hat and streamers blown over the hills and far away.

"But alas! after joy came sorrow, she kept the dinner waiting, and dreaded returning home in her tattered garments; Mrs. Granville reproached her severely, and this unfortunate chase cost many penitential tears."

The Editor remembers her mother's relating this anecdote, but she said it was *not* a whole hat that Mrs. Delany wore, but merely a hat *brim* to shade the sun from her eyes, as her hair was of course dressed for the party; and in those days, when dinner visits were frequently made on horseback, hat "brims" were often put on in fine weather without any crown to them. It was the picture Mrs. Delany drew of herself in her pink lutestring petticoat, following the hounds on a pillion, with her "*brim*" flying in the air and her feet without shoes, which had entertained the King and Queen so much.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, Nov. 18th, 1781.

MY DEAR MARY,

I am sorry I cannot write to you with my *own* hand, but I must spare my eyes to write to your mama; but Rea is always ready to write to you, and she will tell you *my exploits*; so here begins the journal.

(*Dictated*, in Mrs. Rea's handwriting.)

"On Wednesday morning, a quarter before ten, the

Duchess of Portland stept into her chaise and wee went to Garard Cross, about the middle of the Common, by the appointment and command of the King, who caime about a quarter of an hour after with the Prince of Wales and a large retinue. His Majesty came up immediately to the Duchess of Portland carage, most gracious and delighted to see the Duchess out so early; the Queen was thear with the two eldest princesses, and Lady Courtown in a post coach and four; the King came with a message from the Queen to the Duchess of Portland to say that she would see her safe back to Bulstrode, to brakefast with her Grace. The Duke of Cumberland was thear; a grate many carages, and many of our acquaintance, amangst them Lady Mary Forbes and her famely, who took three rooms at the Bull Inn, and brakefasted thirty people; the King himself ordered the spot ware the Dss of Portland's chaise should stand to see the stag turned out; it was brought in a cart to that place at the King's command the stag was set at liberty, and the poor, trembling creature bounded over the plain in hopes of escaping from his persuers, but the dogs and the hunters were soon after him, and all out of sight. The Duchess of Portland returned home in order to be ready to receive the Queen, who immediately followed, *before* wee *could* pull of our cloaks! We receiv'd her Majesty and the Princesses on the steps at the door, but she is so gracious that she makes every thing perfectly easy. Wee got home a quarter before eleven, and the Queen staid till two. In her return back to Windsor she met the chase, and was at the taking of the stag; but they would not let the dogs kill him.

"On Wednesday the Duchess intended to go to return

the Queen thanks for the honour she had done her; wee were to set out early; Rea got up in her sleep, and I dress'd my head for the day before brakefast, when a letter came from Miss Hamilton from the Queen's Lodge to me with a message from the King to desire wee would not com till Thurday evenin eight o'clock, as he could not be at home till then. Accordingly wee went, were there at the appointed houre; the King and Queen and the Princesses received us in the drawing-room, to which we went thro' the concert-room; Princess Mary took me by the left hand, Princess Sophia and the dear little Prince Octavius by the right hand, and led me after the Dss of Portland into the drawing-room; the King nodded and smiled upon my little conductors, and bid them lead me up to the Queen, who stood in the middle of the room. When we were all seated (for the Queen is so gracious she always makes me sit down) the Dss of Portland sat next to the Queen, I sat next to the Princess Royal; on the other side of me was a chair, and his Majesty did me the honour to sit by me; he went backwards and forwards between that and the musick room, and he was so good as to have a good deal of conversation with me, particularly about Handel's musick, and ordered those peaces to be play'd which he found I had a preference for. In the course of the evening the Queen chang'd places with Princess Royal, saying, graciously, she 'must have a little conversation with Mrs. Delany,' which lasted about half an hour; she then got up, it being half an hour after ten, and said she was affraid she should keep the Dss of Portland too late, and made her curtsey, and wee withdrew. There was nobody there but the attendants and Lord and

Lady Courtown, and nothing could be more agreeable. Wee came home very well lighted by our lantorns and the northern lights; set down and eat supper at twelve o'clock, and slept very well after it. I own I expected to be more fatigued than I was. I thank God the Dss of Portland got no cold, and wee are both very well."

Mrs. Delany then continues with her own hand—

Now my secretary has done her part I mnst add 2 or 3 lines to my dear child. The Princess Royal did me the honour to ask after you in a very obliging manner; "if you came to town this winter?" "what books you read?" I said I thought you loved reading better than work, but you work'd when your other lessons were over; her Royal Highness asked me "what books you liked?" I said you seem'd to like history and travels as far as you cou'd yet understand them, and the Spectators and French stories adapted to your age; that your mama was very attentive to you, but her indulgence to me made her spare you to me, tho' I was afraid I shou'd not be able to attend to you as much as she did. The Princess, (who is extreamly polite,) made me some obliging complim^{ts}, and added, she "hoped I should be able to attend to you for 20 years to come;" Princess Elizabeth, who stood near me, said, "I hope so too, and am sure so does the King and Queen." I wou'd not have you think, (tho' I am very sensible of the honour's done me,) I tell you this out of vanity, for I feel my *own small* consequence, but I *tell you* to show you how such manners become the highest rank, and tho' so far above us, they are not in *these particulars* unsuited to our imitation;

for civility, kindness, and benevolence, (suitable to the different ranks of life,) are in every body's power, from the palace to the cottage, and I flatter myself that the seed I wish to sow will not be on barren ground; and I have so good an opinion of y^r^ disposition that I flatter myself you will make use of every advantage laid before you, which will indeed be a great happiness to, my dear child, y^r^

Ever affectionate aunt,

M. DELANY.

To this letter was appended the following verses, written by Mrs. Delany (then nearly 82 years of age), for the amusement of her beloved great-niece and adopted child.

13th Nov., 1781.

The day was clear, the sky serene,
The finest morn that e'er was seen;
All on the green of Gerard's Cross,
With horn and hound, and royal horse,
With ladies fair and gallants gay,
To *Bulstrode Castel* took their way.

There dwells a noble peerless dame,
Of fair renown and spotless faim,
Who hever secs the golden sun
Till the meridian is begun.
But mark the power of kingly grace!
When summon'd to partake the chase!
An invitation to attend
At ten—(and bring her ancient friend;)
Rouzed by that call, with joy elate,
She met the monarch at the gate.
The gracious monarch, pleased to see,
The noble dame's alacrity,
With courteous smiles receives her grace,
Then gave his orders for the chase.
The trembling stag bounds o'er the plain,
The sportsmen shout with might and main,
The destin'd victim they pursue
Till one and all were out of view!—

'Through Bulstrode Park we took our way
Attending on our Queen,
Whose Royal presence crown'd the day
And closed the joyous scene!

Written by an antient Bard, in an antient forest of this antient place, time out of mind.

Bulstrode Chase, 1781.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, Dec. 2nd, 1781.

MY DEAR MARY,

My eyes not being strong enough to write to your dear mama, as I used to do, I must put on Rea (as my spectacles) to tell you that your dear Miss Thynne is now Countess of Aylesford.[1] She was married last Monday, the 26th November, at Longleate, and by this time I believe is at Packinton, where the Dow^r Lady Aylesford[2] went to meet them. Yesterday the Queen, with the Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, and Lady Courtown came to wish the Dss of Portland joy; the Queen caught me at my spining wheel, and was so gracious as to take a lesson from me, and has desired the Dss of Portland to get her just such a wheel; I am to set it in order and have the honour of giving her Majesty another lesson. The Dss of Portland is gone this morning to pay her respects to the Queen at Windsor

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[1] In a letter, to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, 9th Dec., Mrs. Delany says Miss Thynne "was as amiable as she was beautiful."

[2] "Dowager Lady Aylesford."—Charlotte, daughter of Charles, 6th Duke of Somerset, and widow of Heneage, 3rd Earl of Aylesford, who died 9th May, 1777. Packington, in the county of Warwick, came into the family through the marriage of Heneage, 2nd Earl, with Mary, daughter and heir of Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington, Bart..

Lodge; it was a foggy morning, so she w^d not let me go with her. This week we expect Mr. Yeats and Mr. and Mrs. Cole to spend some days, and I suppose the week after next week I shall remove to London, which I shall very much regret, were it not for the pleasure of seeing some kind friends there that are impatient for my coming, especially your unckle Bernard. Did you read a very moving story in the Publick Advertiser of a young distracted woman near Bristol? Nobody has yet found out who she is, tho' great inquiries are making to find out in order to restore her to her friends. Rea wrote to her sister about it, who has confirmed the account.

Monday, 3rd.

The Dss of Portland returned from her royal visit soon after four, and brought home the account of the death of Dr. Barnard,[1] Provot of Eton. He will be a great loss to all his friends, especially his son, who is just gone to Cambridge, a very promising youth. Lord Stamford is better for the Bath. I am sure you were very happy with Lady Clanbrazel's letter, and that every kindness you receive from your friends will make you attentive and diligent in all your improvements, that you may deserve the continuence of their favour. Mr. Lightfoot desires his best compt^s, and believe me ever your most affection^te

M. Delany.

[1] The Rev. Edward Barnard, D.D., Provost of Eton College, Canon of Windsor, and one of his Majesty's Chaplains, died of an apoplexy, Dec. 2nd, 1781.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 7th Dec.

I saw in ye newspaper L..d Aylesford was marïed[1] at Long Leat; have heard all parties were infinitely pleas'd wth this aliance, wch must give ye D^s^ of Portland great satisfaction, consequently d^r^ Mrs Delany, and I desire they'll *both* accept of my very sincere congratulations; pleasing news is a feast I have not, till now, tasted of a long while.

M^r^ and Mrs Leveson, &c., left me for London last Wednesday. I shall follow 'em after Xmas; have *not* yet fix'd my day; ye D^s^ and you I conclude will have ye start of me, and I ye pleasure to find you both perfectly well, and all belonging to you.

Mr Boscawen made a vissit here to his sister for a few days in his way to ye D. of Beaufort, who is in Oxfordshire; I think him improv'd in his mañer; his face resembles his mother's very much; ye title seems to be drawing near him, and I hope somthing more valuable wth it. He, L..d ffalmouth,[2] is at Bath, and his lady[3] *not* wth him, but says she intends to put all her domesticks in mourning and show all respect to his memory. 'Twou'd be comical if she shou'd die before him!

I was surpriz'd lately by a letter from L..y M. fforbes,[4]

[1] Heneage, 4th Earl of Aylesford, married, Nov. 18, 1781, the Lady Louisa Thynne, daughter of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath, and grand-daughter of Margaret, Duchess of Portland.

[2] Hugh Boscawen, 2nd Viscount Falmouth, died Feb. 4, 1782, and was succeeded in that title by his nephew, George Evelyn Boscawen, 3rd Viscount.

[3] Hannah, daughter of Thomas Smith, Esq., and widow of Richard Russell, Esq., married, May 6, 1736, Hugh, 2nd Viscount Falmouth.

[4] Mary, fourth daughter of William Capel, 3rd Earl of Essex, and wife of the Hon John Forbes, Admiral of the Fleet, second son of George, 3rd Earl of Granard.

and ye place from whence it was dated. I thought ye D^s^ of P. had ye mortification to loose 'em out of her neighbourhood; for I was told ye hurry of moving into Kent had made her ill. I have not yet been able to decypher her letter.

All my best wishes wait on Bulstrode.

Copy of Queen Charlotte's letter to Mrs. Delany, inclosed in a very beautiful pocket-book, fitted up with gold instruments, and given by Her Majesty to Mrs. Delany before she left Bulstrode to return to her own house in London for the winter.

Without appearing imprudent towards Mrs. Delany and indiscreet to her friends, (who wish to preserve her, as her excellent qualities well deserve,) I *cannot* have the pleasure of enjoying her company this winter, which our amiable friend the Duchess Dowager of Portland has so frequently and politely indulged me with during the summer. I must therefore desire that Mrs. Delany will wear this little pocket-book, in order to remember, at times when no dearer persons are present, a very sincere well-wisher, friend, and affectionate Queen.

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's Lodge,
Windsor,
the 15th December, 1781.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, ye 19th Dec., 1781.

To hear of you by any hand, my dearest madam, is a sincere pleasure to me, tho' to see your own is my particular delight.

So—Mr. Fox muster'd only 46 last night, and that was one too many; the *old rebel number* of 45 wou'd have been the proper one for him I think! The House sat late. Mr. T. Pitt spoke and gave advice to Ministers (as a member has just been telling me). What is become of the dear peace which has been announc'd to us? If it were left to you and I, methinks we shou'd soon find it, and we know the Duchess wou'd readily give us her assistance; as I do not think her Grace has chang'd her opinions since she was willing to *give up the Isle of Jersey* un beau soir, and the next morning found the French had it in possession.[1] I imagine the present pierre d'achoppement is the well-defended Gibraltar[2], but even this I suspect her Grace (asking pardon of the brave Elliot) wou'd willingly resign rather than have no peace. Mais revenons à nos moutons. Lady Bute is in very good health, as I had the pleasure to see yesterday, and intends to write to you; her lady^p^ will therefore inform you that Lady Carlow[3] is safe arriv'd in London, tho' she had some long walks on the mountains of Wales,

[1] Jersey was surprised and seized by the French in 1781.

[2] "Well-defended Gibraltar." This fortress was besieged by the Duc de Crillon with 40,000 French and Spanish soldiers, and defended by the British Governor, Elliot, from July, 1779, to Feb., 1783, when the siege was raised.

[3] Caroline, fifth daughter of John Stuart, 3rd Earl of Bute, married John Dawson, 2nd Viscount Carlow and 1st Earl of Portarlington.

that she cou'd willingly have excus'd. Lady Mansfield and Miss Murrays I saw also this week, all well and going to keep holidays at Ken Wood as usual. Miss Murray, who came home before I left my lady, brought in for news that Lady Pembroke[1] did not accept the bedchamber on account of her ill state of health, but she seem'd to doubt her intelligence. Her Majᵗʸ does not come to the drawing-room just now, being lame (with chilblains I think). My daughter Leveson and my son were there to-day, it lasted longer than the daylight.

Mrs. Vesey is landed we know, but she sticks somewhere, and don't arrive. Mrs. Montague is in perfect health and spirits in her *Chateau Portman*. Lady Juliana Penn sets out for Paris in about ten days to see if Mr. Laurens[2] will do her any sort of justice. Mrs. Walsingham told me she had seen a very handsome letter he had wrote to her ladyᵖ, but alas, the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. I visited Mrs. Chapone the other morning; she enquir'd much after you, dear madam. The Burrows family are unwell and unhappy. Miss More appear'd to me for a minute.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, Jan. 14th, 1782.

DEAR MADAM,

It is a very great pleasure to me that my books furnish any amusement to my Lady Duchess, and you;

[1] *Elizabeth*, second daughter of Charles Spencer, 2nd Duke of Marlborough, and wife of Henry Herbert, 10th Earl of Pembroke and 7th of Montgomery.

[2] The Hon. Henry Laurens, late President of the American Congress. He was taken prisoner by Captain Keppel in 1780, during the American war, brought to London and committed to the Tower in 1780. Lady Juliana Penn was then probably interested in the Penn property in Pennsylvania.

I send therefore with this the second volume, and beg, madam, you will show them to Lord Bute, if you think them worth his perusal. It will be a great honour to them if they meet the approbation of so esteemed a judge of arts. Mr. Walpole has honoured them much more than I could have expected. Mr. Mason, I suppose, will not leave London till April or May, and if he has them so as to carry them with him into Yorkshire it is enough. In the meantime I beg they may be at the disposal of my Lady Duchess and you, and hope they will do their best to entertain, on any visit on which you may please to send them. I thought myself much obliged to Mr. Lightfoot for his remarks; they will be of great use to me when the volume gets again into my hands. I trouble you with the delivering of my thanks. If he would be so good as look over the 2nd volume it would give me much pleasure, tho' it is not so much in his way as the first; yet I am sure it would receive much from him. I have not a copy by me of either volume, except in scraps and detached parts; perhaps I may desire Mr. Blamire to get them transcribed, as he did the other; if I do it will only detain them a few days. You are very good and kind, madam, in taking notice of my niece; I was not personally much acquainted with her till the last autumn, which she spent with me; I own I was much pleased with her for her love of plants and flowers; she is quite an enthusiast.

I beg, madam, you will present my most respectful comp^{ts} to my Lady Duchess; and believe me to be, with great respect and gratitude,

Your much obliged

And most obedient, humble serv^{t},

WILL. GILPIN.

It is worthy of notice that Mr. Gilpin did not consider it necessary to apologize for his niece's being an embroidress by profession, or *pretend* that she was *anything else.*

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Jan. 18th, 1782.

My heart is too much interested in this important day[1] not to endeavour to express some part of its sentiments, which overflow for the health and happiness of her Majesty, and most earnestly pray our great and amiable Queen may long be bless'd as she blesses all those who have the felicity of belonging to her. I do indeed, my dear Miss Hamilton, most sincerely congratulate you on the return of this day. I feel the cordial, and forget my infirmities; or cou'd not have attempted writing so many lines, one of which I cannot read. Adieu.

Indorsed by Miss Hamilton, "*From dear Mrs. Delany.*"

The following note was indorsed by Miss Hamilton, "Copy of a note to me from dear Mrs. Delany. The original I sent with (*illegible*) to P^{ss} Mary."

Monday, 9 o'clock, Jan. 21st, 1782.

"I keep the spinning-wheel till I can give you a lesson on it before it arrives at its highest honour.

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[1] Jan. 18th was the birthday of Queen Charlotte.

"Were it sensible of its station how enviable would it be!—happy wheel!

"I am well to-day, and I hope those I so much love and honour are so,—perfectly so."

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

I trust I shall see my dear Miss Hamilton to-morrow evening, when I can say more than I can see to write.

FROM MRS. DELANY TO THE QUEEN, WITH A SPINNING-WHEEL.

Jan. 26th, 1782.

Go, happy wheel! amuse her leisure hour,
Whose grace and affability refin'd
Add lustre to her dignity and power,
And fill with love and awe the grateful mind.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, March 4th, 1782.

DEAR MADAM,

I have this moment received your kind note, with Mr. Lightfoot's letter, which I shall take an early opportunity to acknowledge. At present I have just time to say how sorry I am to hear that your age has felt any other uneasiness than the inflamation in your eyes. This last severe weather, after so warm a winter, has been felt by younger constitutions than yours, but the returning spring I hope, if it please God, will set us all to rights.

The third and last part of my Observations on Forest

Scenery (containing an account and description of New Forest in Hampshire) is now, I believe, in Mr. Blamire's hands, to whom I sent it to be sewed up together: from Mr. Blamire, it was to return to me. After I had put in a few drawings, and some other things, I intended to send it to two or three gentlemen who do me the honour of being my critics; and after they had pruned away a few of its excrescences, (many of which however in reliance on them I leave at hazard,) I intended it should take the first opportunity to pay its respects to you; but as you express in your note a desire to see it, and as nothing can give me more pleasure than to gratify any desire of yours that is in my power, if you will receive it with all its crudities and imperfections uncorrected on its head, I will enclose a note at the bottom of this to Mr. Blamire, which will produce it. If I can suppose the Duchess of Portland can be amused with it, a sight of it is much at her Grace's service, but it is not fit to pay visits anywhere else but where its author has so often met with indulgence. Mr. Mason often tells me I put too much faith in critics; but I know it is otherwise, and I can tell him in return I do *not* value him *as a critic* because he is *too easily pleased.*

I cannot enough, dear madam, express my obligations to you for your kindness to my niece. I beg my most respectful compliments to my Lady Duchess, and am with the sincerest respect and esteem,

Your most obliged and
most obedient s^{t},

W. G.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

27th April, 1782.

You cannot doubt, my dear Miss Hamilton, with how much pleasure I receiv'd your note this morning; I feel much more than I can possibly express the high honour of their Majesties' commands; but as there must be some *allay* to our best joys the sense of my increas'd infirmities is *mine* on this occasion.

I have sent your note to Whitehall, tho' her Grace's hour of opening her eyes has not come; as soon as it is, I am sure she will speak for herself; my impatience will not let me delay a moment acknowledging to you, dear madam, how sensible I am of their Majesties' condescention to me, and how much I am y^r^ most obliged and affectionate

M. DELANY.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, April 30th, 1782.

I wish, dear madam, I had not so very great a respect for you, that I might give a little vent to my wrath; as the case now stands I can only say, in plaintive voice, How could you, madam, send my papers into so many hands, when I told you in how crude a state they were, and that I only meant to put them into your hands alone, unless my Lady Duchess chose to look into them; not that I had the least objection to the putting them into *any* hands *you* thought proper, only not at this time. Mr. Lightfoot, indeed, I consider as *one* of my *critics*, and he had a right to see them in any state; but

when Lord Dartmouth returns them you will be so good, madam, as send them to Mr. Blamire.

I have heard nothing from Mr. Mason these four months; but I suppose he is in town, and that you have been so good as give him the two first books of my Forest Scenery; if he should chose also to look into the third before it goes to Mr. Blamire it is certainly at *his* service.

What shall I now say to you, dear madam, for your obliging kindness to my niece? I am sure that if I had thought my recommendation of her to you would have engaged you farther than I desired, I should never have mentioned her; but it requires some time to know the world, and the various characters of which it is composed; if you find some persons who come short of expectations, you find others who go beyond them.

I hope, madam, you do not feel the effects of the inclement season; I, who often face its keenest blasts, am used to buffet it. I never knew, however, so severe a spring; I am in some degree qualified to say so, as I have kept a sort of register of the weather for these *last twenty years*.

I beg, madam, you will present my very respectful compliments to my Lady Duchess. I am not unmindful of what you mention about Salisbury Plain: I have never yet got the volume into my hands; but as soon as ever I do, and I suppose I shall soon, I will transmit the passage.

I beg, madam, you will not think of answering this letter in any shape; I have just read it over, and I hope I have said nothing that can in the least hurt you with regard to shewing my third book; indeed, it gave me

no manner of uneasiness, and if I thought it could possibly give you any I would burn my letter and write it over again.

Believe me, dear madam, with unfeigned respect and esteem,

Your much obliged
And most obedient, humble servt,
WILL. GILPIN.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Wednesday morning, May 1st, 1782.

Knowing my dear Miss Hamilton's partiality to antiquated dames, I take the liberty of presenting to you the celebrated Countess of Winchelsea;[1] her good sense and delicate sentiments will I am sure recommend her to your favour.

How was I gratified last Saturday evening! how greatly entertained and how highly honoured! indeed, being once more in the presence of their Majesties was a real happiness. I hope soon to see you, relying on your constant indulgence to,

My dear madam,
Your most affecte and most obliged,
Humble servant
M. DELANY.

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[1] Ann, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Maid of Honour to Mary of Modena, when Duchess of York, and wife of Heneage, 4th Earl of Winchelsea. She published, in 1713, "Miscellaneous Poems on several occasions, written by a Lady." She died, Aug. 5th, 1720.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

May 11th, 1782. Saturday.

It is very mortifying to me that I cannot be an assistant to Mrs. Goldworthy's charitable undertaking; but the truth is I am engaged in favour of a poor clergyman, which has at least for some time exhausted the little interest I can pretend to.

I hope to be so happy as to see you some part of this evening; I am much better, and see a *few* choice friends.

Ever yours, affectionately,

M. D.

My young people (root and branch) are charmed with Miss Hamilton. *At this time I believe* in the whispering gallery, St. Paul's!

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, May 13th, 1782.

MADAM,

Some people are never to be satisfied; you shewed my papers to a friend or two—I flew into a violent rage—you immediately returned them—now I vibrate as far into a contrary passion. I am mortified to the last degree, lest, in my rage, I *should* have said something improper, and have *offended you?* My requisition was not made above three posts ago, and by that very post I receive a note from Mr. Blamire, informing me that you have sent him the papers. Sure, madam, you

would not have been in such a prodigious hurry unless you had been offended?

But even, if you were offended, I think on hearing what a disaster has just befallen me you will turn your anger *into pity*. Yesterday I took a walk on some parish business into Worley-wood, a favourite spot, which perhaps you remember my mentioning; there I heard that 360 of its noblest oaks are now under sentence of death; the *ruffians* had begun their *bloody work* when I was there; I could hear them as I walked through the wood, whistling and singing to the sound of their hatchets. *My heart sank within me;* and I have not yet recovered from my first shock. I remember a discrete citizen when I had to do with young folks, who, taking his son to task for spending his half-crown in a manner of which he could give but a lame account,—"My dear boy," said he, "consider—what is money good for but for keeping." I own I am secretly inclined to apply to oaks this sage philosopher's maxim with regard to money. I beg my most respectful compliments to my Lady Duchess; and hoping, madam, that every thing is now set to rights, venture to subscribe myself, once more,

Your very respectful
And most obedient, humble servant,
WILL. GILPIN.

How would the "*heart*" of Gilpin "*sink*" if he had lived to these days, when not a spray is left upon a hedge to shelter man or beast from winter blast or summer heat, when hollies are cut for dead hedges, and every herb and wild-flower is scraped from the road-side!

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place.
Saturday, 18th May, 1782.

MELANCHOLY—but why should I say *so?* for surely I have reason to be thankful! Your precious child brought and read me your note! The kind writer could not be more affected by the most tender sensations of love and gratitude than *her* to whom the note was addressed! The subject was too tender to dwell upon. I eat my breakfast, which even the *Sprinkler*[1] could not give a relish too. We followed your stages; said, "*Alas!*" when it clouded and rained; but revived when the sun shone. At this moment suppose you beyond Hounslow. Yours and your most dear and excellent bro[rs] mutual satisfaction on meeting make me almost glad my joys are transferred. I every moment expect L[y] Jerningham and *her ami*; I shall send Mary Anne to Miss Keene;[2] her tears are hardly dried up, for which I love her the more.

Mr. Bryant just called to say he will dine here on Sunday next, and has told me the good news—that Adm[l] Rodney *has taken* from the French three 74 ships; one 64 and two frigates; and the *French fleet defeated.*[3] Our Gover[rs] have sent out somebody, whose name I don't remember, to supersede *this man!* I fancy they will repent of their precipitation after hearing how worthy S[r] G. Rod[y] is of better treatment.

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[1] "*The Sprinkler*," probably a gift of Mrs. Port's.

[2] Miss Keene, niece of the Earl of Dartmouth.

[3] Admiral Sir George Bridges Rodney, Bart., gained a complete victory over the French fleet, in the West Indies, on the 9th and 12th of April, 1782, when the Count de Grasse (who commanded) was taken prisoner.

My dear, sweet little Louisa, I thank you for all y. nice curtseys and prittle-prattle, and for leading me up and down stairs so carefully; but "*Sissy*" performs your office very well; sends her best love, and we will talk of you to the Dutchess la Portland when she comes in the evening.

Morning visitors: L^y^ Jerningham and Mr. Nusols. A card to me from Mrs. Wals^m^ for next Friday; one from Miss Boyle to Mary Ann, to invite her that day to a ball. A tin case with 7 fish, sent by Mr. Beresford from Nottingham, are dispatched to Whitehall.

The Dowager Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 19th May, 82.

Last post brought me Mrs Port's letter, at ye same time inform'd me she left London ye next day; so I'm forc'd to address my thanks to d^r^ Mrs Delany, wch I would not have given her ye trouble to read had I any other conveyance for 'em. I'm much disappointed y^t^ Mrs. Chapone[1] won't venture under my roof; 'tis my opinion she might be at perfect ease here, I leaving all their own way; however there's no judging for others; but I must lament yor kind endeavours have not succeeded, being perswaded her *conversation* w^d^ have been a *benefit to all.* I've no resource, can think of none to protect me from ye charms and schemes of &c.; they've so many little irons in ye fire; tho' many burn, there's always some left to teaze and tire.

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[1] Hester Mulso, the literary Mrs. Chapone.

When next you see Mrs Chapone pray tell her how sorry I am my proposition does not suit her health and spirits, tho' I'm conceited enough to think it w^d^ do both wth ye aid of this salutary air.

I hope before you receive this all bad effects of yor cold are gone; shall be oblig'd to Miss Port if she'll confirm it; must absolutely forbid yor writing; shall realy take it ill if you do.

The D^s^ of Portland I beg my respects to; am sorry for her loss in Mr. Solander;[1] such a genius must be reckon'd a loss to all who had ye same cast of mind.

The weather is wet and cross, but warmer y^n^ it was; it has not disagreed wth me, tho' it has not pleas'd me; may it change to such as may perfect yor health is sincerely wish'd by yor most faithfull

M. G.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place.
Monday, 27th May, 1782.

Tho' I am full of the *honour* I received yesterday, which I shall cherish as a cordial drop, they do *not* so much engross my mind as to make me *forget* that my dear Miss Hamilton was far from well; and I am very anxious to know how she does to day. I have had a pretty good account from Whitehall—*that her* Grace was better last night after her return home; but the hour of the day is not yet come that is to give me entire satis-

[1] Daniel Charles Solander, the eminent Swedish naturalist, who, in 1768, accompanied Sir Joseph Banks and Captain Cook in a voyage round the world. He died 13th May, 1782.

faction; it will be hard and mortifying to me if my much esteemed and honored guests should suffer when I find myself so much better in health and spirits, from their kind indulgence to, my dear madam, y^r^ most affec^t^ and obliged,

M. DELANY.

The following note was in Miss Port's handwriting.

St. James's Place, June 4th, 1782.

Tho' Mrs. Delany is unable with her own hand to address her dear Miss Hamilton, she cannot suffer this most important day[1] to pass without felicitating her on its return, and to entreat that Miss Hamilton will follow the dictates of her own warm and grateful heart to express (with the most profound respect and most zealous affection) how much Mrs. Delany wishes their Majesties and the princesses joy of the return of this day.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, June 13th, 1782.

DEAR MADAM,

I had a letter this week from Mr. Mason, who does not intend, I find, to visit London this year. He is very angry with me for supposing he could not spend a winter by his own fire-side at Aston; indeed, I fancy'd that if nothing else would have brought him to town the pleasure of seeing all his friends uniting to restore the nation would have had its influence; but he tells me

[1] June 4th was the birthday of George III.

he has been better employ'd in putting up a Gothic window in the chancel of his church, than he should have been in running from one levee to another.

The enclosed paper, madam, contains the account of Stonehenge, which I have at last obtained, and which you will be so obliging as to present, with my very respectful compliments, to my Lady Duchess.

I am, madam, with the greatest respect and esteem,

Your obliged

And most obedient, humble servt,

WILL. GILPIN.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, 11th July, 1782.

I have eaten my solitary breakfast, and who do you think was in my mind all the time? If you guess right pray tell her I found her note in my table, and *Bythia* gave me her dear, kind letter; but have not eyes or time this morning to say more on a subject that gives me some agitation, tho' I assure you I feel much happier to day than yesterday—"the day is clear, the sky serene," and I hope my dearest child has so far had a safe and pleasant journey. A message just now from the dear Duchess by Tom Cock, that she got well her first stage. And now I leave off till Astley arrives. Pray don't write all awry, as I *do not* scrawl! consider the difference of ages—82 against $10\frac{1}{2}$!

Alas! how short our sun shine! now it rains. Take care of cold as you love *one* who loves you *more* than she will say. Adieu.

M. DELANY.

See *what pains* I have taken to write *as well*, as I made your card wafer box this morning (for I could settle to nothing else). I have cramm'd into the box *the* cards *you used* to play with for Louisa! Mrs. Astley is come, tired to death with travelling all night; she is going to drink some tea and go to bed. She appears to me to be *just what I want;* about Molly B's size (but holds up her head better); not handsome, but nothing disagreable in her appearance, wch is all I can see at present; to morrow we shall settle to business; to-day it would have been rather too much.

The Mrs. Astley alluded to in this letter, the Editor believes, was a clergyman's daughter, and very well connected, and she fully justified the good impression made by her first appearance.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place, London.
23rd July, 1782.

It is an age since I saw or heard of my dear Miss Hamilton. Pray gratify me in the latter, if you can't in the first. You know my pleasure in seeing you is much encreased by the opportunity of enquiring after those whose health and happiness we so well know the value of. Our dear Dss D^r^ of Portland is now deeply engaged with Apollo and Neptune at Margate. A few days spent with Mrs. Boscawen at her rural villa has greatly revived me. Tho' you should be in town to-day or to-morrow, I dare not flatter myself with the hopes of one of your flying visits; it would be a ray of light that would

greatly enliven as well as oblige, my dear madam, your most affectionate and faithfull

M. DELANY.

P.S. I had a pleasant visiter yesterday morning, Dr. Warton[1] of Winchester. I wish he resided at *Westminster* instead of *Winchester*, that I might enjoy more of his sprightly and edifying conversation.

Although no allusion has been made by Mrs. Delany for a considerable period to the progress of her wonderful Flora in paper mosaic, she had continued her work indefatigably from 1774, when it was commenced, to the present year of 1782. One of the last flowers that she did was the Portlandia grandiflora, dated at the back by herself, "Bulstrode, 9th August, 1782, Kew," from whence the original specimen had been sent to her by the command of the King and Queen, who always desired that any curious or beautiful plants in the Royal gardens should be transmitted to Mrs. Delany when in blossom, and there are numbers of the flowers executed by Mrs. Delany marked "Kew." In the volume which contains her beautiful representation of the "Portlandia grandiflora" there is the following account of that shrub in her own handwriting extracted from the history of Jamaica.

PORTLANDIA.

"This shrub grows chiefly about the foot of the mountains in Jamaica, and thrives very luxuriantly among the rocks; it rises to a branched stem, and shoots generally to the height of eight or nine feet; but the trunk seldom exceeds two inches and a half in diameter, and is covered with a thick furrowed bark. The leaves

[1] Dr. Joseph Warton, son of the Rev. Thomas Warton, professor of poetry at Oxford, was born in 1722, became head master of Winchester school in 1766, where he continued till 1793, when he retired to his Rectory of Wickham, and died in 1800. His chief works are an "Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope," and translations from Virgil.

are large; smooth and opposite, of an oval form, and entire at the edges; the flowers are white, pretty open and long; and the fruit, a moderate lignous capsula, crown'd with five distinct leaves, and divided into two cells, adorned with five longitudinal ridges.

"This plant is called by the name of '*Portlandia*,' after the present Duchess of Portland, who is a great lover of botany, and well acquainted with the English plants."—BROWN'S *History of Jamaica*, page 165.

There are also the following lines written by Mrs. Delany addressed to the *Portlandia*.

Fair flower! that bears the honoured name
Of HER whose fair and spotless fame
Thy purity displays.
Emblem of Friendship's sacred tie,
Thy form is graced with dignity
Superior to all praise.

Mrs. Delany's friendship for the Duchess of Portland, like all her other affections, instead of declining appeared to *strengthen with age*. It will be remembered that in 1779 she alluded to the Duchess of Portland's sympathy in the account she gave of the circumstances which led to her invention of this uncommon method of imitating nature, and her portrait of the "Portlandia" with the above lines still attest the existence of the same feelings after the lapse of eight years more, in which she had completed one thousand plants, which were admitted by Sir Joshua Reynolds and all the best judges of the art of drawing and painting to be unrivalled in perfection of outline, delicacy of cutting, accuracy of shading and perspective, and harmony and brilliancy of colours; while at the same time they were the admiration of botanists such as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, &c., &c. Indeed Sir Joseph Banks used to say that Mrs. Delany's representations of flowers "were *the only* imitations of nature that he had ever seen, from which he could *venture* to describe botanically any plant without the least fear of committing an error." It is an extraordinary fact that this work has never (as far as the

Editor is aware) been described correctly. It would be impossible to give anything like a just idea of it, but the accounts that have *hitherto* been given have been *absolute fictions!* Dr. Darwin, in his Botanic Garden, thus alludes to it:—

"So now Delany forms her mimic bowers,
Her paper foliage, and her silken flowers;
Her virgin train the tender scissors ply,
Vein the green leaf, the purple petal dye;
Round wiry stems the flaxen tendril bends
Moss creeps below, and waxen fruit impends.
Cold Winter views amid his realms of snow
Delany's vegetable statues blow;
Smoothes his stern brow, delays his hoary wing
And eyes with wonder all the blooms of spring."

If anything is to be understood by Dr. Darwin's *very poetical* description, it is that Mrs. Delany made artificial flowers, with *paper* and *wax*, *silk* and *wire!* he however thought it necessary to append a note of further explanation, which certainly completes the bewilderment of the reader, as he states that "she executed a curious hortus siccus," by which term it could only be supposed that her work was a collection of *dried plants;* and then in opposition to this assertion he proceeds as follows:—

"Her method consisted in placing the leaves of each plant with the petals, and all the other parts of the flowers on coloured paper, and cutting them with scissors accurately to the natural size and form, and then pasting them on a dark ground; the effect of which is wonderful, and their accuracy less liable to fallacy than drawings."

It is very evident that Dr. Darwin never either saw the work or its inventress, and that he did not understand either drawing or painting, or it would have been impossible for him to have imagined *such* a process could result in success! (Possibly he may have derived his information from Miss Burney?) The Editor does not however presume to suppose that she can herself give an accurate idea of the manner in which this wonderful work was executed, but at all events her statements will be true, and will not mislead, though they may fail to enlighten.

Mrs. Delany placed the growing plant before her, or a branch of it if too large to be copied entire. At the back of the plant, but not to touch it, she put a sheet of black paper, doubled in the form of a folding-screen, which forming a dark background threw out distinctly the outline of the leaves and flowers, and made the lights and shadows more distinct. Mrs. Delany did not draw the plant; but *by her eye* cut out each flower or rather each petal as they appeared; the lights and shades and tints were afterwards all likewise cut out and laid on, being pasted one over the other,—the stamina, style, and leaves were separately done in the same manner, in various coloured papers, which she used to procure from captains of vessels coming from China and from paper-stainers, from whom she used to buy pieces of paper in which the colours had run and produced extraordinary and unusual tints. In this manner she procured her materials, and was enabled to produce the utmost brilliancy where it was required with the greatest harmony of colouring from the various semi-tones of tint laid on. But that part of the work which appears likely ever to remain a mystery, because no other person possesses the *same gift*, is the way in which by the eye alone scissors could be directed to cut out the innumerable parts necessary to complete the outline and shading of every leaf, flower, and stem, with such exactness that they all hung together and fitted each other as if they had been produced instantaneously by the stroke of a magic wand, and yet without a fault in perspective or in the most difficult foreshortening.

The year 1782 was however the last in which Mrs. Delany was able to exercise this wonderful talent; and on finding that her eyes were no longer able to direct her scissors in imitating accurately the exquisite and minute tracery of nature, she composed the following lines, which still exist in her own handwriting, and were placed in the first volume of her work.

The date of the month does not appear, but there is every reason to believe that it was in the latter end of the year :—

'*The time is come!* I can no more
The vegetable world explore;

No more with rapture cull each flower
That paints the mead or twines the bower
No more with admiration see
Its beauteous form and symmetry!
No more attempt with hope elate
Its lovely hues to imitate!
Farewell! to all those friendly powers
That *blest* my solitary hours;
Alas! farewell! but shall I mourn
As one who is of hope forlorn?
Ah no! my mind with rapture feels
The promise which thy Word reveals.
Come Holy Spirit, on thy wing
Thy sacred consolation bring.
Teach me to contemplate that grace
Which *hath so long* sustained *my race*;
Which various blessings still bestows,
And pours in balm to all my woes!
O sanctify the pointed dart
That at this moment rends my heart;
Teach me, *submissive to resign*
When summoned by thy Will Divine."

M. D.

St. James's Place, 1782.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, August 3rd 1782.
The Gallery.

I cannot sit down in my usual place without thinking of my dear little Portia, tho' not so selfish as to wish her skipping about me, tho' *that* would be very pleasant; but her dear mama has the first claim, and demands every return of duty, love, and gratitude in the power of her dear child to pay her.

The confidence I have that you will acquit yourself properly in all these points, my dear child, not only endears you to me, but makes me desirous of giving you every

pleasure and advantage in my power to procure you. I came here yesterday evening, and I have brought little mousy,[1] and cou'd make a fine tale of the pranks she has played had I eyes for the purpose. The little villain a week ago broke prison, and was missing a day and a night; I lamenting and Astley sorry. On Monday night, just as I was stepping into bed, Moll B. called out, "I have found the mouse in the basket on the stand; but I *cannot touch it.*" I put on my bed gown, but the simpleton not having clap'd a book on the top of the basket to keep the mouse in, it had *frisked away.* However, next day Bertha had the wit to find it behind one of the folios at the end of the room. I have now secured him in an iron cage that will keep him safe, and is also more elegant than the one he escaped from. Eyes and hands are tired, and must yield.

Ever your affectionate

M. DELANY.

P.S. Be sure you don't place this before your eyes, lest it should infect you with scribbling. I have *too good* an excuse!

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

I am much obliged to you, my dear G°, for your letter; but mortified I cannot read it. But why, my dear child, will you write in a hurry? 6 lines a day will not tire your hand or head; and at the end of a week or ten days will produce me an entertaining, well written journal, allowing for unexpected interruptions. A carelessness in writing before your hand is perfectly formed will end

[1] A dormouse of Miss Port's.

in scribble scrabble. But, upon the whole, the Duchess (who is so kind as to read my letters to me) says you write and spell well. I make it my request to her to tell me sincerely her opinion; and you have a heart too good and gentle not to be ready to make the best use of friendly admonition. I ought not to talk of "*scribble scrabble;*" but I have *too good* an excuse! The Duke of Portland, Lord Titchfied, and Lord William Bentinck are here; the Duke very well; the Duchess going to Welbeck from Lord Stamford's. Our dear Duchess is not well; the damp weather has given her cold and rheumatism. Ever, my dear child, your affect[t]

M. DELANY.

Fred. Montagu, Esq. to Mrs. Delany.

Papplewick, Aug. 5, 1782.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I was delighted with your letter, not only because I am always glad to hear from you, but because you write in good spirits, and your handwriting is much better than it was last year.

Mr. Weddel[1] has been with me at Salcey Forest. We went together into Oxfordshire; saw the *un*comfortable glories of Stow, and its *ridiculous* temples. "The Elysian fields" are, however very beautiful. We then, after admiring and reverencing Oxford, paid our compliments at Nuneham to Lord Harcourt[2] *and Mason!* The

[1] Lady Bute, in her letter to Mrs. Delany of Aug. 20, 1785, mentions having spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. Weddell at their house built by Adams.

[2] What Earl Harcourt's garden at Nuneham was under the direction of Mason, may be discovered by referring to "The English Garden," a poem in four Books, by the Rev. W. Mason, with a Commentary and Notes by Dr. Burgh.

situation and place are delightful; and such a flower-garden as excells every flower-garden which ever existed either in history or romance. Bowers, statues, inscriptions, busts, temples; all planned by Mason. He enquired very much after *you*, which he would *not* have done after *our* friend!

From Nuneham I went to Blenheim, which Brown[1] has made a glorious place indeed. I meant to have visited Lord Dartmouth, but he had left Sandwell; I am afraid on account of the illness of his son Heneage.[2] Last night I came home, and found my place in great beauty. I beg my best and most respectful comp[s] to the Duchess of Portland wherever she is; and I am

Your most faithful and affectionate
Friend and servant,
F. MONTAGUE.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, Saturday Evening,
10th Augst. 1782.

You are so good to tell me, dearest madam, with your own hand, and in excellent writing, many things that I was right glad to be told, and therefore you must allow me to tell you thus early how gratefull I was for them. I have been since Wensday last in profound

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[1] Launcelot Brown, the well-known landscape gardener. He was born in 1715 and died in 1782. He is well known by the nickname of "Capability Brown." He spoiled many fine places in England, by opposing or reversing the natural character of the ground or scenery.

[2] William, 2nd Earl of Dartmouth, born June 20, 1731, married, January 11, 1755, Frances Catherine, only child and heiress of Sir Charles Gunter Nicholl. Their fourth son Heneage died Sept. 2, 1782.

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solitude; all my dormitory's forsaken and empty. Miss Sayer is returned to her father. No sound (of musick) is heard but the hollow wind. My son is also departed, and gone to Bill Hill; a welcome guest, for he carries the favourite Johnny[1] in his hand! *Bel Ombre* cannot have been much frequented of late, I think; nor have even you, my dear madam, sought the shade! Yesterday I paid my respects at Kenwood, where I am always receiv'd with kindness. My lord was gone to London; but my lady and three Miss Murrays made me almost forget to go home. My lady gave me a catalogue of the plants that are to be sold at Muswell Hill next Monday; but when you desire Mr. Lightfoot to read it to you I dare say he will tell you it is "Botanicum *Christie* folia," far beyond *his bounded science*! Be that as it may, it has occasion'd such an adventure to me this evening as wou'd have diverted you much to behold, tho' I cannot relate it as I wish; but I will trace the outlines. I went to see the plants this afternoon, and, being early, wish'd to walk round the ground, where I have often admir'd many curious trees and shrubs. The gardener said "No; the plants were to be seen in the library, and farther I must not go." "May not I just step up to the conservatory? I will touch nothing." "No; I have my orders." As I grumbled, some pitying ear turn'd towards me, and a gentle voice said, "The mas[r] of the house, Mr. Poker, is just coming down that walk." For him I waited; and soon Mr. and Mrs. Poker and the three Miss Pokers appear'd. To them,

[1] John, eldest son of the Hon. J. L. Gower and grandson to Mrs. Boscawen, was born June 25, 1774.

curtseying low, I told my wish and my name. They most graciously said I shou'd walk all round, and they would attend me. They did; and soon fell into admiration at my knowledge when I told them, this was a "hemlock spruce," and that a "dessiduous cypress." At length we came to a Roman altar, and there my landlord instructed me in his turn. He shew'd me a Greek inscription upon it; said "it came from Jerusalem, for Mr. Beauclerc spar'd for no expence for these things, and bid me observe the hollow at top, wch was for the *holy water.*" I said I believed *that* was us'd only by Roman Catholics. He said "Yes; it was a Roman altar, a *Roman Catholick altar* fetch'd from Jerusalem, of a vast age indeed!" You may be sure I did not contest anything, but thought if Mr. Bryant had been there he wou'd have spoke a good word for Athens in preference to Jerusalem; the catholicity of it, however, diverted me. I was then invited to tea, but declined, and parted with my civil hosts with many thanks, wch they return'd, declaring that they had had many gardeners, but none had told them half the names of their shrubs that I had; and they gave orders in my hearing that whenever that lady came she shou'd walk everywhere she pleas'd. Who Mr. and Mrs. Poker are I know not, nor to what *warm hearth* they belong; but I am sure of the name, as both repeated it often to the other. They seem'd pleas'd with their purchase, and told me they were going to "build a six horse stable."

Adieu, my dear friend.

The Rev. William Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, Augt. 23, 1782.

DEAR MAD^{M},

If I could conceive that my letters could give you any amusement, it w^{d} be one of my most agreable employments to write them. But you want not such amusements as these; you feel, I doubt not, that happiness from *inward* resources w^{h} nothing external can give. I have indeed sometimes thought y^{t} an *abridgment* of ye pleasures of sight is *not* an *un*desirable middle state between this world and ye next. The vanities of life are, in a great degree, excluded. We are sequestered, not by any human institution, but by our great Creator himself, from too violent an intercourse with ye world. Our eyes, tho' so great a source of our pleasures, are certainly as much so of our temptations, w^{h} are emphatically called "ye lusts of ye eye." For myself, I have often thought there are few things w^{h} come upon us under ye name of calamities w^{h} I could bear with more fortitude than ye loss of my sight. Even ye pleasures with which they furnish me are *not* nearly so lively now as they once were. With ye works of art I am almost satiated. For ye works of *nature* I have *still a relish*; but even here I find my eyes among my greatest misleaders; they are continually *distracting* my attention, and carrying it off among trifles. A ray of sunshine—a dark cloud—ye sprig of a tree—anything, is sufficient to disturb ye most serious thoughts w^{h} frequent my mind. Besides, I have seen so much of ye works of nature, have attended to y^{m} so closely, and have gotten them so, in a manner, by heart, y^{t} I can at any time shut my eyes and see nobler

compositions than they can easily furnish when open, And these pictures I have at comand; I can bid y^m come and go. They are rarely intruders. In short, ye eye is a sort of vehicle, in w^h ye mind is continually gadding abroad, visiting and gossiping without end. But when ye carriage is laid down, ye mind must necessarily keep at home—become domestic, and employ itself in its proper business. Thus, dear madam, it is easy for us to *console* a neighbour; ye great point is, to bear the calamity with *that fortitude*, w^h *you do*, when we *feel it ourselves*.[1]

I suppose by this time, mad^m, you will be preparing for Bullstrode. In a letter I was honoured with lately, from ye Duchess, her Grace informed me she proposed to spend a few weeks at Margate, w^h, I suppose, are now nearly expired. I hope she found ye benefit she expected from ye sea air; and that she *may long* continue to give y^e *great world* ye benefit of *an example* which they *so much want!*

I have many things, dear mad^m, to say to you for y^r goodness to my niece, w^h I shall always remember with gratitude. Poor girl! I fear ye air of London will not agree with her. She contracted, in ye winter and spring, a bad cough—had a pain in her side, and other dangerous symptoms, for which her friends thought it right to send her into her native air. I hear from Carlisle y^t her complaints are not at all removed; and indeed I suppose y^t if she sh^d recover her health it will not be thought advisable to send her again to London.

What unseasonable weather we have! Much of our

[1] This letter was evidently in answer to a letter of Mrs. Delany, fearing loss of sight; from which, however, she was mercifully spared.

hay here is spoiled, and our scanty harvest is yet scarce begun, at a time when last year it was completely finished. After all the rains we have had, we had, last night, a greater torrent than we have ever had before. This, with ye public situation of our affairs,[1] affords so melancholy a prospect that it requires no ordinary degree of faith in Providence to help desponding. They who can exert y^t^ faith are well assured y^t^ ye affairs of ye world are in better direction than any they c^d^ point out y^m^selves. For my part I doubt whether we have authority to pray for *fair weather*; we know we are authorised to pray for our *daily bread*, but ye means of obtaining it, I think, sh^d^ be left to God. Mrs. Gilpin joins me in most respectful complim^ts^. We are glad to hear Miss Port has recovered from ye measles, and beg to congratulate her and you. Believe me, dear mad^m^, with all respect and esteem,

Y^r^ most obed^t^ serv^t^,

WILL. GILPIN.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 1st Sept^r^., 1782.

I thank you, my dearest Georgina, for your last letter. The Duchess of Portland, who read it to me, said the first page was a very pretty hand. Their Majesties, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince of Wales came here yesterday morning by eleven o'clock. Her Grace of Portland had not breakfasted, and I had to receive the Royal visitors.

[1] A change in the Administration took place about this time in consequence of the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, and the war with America was still going on.

I was dabbling at my work in the gallery, and Astley reading Froissart to me, when the approach was announced. I hurried down to wait till I was summoned, which was immediately, and I found the King in the gallery, who most graciously came up and led me into the drawing-room to the Queen and Princesses. They were not in spirits, especially the Queen, who seem'd much affected, and that every word was an exertion, tho' always most gracious. It is the first house they have been in since the death of Prince Alf^d.[1]

The Duchess of Portland soon made her appearance. Breakfast was prepared in the dining-room, and when the Duchess went to bring the King and Queen's chocolate the Queen proposed to follow her, and the King led the way. As soon as their backs were turned the Princesses took both my hands and said how glad they were to see me, and many other kind things, with their usual good-nature. The King proposed that all the company should sit round the table, and commanded me to be one of the number. His Majesties great politeness and good-humour (and he seemed to exert particularly) made the breakfast pass cheerfully. They staid till past two, and excused the Duchess of Portland's attendance to-day, it being Sunday, but I believe we shall go to Windsor to-morrow or Tuesday.

The accounts of the Duke of Portland mend, tho'

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[1] "Yesterday morning died at the Royal Palace, Windsor, of a consumption, aged one year and eleven months, his Royal Highness Prince Alfred, their Majesties' youngest son.

"Prince Alfred is the first son of a king who has died in England since the death of the late Duke of Cumberland, and the third since the death of Henry Prince of Wales, son to King Charles I., not including such sons as lived to be kings themselves."—*Universal Magazine of August* 21, 1782.

slowly, but the surgeons say positively there is no danger; but it was a very allarming accident.

I suppose you have seen in the papers the unhappy end of poor Mr. Yeates, who was drowned at Liverpool. It has indeed shocked us here extreamly, then what must his poor mother and family feel?

I am happy with your good account of all at Ilam. My love to all, and to Calwich; they are always included in my good wishes.

The shells shall be sent, but as I fear it cannot be till I go to town, had they not better stay till you can pack them up yourself. Adieu. I really cannot see to say more.

Frederick Montagu, Esq. to Mrs. Delany.

MY DEAR MADAM, Papplewick, Sept. 10, (Qy 1782).

If it was not as troublesome to you to write as it is agreeable to me to read your letters I should wish to receive eight sides of paper instead of four!

I am just returned from Wroxton. Many enquiries after you and the Dutchess of Portland. Lord Guilford intends visiting Bullstrode, I believe, on his way to London, and I suspect that the good Earl would find himself more comfortable if he was not honored with the great apartment.

Lord North was very good company, and described with much humour his going upon a man's back across the stream at Castleton. He has been in Derbyshire and Lancashire, and was so popular at Manchester that his carriage was drawn by men (*like Mr. Wilkes!*), but I am afraid my comparison is rather malicious. I hope the

Dutchess of Portland is now perfectly recovered. You entertained me very much with your account of the company who met in the gallery at Bullstrode.

I have wrote *in all humility* to Mason to know when he means to call here on his way from Nuneham. My architect[1] comes on Thursday, and my trees are all in great beauty, and I feel myself full as happy as if I was listening to the overloaded speeches of Lord Shelburne at the Treasury. I am sure that you and the Dutchess of Portland both think that the shade of *my own vine*[2] is a much more honorable and agreeable situation than the lofty apartments in Berkeley Square. Pray present my best respects to her Grace,

And believe me your most truly

And faithfully,

F. M.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 21 Sept. 1782.

I thank you, my dearest Georgina, for your last letter, which I am told is very well written, and it appears so to me. This is a bad day with my eyes, and when I turn over a new leaf I must put it into Astley's hands.

I will inclose all the riddles I have made (tho' not

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[1] Papplewick was rebuilt by the writer of the above letter, the Rt. Hon. Frederick Montagu, and finished in the year 1787. In Thoroton's and Thoresby's History of Nottinghamshire it is stated that "there were *then* in the dining-room pictures of the 1st Earl of Sandwich, the 1st Earl of Halifax, the 2nd Earl of Manchester, Sir Edward Montagu, Sir James Montagu, and Charles Montagu, Esq."

[2] Mr. Frederick Montagu was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury March 27, 1782, under the Marquis of Rockingham, whose Ministry resigned July 13, 1782. He again came into office with the Duke of Portland's Ministry, April 4, 1783, which resigned Dec. 27 of the same year.

worth your attention) for the amusement of your brothers and sisters. The riddle upon *Portland* was *not originally* mine, but made some years ago; however, the application suits both my dear friends.

L[d] and Lady Weymouth left this place on Wednesday last, two Miss Thynnes and Master Thynne. I think I mentioned to your mamma that we had a Royal visit on Monday last, and every day expect a summons to the Queen's Lodge. Miss Hamilton has not yet spent a day at Bullstrode, to our great regret. Mrs. Goldworthy being often ill is a great confinement to Miss H. Miss Boyle[1] always inquires most kindly after you, and sends her love. We don't see Mr. Bryant so often as we cou'd wish, he is so much at Blenheim. I suppose you have heard that the match is off between Lord Gower's son[2] and Lady Caroline Spencer; she does not like him, which is the reason given. L[d] and Lady Dartmouth are very well considering the loss they have sustained,[3] which they bear with Christian fortitude. L[d] Lewisham is soon to be married to Lady Frances Finch,[4] L[d] Aylsford's sister; a very agreable match to all partys. Young Lady Aylsford is in town expecting the hour of confinement; she looks, and is very well. Poor Lady Wallingford is much out of order, but your friend, Lady Jerningham, is very well and now spinning in London. I have had a letter lately from Mr. Montagu, who is very well, and

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[1] Afterwards the Baroness de Ros.

[2] George Granville, eldest son of Granville, 2nd Earl Gower, was born 9 Jan. 1758. He married 4 Sept. 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland, and was created Duke of Sutherland in 1833.

[3] Lord Dartmouth's fourth son died at Weymouth, Sept. 6, 1782.

[4] George Viscount Lewisham, afterwards 3rd Earl of Dartmouth, married 24 Sept., 1782, Frances, daughter of Heneage, 3rd Earl of Aylesford.

seems as happy "under his vine" as he was when a L[d] of the Treasury, tho' his friends wish him engaged in the latter. L[d] Guilford is expected here the latter end of this week in his way to London. I will now leave you to your better employments, assuring my dearest child that I am her most

Affectionate aunt.

M. DELANY.

I almost wish Miss Foley had staid the winter wth dear Lady Clan[l]. Let me know how they do when returned. When I go to town I shall send her a little Xtmas box as usual. Glad to know before that time what she will want. God bless you.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Instead of begging the Duchess to present my respects and good wishes to you I will write them in black ink, and in the midst of my remu-menage (Anglice *rummage*), for I leave my quiet cottage to-morrow and become a town lady. Bills to pay come in fast; I wish the cash may hold out! My young companion, your favourite, Miss Sayer, has left me long since, and I have been much alone; but Sunday last arrived, before church, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, whom we (that is, my young Westminster scholars and myself) were very glad to receive. They went with us to church, and Mr. Cole affirmed that the service was performed in the Erse language. It is true that we did not well understand

the Scotch gentleman who officiated in the absence of our pastor. From church we went to visit Mrs. Williams, and were very well amused by an animated conversation between her and Mr. Cole on the subject of Miss Sharp's marriage. Earnest enquiries are always made after Mrs. Delany's health by her sister botanist. More bills. Adieu, dear madam. Portez vous bien! that is my request to you, and to hear that you comply with it will give sincerest pleasure to your affectionate

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Charles Street, 26th Septr. 1782.

Mrs. Levison's pens are so good that they tempt me to express my gratitude for the favour of my dear friend's most kind letter, while *she*, (the mistress of *the pens*) is—in her bed *you will think*—no, nothing like it, for she is playing twelvepenny whist with 2 Westminster scholars, her nephews, and Miss Brudenell.[1] I cannot say it is so silent a game as whist seems to imply; however, if I make many blunders you will be pleased to ascribe them to the triumphs of an *odd trick*, or perhaps a *renounce*, for there have been great exclamations! The weather quite delightfull, and the air perfectly balsamic, even in Kensington Gardens, where we spent the morning in slow marches from bench to bench. I rejoyc'd to hear of Lady Weymouth at Bulstrode. I hope you will soon have good news of Lady

[1] Probably Augusta, daughter of the Hon. Robert Brudenell, and Maid of Honour to Queen Charlotte.

Aylesford; the longer these ladies *keep out* of their beds the shorter will be their sufferings, I flatter myself. Lady Gower came to town on Monday, and din'd here next day. This morning she set out for Hatfield to spend the remainder of the week, and as she promis'd me the honour of a visit in her way back, in case I was at my villa, I shall remove thither next Saturday, Mrs. Levison having now some friends and acquaintance within reach, whereas when first I came I was her only companion, wch was all I propos'd, for as to the hour of distress I always desert! I hope I shall tell you of a female cousin now, for surely we have boys enough even for Lady Gower, who does not, however, willingly afford us a "Fanny" Levison. Lady Weymouth told you of L^y^ Augusta Finch[1] with Mr. Stanhope of (Yorkshire), *if* it be true? Mr. Onslow,[2] *so lately* a *sorrowfull widower*, marries Mrs. Duncombe, who was *not* an afflicted widow! She is a niece of my friend Lady Smythe's. Miss Wilmot's marriage is in the newspaper, but I hear is not such as her parents can approve, I am therefore very sorry for them, as they seem'd vastly fond of her.

I have not any adventures to relate; this great town is so empty that I question if I cou'd have one were I to sally forth in quest of them. *Your favour'd* Opie[3] is

[1] Lady Augusta Finch, only daughter of Daniel, 7th Earl of Winchilsea, died unmarried in 1797.

[2] Charlotte, daughter of Wm. Hale, of King's Walden, Esq., and third wife and widow of Thomas Duncombe, Esq., married February 13, 1783, the Hon. Thomas Onslow, who succeeded his father as 2nd Earl Onslow, in 1814.

[3] "Your favoured Opie."—John Opie the eminent painter, was a native of Cornwall. He was born near Truro, in 1761. He was the son of a carpenter, and was brought under the notice of George III. and Queen Charlotte by Mrs. Delany, who took great interest in him, and he painted by the command

still in raptures at the thoughts of Bulstrode. His portrait of Lady Jerningham did not quite satisfy me, for I concluded it wou'd be perfect, and her *person, hands, posture, spinning-wheel, all are so,* but the face (or rather countenance) does not *quite* please me.

F. B.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Bulstrode, 29 Septr., 1782.

Your letters must always give me pleasure, tho' alas! I cannot enjoy them as I have done. My eyes are much in the same state as they have been for some months past, and serve me with some difficulty to attempt a flower *now and then*, wch I can better see to do than to write, as the white paper dazzles my eyes, and at this moment it obliges me to break off till I recover a new ray of light. Our summons to the Royal Lodge was last Monday; we went at 6 from Bulstrode, called on Mrs. Walsingham for a quarter of an hour, and then paid our duty to their Majesties, received with their usual grace. All the Royal Family were assembled except Prince William, who is very well recovered. The King was so gracious as to make me name the pieces I liked best of Mr. Handel's music, and they were well performed, and the Concert ended at 10 with the

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of their Majesties the portrait of Mrs. Delany, which was hung in their bedchamber in Windsor Castle, and is now in Hampton Court Palace. Opie died in 1807, and was buried near Sir Joshua Reynolds in St. Paul's Cathedral. He published several works. His life was written by his wife *Amelia* Opie. The picture here alluded to of Lady Jerningham has been engraved from the original for this work.

8th of Correlli; but the young Princes were so wonderfully civil, and so full of address, that I lost many delightful passages of ye music. We were dismissed at a qr before eleven, and got home by 12, gloriously lighted by your friend Madame Luna.

On Tuesday Lord Guilford came before 12 and staid till Wednesday. He seems very well, and so are all his family.

I suppose you will write to Lady Willy yr congrat's to her, &c., on the marriage of Lord Lewisham to Lady Fran. Finch,[1] an event I hope will cheer our amiable Lord and Lady Dartmouth, who bear their great loss[2] with true Xtian resignation. What a blessed state of mind is that of perfect resignation to the Divine will! It blunts the sting of adversity and the loss of friends, tho' we must feel those deprivations; it prevents regret, and it *checks all self-aggravation*; it teaches us gratitude for what we have enjoyed, and raises our hopes of future and lasting happiness. What satisfaction can the most splendid fortune give compared with the happy conscientiousness of our having *endeavoured* to do our *duty in that state of life to which we are called? That*, my dearest child, consoles me for *you* in the midst of your tryals, and when I know you are struggling with many cares with fortitude and cheerfulness, it still adds to my esteem and affection, which will never fail in

Yr ever faithful

M. Delany.

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[1] Lord Lewisham, son of the Earl of Dartmouth, married 24 Sept., 1782, to Lady Frances Finch, sister to the Earl of Aylesford.

[2] The Hon. Heneage Legge, fourth son of the Earl of Dartmouth, died 6 Sept. 1782, aged 18.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, ye 11th Octr., 1782.

Your kind letter, my dearest madam, I esteem such a favour and value so highly that I shou'd not have fail'd to thank you immediately if I had not waited to announce to you the arrival of a new cousin, and, thank God, *I can* now tell you, of a *female one*, who came safe at 2 this morning (the child large and passing fair I think). Mrs. Levison was ill all day yesterday, but did not send for Dr. Ford till night; she is now in excellent spirits, but I have given orders for the utmost quiet, and am returning to my villa, not intending to visit her again till she has passed three days in solitude. In some haste and a little agitation, I remain,

My dearest madam, &c., &c.,

F. BOSCAWEN.

P.S.—I *think* Lady Gower *will forgive* this *one* girl to *civilize the boys*.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 30th Oct., 1782.

If you have ever bestow'd a thought on me, my dear friend, you must have suppos'd that something has befallen my right hand, or else surely I cou'd not so long have delay'd to express my gratitude for such kind congratulations as the Duchess and you honour'd me with on the birth of my g. daughter; but the truth is, I had set my heart on returning them in kind, and was

in daily hope to have heard of Lady Aylesford's having added a *new* title[1] to the Duchess. Thank God, her ladyship is well, but her pains have not been rewarded this time as cou'd have been wish'd. We have only now to hope that her recovery will be speedy and perfect. I shall make Mrs. Leveson a visit in a day or two, but I do not stay, having my young friend Miss Sayer with me. The country still looks pleasant with the various colours and beautiful tints that the woods display. Kenwood in particular is charming. I had the great pleasure to dine there last Sunday se'nnight; my lord was in most charming health and spirits,—I never saw him look better. My grandsons (from Westminster) had the honour and advantage to be of this delightfull party, which always gives great pleasure to their mother to hear of. Her sons come to me every week. Yesterday I carry'd them to see Hatfield; Lord Worcester often asks me how Mrs. Delany does. Adieu, my dear madam, for I shall be too late for the post.

F. BOSCAWEN.

That of Great-Grandmother.
|
Duchess of Portland.
|
Marchioness of Bath.
|
Countess of Aylesford.
|
A Child born in 1782.

Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Delany.

Nov. 9th, 1782.

I thank you, my dear madam, for your kind message with the welcome intelligence of your health. This comfort was accompanied by a disappointment with regard to your eyes, which I had heard, with very great pleasure, were so well as to allow you to pursue your delightful art; but I find you must content yourself with producing flowers in summer, and the prospect of being restored to that employment in due season will, I hope, keep up your spirits thro' the dark months that forbid it. I should have taken the liberty of writing to you before, if I could have done it without making your tender heart a sharer in the sadness of mine; but I did not wish to tell you all that pass'd in it when I revisited Hadley, after the loss of a second inestimable friend[1] from thence, and found those who were left to me of that dear society so depress'd with sorrow as to be incapable of all enjoyment. I bless God they are now much better, excepting my poor dear Mrs. Amy Burrows, whose spirits are but little if at all recover'd; but I will say no more on this subject, for I know your real sympathy, and I wish all melancholy ideas to be far removed from you. Let me then talk of a wedding, and one which has made everybody smile, yet will, I hope, make the parties happy. I mean that of Miss Sharpe with Dr. Beauvoir,[2] which

[1] Mrs. Smith, wife of Culling Smith, of Hadley, Esq., (near Barnet,) and sister of the Rev. Mr. Burrows, died April 3rd, 1782.

[2] "Osmond Beauvoir, D.D., late Master of Canterbury School, married, 14th Oct., 1782, Miss Sharpe, only daughter and heiress of the late Fane William Sharpe, Esq., M.P."

was compleated (after all the delays her uncle *could* throw in the way) on the 14th of last month. I have since made her a visit of a few days at South Lodge. I like all I have seen of her caro sposo except his years; but tho' it was an union none of her friends could have advised, I really think she may be happier in it than in a single life, for she certainly wanted a protector and guide in the management of her large fortune, whose interest was the same as her own. She seems contented and pleased with what she has done, and *he* appears to be a very sensible, good-humour'd man, and will be, I doubt not, an indulgent *father* to her.

Our friend Mrs. Carter is safely restored to her own country and home, after two severe voyages, which *almost* destroy'd her with sea-sickness. I suppose you know she accompanied Mr. and Miss Pultney[1] to Paris, where Miss Pultney is placed in a convent for some time. It was a great exertion for Mrs. Carter in her state of health; but, if it does her no lasting injury, it will be a satisfaction to her to have had this opportunity of showing her *willingness* to *oblige*, where she is *so much obliged*.

I have not heard of my sister Sandford this age; perhaps you will be so good to allow your maid to give me a line to tell me that you continue well, and if so, pray be so good to let her mention Mrs. Sandford, and Mrs. Port's family.

I beg leave to present my best respects to the Duchess

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[1] Mrs. Carter wrote to Mrs. Vesey, from *Paris*, Oct., 1782. Sir William Johnstone married Frances, daughter and heiress of Henry Pulteney, Esq., brother of William, Earl of Bath, and their only daughter was created Baroness and afterwards Countess of Bath.

D^r^ of Portland, and to assure you, my dear madam, that I am with the highest esteem and respect

Your most obliged,

And aff^te^ serv^t^, H. CHAPONE.

Stephen Street, Nov. 9th.

Have you read Cecilia?[1] I hope it finds favour at Bulstrode, for I am fond of the book and its writer. Mrs. Montagu is in town, and in high health and spirits.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 13th Dec., 1782.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

I have lost nothing yet by your absence, for I have been confin'd a long time, and cou'd not have appear'd (as my custom is) in St. James's Place; but now I hope I am getting well, and that a certain little fever, as well as cough, are about to leave me, having been blooded, and used much abstinence and retirement in my great-chair. Yesterday I went as far as Lady Mansfield's door, tho' I did not get out. To-day I have been to my own cottage. My grandson, John Leveson, was my companion. I do not hear when Lady Gower is expected. Lady Wallingford happen'd to call during my confinement, and being let in was so obliging to sit an hour, most part of which I think we dedicated to our friends at Bulstrode. The same thing happen'd one morning when Lady Jerningham[2] was so good as to visit me. Her ladyship has

[1] Cecilia was published in the year 1782.

[2] Mary, eldest daughter and heir of Frances Plowden, Esq., and widow of Sir George Jerningham, Bart., and mother of Sir William Jerningham, Baron Stafford, of Edward, (a distinguished man of letters); and of Charles, a General Officer in the French service.

got a new cloak from Paris much *too large, too thick, too broad, too long,* to put on herself, so that she is obliged to call her footman to robe her. She seems in charming spirits, and pure well, only the thick fog will not let her see to work at her tapisserie, and she has a new pattern just arrived, so she revenges herself upon her *spinning wheel,* and hopes yours is in favour. Lady Mount Edgecumbe.[1] desires me to present her best respects to the Duchess. She inquires much after your health, and begs to retain a place in your remembrance. I think she likes her situation very well, and the quiet life and good hours of Bruxelles, only she hankers after her friends in England a little. The Duchess of Arenberg and her family are vastly kind to her. I am going in my chair to Mrs. Leveson's to play at comerce with my grandsons, just broke up for the holidays. The Duchess Dow[r] of Beaufort does not come to town this winter. *My* dear duchess is well.

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

(1782).

Lady Gower's arrival I hear nothing of. Lady Jemima Ashburnham[2] is said to have declared her choice to be fixed on Mr. Fawkener; it is added her father is extremely displeased, w[ch] one can easily believe; but

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[1] Emma, only daughter and heir of Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, married, in 1761, George, 3rd Baron Mount Edgcumbe, who was created Viscount Mount Edgcumbe and Valletort in 1781, and East of Mount Edgcumbe, 18th Aug., 1789.

[2] Jemima Elizabeth, second daughter of John, 2nd Earl of Ashburnham, was born Jan. 1, 1762, and married James, 3rd Duke of Montrose, 26th Feb., 1785. She died Sept. 18th, 1786.

perhaps the whole is apocryphal; indeed, Mr. Boon told me he knew nothing of it, more than to have heard the gentleman's assiduities taken notice of. Of your *belle cousine,* the Duchess of Devonshire,[1] *you* have probably heard.

Last night there was an oyster club at my good neighbour Jenyns's. I was invited, and spent the afternoon agreeably, partly whist and partly chat, with Mr. and Mrs. Cole. I was invited to partake of the oysters too, but declined. Mr. Jenyns in high song, Mr. Cole not silent.

Ever your most faithful servant,

F. B.

This letter was franked "Falmouth," to which title Mrs. Boscawen's son succeeded in Feb. 1782.

On 17th Dec. in this year, 1782, Mrs. Delany wrote from Bulstrode to Mrs. Frances Hamilton as follows:

"I shall certainly loose no opportunity of giving you the satisfaction you desire in regard to Lady D., who I understand is still at Kensington. The time is uncertain when I may be within her reach, as I think we shall not leave this place this fortnight; but I will send a card of inquiry after her, and communicate to her your affectionate solicitation about her. As soon as I go to town I will give her notice.

"I have just had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from Governor Henry Hamilton, with his usual kindness

[1] William, 5th Duke of Devonshire, married, in 1774, Georgiana, daughter of John, Earl Spencer.

and pleasantry. The frequent recollections I have of the happy days I have spent with my dear friends in Ireland enliven my dark hours and fill my heart with the warmest gratitude for the happiness I have enjoyed. I have been told that Mr. Edward Hamilton [1] is in England; I hope he will not fly back again to Ireland before I am within his reach.

"The bad weather affects even the fire-side of Bulstrode, which the Duchess of Portland and myself have in some degree been sensible of, though much less so, I am sure, than we should in London. It has interrupted, too, a little the intercourse between us and our Royal neighbours. The Queen made a morning visit here about three weeks ago, and brought only Lady Dartrey [2] with her. The Duchess paid her duty in return, at the Queen's Lodge; I had the honour of accompanying her. The Queen was quite alone in her dressing-room. She was making fringe in a frame, and did me the honour to show me how to do it, and to say she would send me such a frame as her own, as she thought it was a work that would not try my eyes. We were dismissed at three o'clock, and as we were going to the chaise, we met, in the passage, the King and his greyhounds just returned from coursing. He told the Duchess that he could not part with her so, but that we must both make *him* a visit, and opened the door for us to go with him into the drawing-room. The Queen soon came to us, and invited us back to her apartment, as the warmer place, and we staid till four o'clock. We arrived at Bulstrode about

[1] Youngest son of the Hon. Henry Hamilton.

[2] The Lady Anne Fermor, daughter of Thomas, 1st Earl of Pomfret, married Thomas, Lord Dartrey, created Lord Viscount Cremorne in July, 1785.

half an hour after five o'clock: and found Mr. Bernard Dewes."[1]

Mrs. Delany to Court Dewes, Esq., at Welsbourn.

Bulstrode, Dec. 26th, 1782.

I wish I was able with my own hand to greet my good friends at Welsbourn, with my warm wishes. I feel for them all, particularly at this season, including the new year. Many thanks for the letters I have received from Welsborn, and for all their kind attentions to me. I have just now been made happy by my nephew Bernard's letter, and rejoyce at the good account he gives of his dear little girl. We are here much the same as when he left us; not in very good spirits, as you may believe, after what you may have read in the newspaper—and of which I suppose you and your brother have talked over; I own I am very apprehensive that the Duchess's health will suffer materially from it.[2] The D. of P. comes here on Saturday, and goes away again on Monday; and I suppose we shall remove towards the latter end of next week. The hopes of seeing you and your dear sister, &c., will occupy my mind and mend my spirits. Last Tuesday I breakfasted at Uxbridge with Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, and caught no cold, but I find quietness is my best friend.

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[1] Mrs. Delany's nephew.

[2] "On the 23rd of December, 1782, Lord Edward Bentinck married, at Marybone, Elizabeth Cumberland, eldest daughter of Richard Cumberland, Esq." The Duchess of Portland was much distressed by this marriage, but with her usual kindness and good sense sent afterwards a trunk of plain household linen to assist the commencement of Lady Edward Bentinck's housekeeping.

The Duchess and Mr. Lightfoot send their compliments.

M. D.

It is here necessary to allude to the Diary of Madame d'Arblay, a subject particularly unpleasant to the Editor, who is very much averse to throwing discredit upon the dead, especially upon an individual who may have been known to persons still living. When this work was commenced, the Editor did not intend to make any comment upon the above-named authoress, either under her maiden or her married name, as she believed that the obvious disagreement between the narrative in *her* "Diary" and the facts elicited from the original MSS, published in the three first volumes of the "Autobiography and Correspondence of Mary Granville," would have been sufficient to have disabused the minds of those readers who had ever perused both works, of any erroneous impressions which they might previously have imbibed. But as it is apparent from the reviews which have hitherto appeared, that *no discovery* has been made of any discrepancy between the statements of Madame d'Arblay and the realities demonstrated by the original records of Mrs. Delany's life,—and that Madame d'Arblay is still invariably alluded to as an undeniable authority, and even quoted as if she had been an authentic and corroborative biographer, who had *honoured* Mrs. Delany by *her notice*,—the Editor is in duty bound to break through the silence which she would otherwise have maintained. A letter very lately received from an immediate descendant of Ann Granville's, contains words which may here be appropriately quoted: "Fanny Burney has taken possession of the ear of those who found their amusement in reading her *twaddle* (that piece of old-fashioned *slang* I should not have dared to write, or utter, within hearing of my dear mother—but it is a far more intelligible piece of slang than what one hears now)—and there appears to be little help against the *spell* by which she (Fanny Burney) contrived to drag down the person and position of Mrs. Delany to her own level."

The period has now arrived which Madame d'Arblay records in her Diary as the date of her having been first presented to Mrs. Delany by Mrs. Chapone, and she says that interview took place January 19th, 1783, the year which we are now about to commence. To those who remember Madame d'Arblay's Memoirs of her father, and who have read the very just notice of that work in the Quarterly Review of April 1833, it would be superfluous to comment upon the scene and dialogue which Madame d'Arblay wrote and left for publication, as having taken place between Mrs. Delany and herself on the above named 19th January; but as Madame d'Arblay's well-earned position as a writer of FICTION seems to be so *universally forgotten*, a few passages from the Quarterly Review will be useful to remind the readers of these volumes that they must not expect to find any corroboration of Fanny Burney's *romances* in the worldly position, circumstances, sentiments, manners, or conversation of Mrs. Delany; and that they need not be surprised when they find that Madame d'Arblay *made herself* as much the heroine of a tale when she chose Mrs. Delany for one of the *dramatis personæ*, as she did when professing to write her father's life!

The writer in the Quarterly thus speaks:—

"From these voluminous papers (those left by Dr. Burney) Madame d'Arblay has made *very scanty extracts*, and has become the *writer* of a work essentially her own, and *not* the *editor* of her father's recollections of his life.

"Almost the only passages in these volumes, which exhibit common sense, good taste, or intelligible language, are the *few sentences* which are given in Dr. Burney's own words, and which, though occasionally somewhat inflated, appear simple and natural in the midst of the strange *galimatias* of pompous verbosity in which his daughter has enshrined them."

Some instances are afterwards given of the remarkable style and peculiar English in which Madame d'Arblay wrote, and one sentence is selected as being probably unique in the records of that language.

"Scarcely had this harrowing filial separation taken place, ere

an assault was made on his conjugal feelings by the *sudden-at-the-moment,-tho'-from-lingering-illnesses-often-previously-expected-death* of Mrs. Burney, his second wife." This second wife was the step-mother of Miss Fanny Burney, who has identified *herself* by the compound designation of "*the-then-Bookham,-and-afterwards-West-Hamble-female-hermit.*"

"Madame d'Arblay with consummate art (or a confusion of ideas which has had the same effect) conceals from her readers, and perhaps from herself, that it is her *own* memoirs, and *not* those of her father, which she had been writing, and we have a strong suspicion that it is because her father's autobiography did not fulfil this object, that it has been suppressed."

She laboured "to conceal" that she was writing her *own* life, and "making her *father's memory* as it were, *carry double.*"

"We have in almost every page abundant proof that the habit of novel-writing has led her to colour and (as *she may suppose*) embellish her anecdotes with sonorous epithets and *fictitious details*, which, however, we venture to assure her, not only blunt their effect but discredit their authority."

The pert and vulgar dialogue alleged by Miss Burney to have taken place on her first interview with Mrs. Delany, and the scene given in her Diary, dated 19th January, is so utterly incredible to those who recollect the relative position of the speakers, or the dignity and refinement of Mrs. Delany, that any further remarks upon the subject are needless, excepting in relation to the Duchess of Portland, who Miss Burney describes as *so very anxious to see her* (Miss Burney) on this occasion, that she came particularly early to secure that gratification!

The Duchess of Portland had a prejudice against female novel writers, which *almost* amounted to a *horror of them*, and the Editor's mother often told her that it was with the *greatest difficulty* that Mrs. Delany at last persuaded the Duchess of Portland to see Fanny Burney, whose power of amusing conversation and clever narrations, with exact imitation of the voice and manner of those she described, rendered her very entertaining; whilst her apparent humility, constant deference, and respectful

attention in the presence of Mrs. Delany so much pleased and interested her that she was induced, *some time after* she had herself received Miss Burney, to gratify the latter, by obtaining the Duchess of Portland's *unwilling* consent to have the "authoress of Evelina" presented to her. Mrs. Delany thought that she might thus have an opportunity of diminishing the prejudice of her friend against the class whom she then considered so undesirable as acquaintance in private life, and believing Miss Burney to be as timid and diffident as she was clever, she bestowed upon her that notice and encouragement which at the expiration of half a century appeared in print magnified, misstated, and finally misrepresented by its recipient as *chiefly* conferred by *herself* on *Mrs. Delany!*

On the 24th February Mr. Dewes wrote to his brother as follows—

"I have seen Mrs. Siddons once or twice lately, and think Isabella,[1] her best character.

Mrs. Port set out ye morning in tolerable health and spirits, Mrs. Delany is pretty well; desires her love to you all.

The ministry I believe go out to-day. If I hear ye arrangement before night I will send it you. The Duke of Portland is I fancy to be First Lord of the Treasury."[2]

On the 27th of this month Miss Port wrote to Miss Hamilton to invite her to dine with Mrs. Delany at 4 o'clock, but to beg that she will not mention the invitation as it was "a party incog. of her aunt's select coterie."

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[1] Isabella, in Southerne's tragedy of "The Fatal Marriage."

[2] In April, 1783, was formed the "Coalition Ministry," so called from the coalition of Lord North and Mr. Fox, who had for years previously opposed and even abused each other. This ministry was broken up at the end of the

May 10th, 1783, Mrs. Delany wrote to Miss Hamilton as follows:—

"I am truly sensible of what you have lately suffer'd, by my own feelings, on the sad affliction of our most amiable and excellent King and Queen, but their superiority of mind, (which has been severely tried on many occasions,) will I trust support them under this tender one, as they have recourse to that sublime consolation which can never fail them."

The affliction alluded to, in the above letter, was the death of the Prince Octavius, the eighth son of King George and Queen Charlotte, whose loss was severely felt by both his royal parents. He was born 20th Feb., 1779, and expired at Kew Palace, 3rd May, 1783.

Court Dewes, Esq., to Miss Port, of Ilam.

A Welsbourn, ce 12me Mai, 1783.

Je vois ma chère nièce qu'il vous est beaucoup plus agréable d'écrire en François qu'en Anglois, vous m'avez donné trois pages de l'un et à peine six lignes de l'autre, mais ces lignes m'étoient bien précieuses puisqu'elles m'assuroient de la santé de notre très chère tante. Je commençois à m'inquiéter de nouveau sur ce chapitre, et à souhaiter encore trois lignes en quelque langue que ce

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year. The principal members were—Duke of Portland, 1st Lord of the Treasury; Viscount Stormont, President of the Council; Earl of Carlisle, Lord Privy Seal; Frederick, Lord North and Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox, Home and Foreign Secretaries; Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer, &c. The Great Seal in commission, Lord Loughborough, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, First Commissioner.

soit, quand l'arrivée de mon voisin le jeune Abbé, qui a eu l'honneur de diner chez elle, m'a un peu tranquillisé ; mais avec tout cela j'espère que cette semaine ne passera pas sans que je ne reçoive de vos nouvelles. Il fait ici un très beau tems pour la promenade mais pas pour la campagne, tout le monde fait vœux pour la pluye, et se plaint du soleil qui séche les champs ; pour moi, le soleil m'est un si bon ami, que je puis à peine me résoudre à souhaiter son absence, mais comme je sens que ce que nous plâit ne nous est pas toujours utile, je tâcherai à sçavoir me passer de ses rayons, et à voir avec plaisir un ciel nebuleux. Mon frère m'a quitté la semaine passée, M. Sandford vient de faire le même ce matin ; M. J. Delabere me reste, et j'attends demain mes cousins J. et F. Holyoak, car malgré tout ce que je vous ai dit des charmes de la solitude, elle n'est bonne que par intervalles, et pour nous faire mieux goûter les agrémens de la société. J'avois écrit jusq'ici quand j'ai reçu la charmante lettre de notre chère A. D. accompagnée d'un très joli billet de sa petite nièce ; vous m'avez bien dédommagé de la brièveté de votre dernière, et pour l'autre, il me faut un grand pouvoir sur moi-même de ne pas laisser exhaler ma reconnoissance en Anglois, mais puisque j'ai commencé en François je tâcherai de continuer sur le même ton. J'ai très bien démêlé l'écriture, mais si elle la fait avec peine, comme j'ai peur, elle doit faire usage de son secrétaire. Je suis ravi qu'elle conserve un santé passable, le séjour de la campagne servira j'espère à l'entretenir ; ce mot de *campagne* vous met je crois dans un petit embarras, entre le regret de quitter une chère amie et le désir de revoir une autre, heureuse vous qui en avez de tous côtés ; mandez moi si je pourrais vous être utile dans votre voyage ; si

vous passez par Welsbourn, comme je l'espère, souvenez vous de Miss Lane and de mon paysage. A l'égard du petit compte, dont A. D. me parle, priez la de ma part d'employer une partie de ce que m'en revient aux frais de votre voyage, et nous règlerons le reste quand je serai assez heureux de la revoir. Je suis bien aise que vous avez vue Mrs. Siddons quoique cela a dû vous coûter quelques larmes, *si non* par *attendrissement* au moins par bienséance et *pour être comme les autres!*

Si Mrs. Sandford se trouve avec vous, faites lui mes complimens les plus affectionnés; dites lui, que j'ai été très content de Mr. son fils pendant un mois qu'il m'a fait le plaisir de passer ici, et que j'ai tout lieu de croire qu'il répondra parfaitement aux soins qu'elle a pris de son education.

Ma nouvelle concierge me plait passablement bien pour le present, mais "*new brooms, &c.*" vous savez le reste. Mrs. Delabere se trouve un peu mieux, qu'elle n'a été, mais elle est toujours dans un état bien dangereux. J'ai eu le plaisir de reçevoir ce matin un lettre de votre chère maman de sa propre main, elle me marque que ses couches ont été très heureuses et qu'elle commence à se rétablir journellement.[1] Pour moi je me trouve là là, tantôt assez bien, tantôt pas tout à fait, à mon ordinaire, mais dans tous états

Votre très affectionné,

C. DEWES.

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[1] The family Bible testifies that Frances Anne, youngest daughter of Mrs. Port, was born on Good Friday morning, 17th April, 1783, and that her sponsors were the Hon. Mrs. Leveson Gower (born Boscawen); Mrs. Emerson, of East Retford, Notts; Alexander Forbes, Esq., Captain in the Blues; Matt. Bloxam, Esq. She married Abel John Ram, of Clonnattin, Esq., Ireland. She died, Nov. 4th, 1860.

P. S. Il n'est pas nécessaire je crois que je vous recommande de dire pour moi tout ce que vous sentez que je dois sentir pour notre chère A.D.

Miss Burney to Miss Hamilton.

(St. Martin's Street,)

Thursday morning, 17th July, 1783.

Your kind and very elegant note, dear madam, I unfortunately missed receiving till last night, by a visit in the country. I am very sorry I cannot immediately wait upon you to thank you not only for the present, but future favour to which you bid me look forward, but I am engaged to spend the whole day out. Can I have the honour of seeing you to-morrow? If so, I will be in Clarges Street early in the afternoon, where I can only hope you may not repent your kind predilection in favour of your obliged, and most obedient

H. servant,

F. Burney.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Port, of Ilam.

St. James Place, July 31st, 1783.

My dearest Mary,

I miss you in *every corner* from morning till night, and instead of meeting with comforters, every one belonging to my house is in the same case; yet I must say I rejoyce you are gone of this hot unwholesome city, that you are going to friends you love so well, and also, who will and must make you amends

for all you have left behind! I was happy with your little note from Uxbridge, and I endeavour to recollect all your kind injunctions, as I am sure you will mine. I enjoy the pleasure of all your friends in receiving you amongst them, and I trust you will say everything you know I wish to be said for me. Believe me more than I can say ever your

Affectionate,
M. D.

Extract of letter from Mrs. Ann Astley (waiting-woman to Mrs. Delany) to Miss Port, of Ilam.

I flatter myself a few lines from me will be acceptable. I thank God, your worthy aunt is much better in health than I expected after being *so much* affected at parting with you, together with the hot weather; and her *great* concern about the Dutchess of Portland, I was afraid wou'd have been too much at her advanced time of life; but, indeed, you may depend upon my care in every respect in doing everything I think will contribute either to her health or happiness. She is gone to-day with Mrs. Sandford to Lord Guilford's; but they return in the evening to meet the Dutchess of Portland, who sets off for Margate on Saturday evening; it is supposed she stays three weeks, during which time her Grace wants Mrs. S. to continue in town, but I *do not*, because I know the country air wou'd be of service to Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Sandford and her sons beg to be kindly remembered to you—the latter pay me very frequent visits, and I am learning them piquet, which is I think one of the most agreable games upon the cards. You see

how they are *obliged* to *come down*, now you are gone, but I do my best to entertain them, and am *not a little proud* in being any substitute for you.

I have set twice for my picture, which everybody says promises to be a very good one. I told Mrs. Delany last night what a desire Mr. Reves had to take yours; she wished she had known it before, as she said you should have sat to him.

This I expect will find Miss Port at her dear and worthy uncle Dewes's. I beg my respects to Miss Cameron. I am sure she as well as yourself, will enjoy the sweet walks in Hagly Park, which are charming beyond description. You will excuse this scrawl, when I say the young gentlemen are playing at cards upon the same table, where I am writing, and are talking the whole time. I beg to be properly remembered to your good mamma, who I hope you will find in perfect health, and that we shall see you both here again is the sincere wish of her who subscribes herself,

Madam, your obliged humble servant,

ANNE ASTLEY.

Mrs. Anne Astley was another of the several instances which have appeared in the course of these volumes, of gentlewomen in the last century, who, being unprovided for, thought it was as creditable to themselves as beneficial to their circumstances to take places as waiting-women and housekeepers in the service of those who were superior to themselves in station and circumstances.

Mrs. Astley was a clergyman's daughter, and she entered Mrs. Delany's service as her waiting-woman, and remained in it till the death of her "*mistress*," (as she was always proud to call her,) and whom she served with the utmost fidelity, never forgetting her own relative position in consequence of being deservedly trusted, and visited in her room in the manner described in the above letter.

The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delany.

Wortley,[1] August 5th, 1783.

I am much obliged, my dear friend, by your letter and good account of yourself. I was sure you would find both pleasure and satisfaction in having Miss Port, and hope your visit to Mrs. Boscawen will conduce both to your health and spirits. I wish you had been going to have staid there longer than you mentioned; if this should come to your hands while you are at Colney, will you be so good to make my comp[s] acceptable. I have nothing to tell you of myself, except that Louisa[2] and I take the air twice a day; this exercise, with the clear and sharp air of our solitude, contributes very much to our good health, but does not afford anything very entertaining to write. We found the country in a most deplorable condition for want of rain, the springs almost every where dry'd up, the rivers so low that the mills could not grind the corn, and the cattle every where almost famished for want of pasture, but within these three days there has fallen plenty of rain, and the face of the country wears already a more cheerfull and comfortable appearance, and the dismal brown hue is changed to a lively green.

I must own, I always thought that Lord and Lady Stamford[3] had no intention of coming at present, and

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[1] Wortley, near Sheffield, in the county of York, now the residence of Lord Wharncliffe.

[2] Louisa, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Bute, was born Aug. 12th, 1757, and died, unmarried, Aug. 4th, 1851.

[3] George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford and Warrington, married, May 28th, 1763, Henrietta, second daughter of William, 2nd Duke of Portland, and sister of Elizabeth, Lady Weymouth, afterwards Marchioness of Bath.

am, therefore, not surprised there is no news of them, their *absence* must give Lady Weymouth still *more* business, but I dare say she will go thro' it with propriety, and I flatter myself, her health will not suffer by it. Excuse so dull a letter, my dear madam; I shou'd not have sent this but on the supposition that it wou'd be a satisfaction to you to hear I am well, and that I have great pleasure in repeating the assurances of my being ever my dear Mrs. Delany's

Faithfull and affectionate,

M. W. Bute.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Saturday, 23rd Aug., 1783.

Not a word was effac'd of your kind letter, my dearest madam, and *I rejoyc'd therefore,* for they are all precious and I cou'd not have spar'd one of them! Your picture of yourself is delightfull. I see you in your morning walk. The weather is not weary of being fine, bright, and shining; tho' you are in no danger from y^r^ foe Apollo while the friendly wood protects you. Did the meteor so much talk'd of visit Bulstrode? if it was at Bill Hill I saw it not, but was playing at back gammon with my lady, who is pure well and very busy; she has finish'd *Mr. Mason's Bower,* and has other works in hand. I staid at Bill Hill only till Tuesday, and then repair'd to Oxford for variety of road, and because I cou'd *not stride* from B. H. hither in a day that was likely to be so hot. At Oxford I found Miss More, who was come to her

friend Mrs Kennicot[1] in distress. With her I spent the evening, and next morning, sally'd forth to see the fine painted glass executed by Mr. Jarvis for which Sr Joshua Reynolds painted the design; but alas, when I came to New College I found the whole closely boarded up, and my cicerone told me they had taken the opportunity of this *vacation* to put the finishing hand to it. At Burford I went to the forlorn mansion of the Lenthals to see the family-picture of Sir Thomas More by Holbein (you have the print of it in Knight's Life of Erasmus). I thought it well worth seeing, as well as several other portraits, but it griev'd one to observe *how* they *have* been neglected and spoilt!

I had the satisfaction to find all well here, and the Duke and Duchess full of commendation of my son's old mansion in Cornwall, [2]wch they think delightfull, and were much pleas'd with their residence there. Ld Clifford[3] is dying at Ugbrook,[4] a sad loss to my lady,[5] who is a sister of Lady Dillon's you know. It is feared Ld Courtenay[6] will marry a Miss Bamfylde, who has such *compassion* for his motherless daughters that she has taken a house near Powderham in order to visit *them* every day! Such is

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[1] Dr. Kennicott died in 1783.

[2] Tregothnan, near Truro. George Evelyn Boscawen succeeded to the family honours and estates on the death of his uncle, Viscount Falmouth, Feb. 4th, 1782.

[3] Henry, 5th Baron Clifford, died Sept. 1st, 1783.

[4] Ugbrook, Devonshire, the seat of Lord Clifford.

[5] Lady Anne Lee, fifth daughter of George Henry, 2nd Earl of Lichfield, married, in 1749, to Henry, 5th Baron Clifford.

[6] Henry, 2nd Viscount Courtenay, was born in 1742, and married, in 1762, Frances, daughter of Thomas Clack, Esq., of Wallingford, and had one son and thirteen daughters. He was the 15th inheritor of Powderham Castle. He did not marry a second time, and died in 1788.

Devonshire news. From London I hear a report that Mr. Fox[1] is to marry Lady Rockingham, wch is probably *wit* or intended for it. I have a letter from Mrs. Walsingham, who has been a great traveller, I believe at Welbeck, Worksop, &c., certainly at Hardwick, Castleton, Chatsworth and Matlock, and Dovedale. Call'd on Mrs. Port at Ilam, and *stole* her daughter (she being out) to walk round *that beautiful place!*

I rejoyce in your confirmation of the charming account I recēd at Ken Wood of the Duchess's health, and am much flatter'd by the honour of her Grace's kind message to me. I hope in the month of October I shall be so happy as to pay my respects at Bulstrode for a few days in the middle of the week, for on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, I receive my young gentlemen from Westminster. They are here now and a young Etonian of Ld Bathurst's[2] with them, who seems (as indeed *they are*) a fine youth.

Adieu, my dear friend. Y^r^ kind pencil has drawn upon you the dull scratchings of my pen, a very bad one it is, but very honest and true when it assures you that I am y^r^ very

Affectionate, faithful,
And obliged servant,
F. Boscawen.

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[1] The Rt. Hon. Charles James Fox married Elizabeth Bridget Armstead.

[2] Either Henry, Lord Apsley, or the Hon. Apsley Bathurst, who were the only sons of Henry, 2nd Earl Bathurst.

ILAM, 1807.

THE SEAT OF THE LATE JOHN (SPARROW) PORT, ESQ.

p. 138.

Right Hon. Frederick Montagu,[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

Hartlebury Castle, Aug. 31st. (? 1783.)

MY DEAR MADAM.

I do assure you that you have not been forgot in the conversations at Hartlebury. The old towers and hanging walls and waters have *echoed* to your name! I wish, however, that you was here in person, you would see an admirable mansion, a magnificent hall, a delightfull park, everything pleasing and commodious, and the master of the house *all* that you *know* and *admire!* The new library is an excellent room, with a very good collection of books, and *your friend's* picture in the room.

I shall be at Papplewick the latter end of the week. The Bp. of Worcester begs his very particular compliments. I am y^r^ most faithfull,

And sincere humble servant,

FRED. MONTAGU.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Warminster, ye 25th Sept^r^, 1783.

DEAR MADAM.

Having been *abroad* upon my travels all this week it is very possible I may have miss'd the pleasure of a letter from you, wch you had sent to Badm^n^; if I were sure of that it wou'd increase my impatience to return, w^ch^, however, we do not purpose to do till to morrow evening, and then shall be before hand with our hosts, who are now presiding at the races at Monmouth as they must this evening at the ball, nor will they get home (as they come on their way *visiting*) till Saturday night.

[1] Frederick Montagu, Esq., one of the Lords of the Treasury, was appointed a Privy Councillor, April 14th, 1783.

But I do not tell you where I have been, or who I have seen; some, believe me, whom you wou'd be very glad to see too, especially as their looks imply'd most perfect health. I have seen Lady Weymouth and her three eldest daughters, all in perfect health. I cou'd not leave Longleat without wishing to pay my respects to its noble mistress; she was extremely obliging. We talked of Bulstrode you may be sure, and she told me of *all* y^r^ *expeditions* (to Kew twice), &c. I did not tell Lady Weymouth all I thought of Longleat, lest it shou'd sound like flattery, but to me it appear'd the *very finest* place I ever saw in my life. The sun shone perfectly bright, the water was all silver, the light and shades (of the fine trees) were beautifull; in short the whole with its distant hill so entirely excited my admiration, the superb majestick structure being unique, that I dare say I shall never see anything again that I like upon the whole so well. Mr. Hoare's[1] I have since seen; it has many pretty *opera* scenes in it, but is not in the style of Longleat,—far from it. I sh^d^ have told you that our first gîte was Frome, and our first care to visit Dr. Ross;[2] but alas! he had set out for Bristol that morning to stay 3 or 4 days. We left our names upon his writing-table, but his good company would have enliven'd our evening greatly. We spent all yesterday at Mr. Hoare's,[3] and were lucky in a fine day to sit, and tarry at the different stations.

[1] Afterwards Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart, author of "The Ancient and Modern History of Wiltshire," translator of the "Itinerary" and other works of Giraldus Cambrensis, and an amateur artist and architect.

[2] John Ross, D.D., who in 1778 was made Bishop of Exeter. He was distinguished for his classical attainments, and published an edition of Cicero's Familiar Epistles, and some original tracts on controverted subjects.

[3] Stourhead in Wiltshire.

There is an immense high tower built at the extremity of his plantation, call'd Alfred's Tower, on very high ground wch overlooks the whole country. Mrs. Leveson took the pains to mount to the top of this edifice—256 steps, I contented myself with viewing and admiring a very extensive prospect from its foot. There is a *convent* in Mr. Hoare's woods that you wou'd like very well; it has fine painted glass in the windows, and a picture wch belong'd to one of ye altars of Glastonbury abbey wch shuts up with doors, but perhaps, after all, it is only an *imitation*, for I am easily *taken in* upon these occasions and believe implicitly the tales of my ciceronis. To day we have been to see Mr. Beckford's Fonthill, where *you* wou'd *have been provok'd* to see fine Titians pell mell with daubings of Capali, or, in sea phrase, "alongside of them," the *mixture* of good and bad pictures *was hideous!* In this place I did not believe my ciceroni quite literally, for he shew'd me an "*Adonia*" with saints, that he said was very fine, and indeed so I thought it; but it was a *Madonna;* as you have already guess'd if indeed you take the pains ever to arrive at this 3rd side of inn-paper, inn-pens, and inn-stupidity, wch is passing great after one has been exceedingly hungry and eat a very hearty dinner, wch is at present the case of y^r^ humble servant. Thank God we go home to-morrow, for my eyes are soon satisfy'd with seeing, and I require more tranquility than can be had in a way-faring life, beside that seeing Longleat *first*, I was *at first satisfy'd;* persuaded that whatever I saw afterwards wou'd not please me so well. The menagerie there is delightfull. Out of the green wood sally'd so many golden birds, so many that had white muslin cloaks over

their mourning cloaths, these you know to be pheasants, but there were also many winged families of most respectable size and beautifull feather, especially Carolina ducks, wch I judg'd to be the Summer duck, so rare and beautifull. I shou'd have told you that I spent some time *upon the roof* of the noble mansion of Longleat, where I dare say *you have often been!* and where it was very pleasant "*biding*" last Tuesday, the air being as warm as June and as sweet as May.

Y^r^ most affectionate servant,

F. BOSCAWEN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, Thursday night, (1783).

Indeed, my dearest madam, I always love to see your handwriting, wch. I desire you not to abuse, and call "pot-hooks," or any ugly names, for if several of my friends wrote as well I shou'd not spend so much time in discovering their meaning. Mr. Cole's pleasant epistles are often obscure, but Lady Mt Edgcumb's (upon Spa-paper) *absolutely* unfathomable. One I have, that is not yet half decypher'd, but luckily the acc^t^ of her safety after a most tremendous and ruinous storm, wch I recēd to-day with y^r^ kind favour (both return'd from Badminton), is very plain and legible. She tells me they were happily lodg'd in the upper part of the town, where the inundation [1] did not reach, but in the lower part there was a rolling sea, 6 feet deep; no lives lost, but cattle

[1] In the magazines of 1783 there are notices of storms and tempests in various parts of the Continent, especially at Grenoble.

many, and furniture. The whole magazine of many shops, and the whole substance of many families, were floating in the streets. What a calamity!

My dear madam, you know I told you I had mentioned your friend, Dr. Bowdler[1] to Miss Lambard. I think you will like to hear her answer. Le voici: "Dr. Bowdler is much lik'd at Tunbridge, and as the wells are amazingly full this year, and mostly on acc^{t} of health, I conclude he must meet with encouragem^{t}. I believe Dr. Millman,[2] who is older, and comes strongly recomended, has a largest share of the business; but these two physicians are, I hear, upon the most friendly terms imaginable, and that Dr. Bowdler says he *only* expects to *succeed* Dr. Millman." I shall see Miss Lambard next week, and if you have any commands to Dr. Bowdler, can convey them. You will be glad to hear the account I have given the Duchess of your friend Lady Dow^{r} Gower's health and spirits. We attempted to count her magnolia flowers, but that was quite impossible. I have 19 upon a tree that her lady^{p} bestow'd upon me. I spent another evening with Mrs. Montagu on my return, at her particular desire, and it was a very agreeable one, and an excellent station on my journey. *Yours* (between this and London) is no more, for Mr. Beckingham *has sold it* to Ld Southampton,[3] and as I *don't* think

[1] Dr. Thomas Bowdler, a physician, was born in 1754 and died in 1825, (brother to the well-known Mrs. Frances and Mrs. Harriet Bowdler). He was the Author of "Letters from Holland," and the Editor of "The Family Shakspeare."

[2] Francis Milman, M.D., Physician to King George III., was created a Baronet in the year 1800.

[3] General Charles Fitzroy, 1st Baron Southampton, married, in 1758, Anne, daughter and coheir of Admiral Sir Peter Warren.

you will be tempted to visit her lady^p, so next year you will be oblig'd to *come thro' in a day*, which may certainly be accomplish'd, especially as you love moonlight.

Instead of sending this to the post to-day (Friday), as I intended, I have kept it to add an account of y^r friends at Ken Wood. My lady has no remains, I think, of St. Ant^s fire, and is in most perfect health, as are the Miss Murrays. My lord, as you know, is in Worcestershire, but was expected home this week. L^y Charlotte Wentworth was there. She had heard that the Neapolitan Duke, who is to marry Miss Clavering, is *also claim'd* by Miss Caroline Vernon,[1] who has shewn to Miss Clavering's friends the letters he had wrote her, amounting to an engagem^t. Methinks I wish success to *the latter*.

Adieu, my dear madam. We have had a charming summer's day. I am quite alone, but here is a cat come to keep me company that you would like. She jumps up behind my chair, and will not let me write. *Be quiet, puss*, till I have told my dearest Mrs. Delany how much and how sincerely I am hers,

F. B.

The following letter from Horace Walpole to Miss Hamilton has a claim to insertion from its being addressed to one of Mrs. Delany's constant associates, to whose character and benevolent disposition he has rendered such ample justice. The letter is also in itself intrinsically valuable from the tone of seriousness and humanity which pervades it, and which was not usual in his correspondence. The Editor has not been able to identify

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[1] The Hon. Caroline Vernon, daughter of George, 2nd Lord Vernon, died, unmarried, in 1815.

the "poor Louisa," but the allusions to a young woman, a lunatic who could not be identified, lead to the supposition that the "poor Louisa" who had created so much interest in Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Hannah More was the "*Maid of the Hay-stack.*"

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Miss Hamilton.

Strawberry Hill, Oct. 7th, 1783.

I have just received, madam, the very obliging favour of your letter, and the two melancholy narratives, and do not let pass a moment without thanking you. Surely, madam, you had no cause for making an apology. I ought to make one to you for the trouble I have occasioned to you, if your excellent and compassionate heart could think it a trouble to serve the unfortunate, or to oblige those who respect you.

Two passages in your letter struck me, madam, and I fear will create a little more exertion of your obliging disposition. You say the *poor Louisa* is confined, from necessity, *to a cell*—if *by necessity* is meant the want of money, I will most gladly contribute towards removing that necessity; but as she found so much humanity I rather imagine that the deplorable state of her mind necessarily occasions her confinement to a cell destined to lunatics—but if the former sense is implied, I beg to know it, and how I may most speedily relieve her.

The other passage, madam, is: "What satisfaction, s^r^, will it afford you, if through your means she is at length restored to her relations and friends?" Satisfaction it wou'd be a high one indeed—but ah, madam, by what means can that felicity fall to *my* lot! If you can point out any method I wou'd joyfully pursue it—tho' I doubt

your tenderness would have suggested that method if you had conceived it. One question I will take the liberty to ask you, as by contracting the sphere of inquiry one might be led nearer to a discovery. Has Louisa dropped any hint whether she is a Catholic, a Lutheran, or a Calvinist? Germany is so wide a field that without some clue it wou'd be a wild search, especially for me who have not a correspondent in all Germany to commence the pursuit. I am not acquainted with the Christian minister, but know a person not yet in town who cou'd apply to him; and I cou'd as indirectly get queries proposed to other foreign ministers, and to some of our own in Germany, or have advertisements conveyed to them. In short, madam, I wou'd do anything in my power, not only from the duty of humanity, and to please you and Miss More, who have shown such engaging benevolence, but from having *too intimate* acquaintance with the misfortune of lunacy, having, (besides an instance I will not mention,) two families dependent on myself afflicted with that calamity, which I know, alas! is almost hopeless. For poor Louisa, dreadful as her case is to those who attend to it, she perhaps is no longer sensible to her misery. For her parents, if still living, they, if they can be discovered, may but have an affliction, probably skinned over by time, opened again, not comforted by finding their child in so wretched a state,—*that* however is not a reason for relaxing inquiry. We are not to set up an hypothesis of our own imagination, and shun investigation when positive good may be done, and *activity* not *speculation* and *refinement* is demanded of us! We are too apt to numb that activity, and indulge our own laziness and want of feeling

by spurious arguments which *we call* "*common sense.*" They may be common sense, but if it ever is justifiable to good sense to act romantically, it is by being the knights errant to the distressed. *Louisa* shall be my Dulcinea, madam, and you shall be *the duchess* who countenances me, and will not, like that insolent great woman, make sport with the visionary whom she encourages to expose himself,—a character I think it very immoral in Cervantes to have exhibited. There was no occasion to teach wealth and grandeur to laugh at misfortunes, which they ought to pity.

I have the honour to be, with the truest regard,
Madam, your much obliged and most
Obedient humble serv^t^,
HOR. WALPOLE.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. Frances Hamilton from Bulstrode, October 10th, 1783, and gave the following account of one of the frequent royal visits:—

We have had many visitors for two or three days in succession since we left town, and when health has permitted have enjoyed this delightful place. A few days after our arrival here, the Duchess of Portland and I were sitting in the long gallery very busy with our different employments, when, without any ceremony, his Majesty walked up to our table *un*perceived and *un*known till he came quite close to us. You may believe we were at first a little fluttered, but his courteous manner soon made him a welcome guest. He came to inform the Duchess of Portland of the Queen's perfect recovery after her lying-in, which made him doubly welcome.

Breakfast was called for, and after a visit of two hours the King left us. A week after this, the King and the Queen came together, only accompanied by Lady Courtown. They breakfasted, and staid much about the same time. The Queen waved the ceremony of enquiry, and she desired the Duchess not to come till she received a summons, as they were going to St. James's for some days. Last Thursday, 2nd of October, a little before twelve o'clock, word was brought that "the royal family were coming up the park," and immediately after, two coaches and six, with the King on horseback, and a large retinue, came up to the hall door. The company were the King and Queen, Princess Royal, Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Mary, and Princess Sophia—a lovely group. They were all dressed in white muslin polonises, white chip hats, with white feathers, except the Queen, who had on a black hat and cloak. The King was in his Windsor uniform of blue and gold. The Queen was attended by the Duchess of Ancaster (who is mistress of the robes), and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave[1] who attends the two eldest Princesses, and Mrs. Goldsworthy who is sub-governess to the three younger Princesses.

The King had no attendants but the equerries, Major Digby and Major Price. They were in the drawing-room before I was sent for, where I found the King and Queen and Duchess of Portland, seated at a table in the middle of the room. The King, with his usual graciousness, came up to me and brought me forward, and I

[1] Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave, daughter of John, 3rd Earl Waldegrave. She married, April, 1791, James, 5th Earl of Cardigan, and died 1823.

found the Queen very busy in showing a very elegant machine to the Duchess of Portland, a frame for weaving fringe of a new and most delicate structure; it would take up as much paper as has already been written upon to describe it minutely, yet it is of such simplicity as to be very useful. You will easily imagine the grateful feeling I had when the Queen presented it to me, to make up some knotted fringe which she saw me about. The King at the same time said he "must contribute something to my work," and presented me with a gold knotting shuttle[1] of most exquisite workmanship and taste; and I am at this time, while dictating, knotting white silk to fringe the bag which is to contain it.

On the Monday after we were appointed to go to the Lodge at Windsor at two o'clock. We were first taken into the Duchess of Ancaster's dressing-room; in a quarter of an hour after to the King and Queen in the drawing-room, who had nobody with them but Prince Alverstaden, the Hanoverian minister, which gave me an opportunity of hearing the Queen speak German; and I may say it was the *first* time I had received pleasure from what I did *not* understand, but there was such a fluency and sweetness in her manner of speaking it, that it sounded as gentle as Italian.

There were two chairs brought in for the Duchess of Portland and myself to sit on, (by order of their Majesties,) which were easier chairs than those belonging to the room. We were seated near the door that opened to the concert-room. The King directed them to play Handel and Geminiani's music, which he was graciously

[1] This knotting shuttle is in the Editor's possession.

pleased to say was to gratify me. These are flattering honours, and I should not indulge so much upon this subject, but that I depend upon your believing it proceeds more from gratitude than vanity. The 3 eldest Princesses came into the room in about half an hour after we were seated. All the royal family were dressed in a uniform for the *demi-saison*, of a violet blue armozine, with gauze aprons, &c., &c. The Queen had the addition of a great many fine pearls.

When the concert of music was over, the young Princess Amelia, nine weeks old, was sent for, and brought in by her nurse and attendants. The King took her in his arms and presented her to the Duchess of Portland and to me. Your affectionate heart would have been delighted with this royal domestic scene. We were at Bulstrode before five, and very well after our expedition. I am afraid you will be much more tired than we were in travelling through this long naration, but if it affords any amusement to our dear friend Mrs. Anne Hamilton,[1] as well as to yourself, it will give much satisfaction to my dear Mrs. F. Hamilton's

Most affectionate and obliged friend,

M. DELANY.

Continue your kind offices to the friends I must always esteem in Ireland.

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[1] Eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, son of Gustavus, 1st Viscount Boyne.

The following extracts are taken from the Diary of Miss Hamilton, (afterwards Mrs. Dickenson of Toxall,) during a visit at Bulstrode.

The Editor is indebted to the kindness of Sir John Anson [1] for permission to make use of this Diary, as well as for the letter of Horace Walpole to Miss Hamilton, and for the correspondence between Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Delany.

The record which has thus been preserved of a whole month of the life of Mrs. Delany, spent at Bulstrode, in her 84th year, is particularly interesting, and the tone of simple truth of diffidence in herself, and respect and attachment for Mrs. Delany, which pervades Miss Hamilton's remarks, leave a high impression of the character and disposition of the writer, and is a refreshing contrast to the Diary of Madame d'Arblay.

Miss Hamilton's Diary.

Bulstrode. Wednesday, Dec. 3rd, 1783.

Got up a little after 8; a great fog wch made ye morning appear dark; had my hair dress'd for y^{e} day, though I put on as usual for y^{e} morning a riding habit; sent as *usual* (as favourite a word *this* in my journal as *&c.*, but my &c.'s are more expressive as they often mean w^{t} I do not chose to trust to paper) to enquire how d^{r} Mrs. Delany had pass'd y^{e} night. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, y^{e} breakfast hour, she sent for me to breakfast; when we are alone, we always breakfast in her dressing room; found her in spirits, and looking vastly better. A letter from Lady

[1] Sir John William Hamilton Anson, Bart., of Birch Hall, county Lancaster, son of General Sir William Anson, G.C.B., younger brother of the 1st Viscount Anson. The mother of the present Sir John Hamilton Anson was Louisa Frances Mary, only child of John Dickenson, Esq. and Mary Hamilton (the *writer of the above diary*), only child of Charles Hamilton, Esq., son and heir of Lord Archibald Hamilton, seventh son of William, 3rd Duke of Hamilton.

Wake (the letters are always brought wth ye breakfast-things); read part of its contents to her. She related to me the history (and indeed it was a curious one) of her marriage wth Mr. Pendarvis, her first husband; his coming to her uncle's at Long Leate, &c., &c. I left her at ½ past 10 o'clock; came to my room; ye Dss sent as usual her chambermaid wth enquiries. Ab^t^ 12 Mrs. Delany came to me and brought ye newspapers; I read them to her. One of ye Dss's footmen came to enquire if I chose to ride? I said I w^d^ if ye fog dispersed; ye Dss sent us a comical message ab^t^ seeing y^e^ *moon*, which proved to be ye sun, struggling thro' ye fog. I went to ye library, and Mrs. D. came to me; we went into ye drawing-room; I read to her some of Mrs. Fenton's Essays on ye days of ye week. Y^e^ Dss join'd us about 1 o'clock, and brought me drawings of Lady Weymouth's from ye Chinese to look over; they were highly finish'd. I read to them ye third and last letter of Mr. [illegible],[1] account of ye lakes of Cumberland. The Dss was then so good as to give me a book of drawings to look at of Mr. Levers, her Grace's house steward, and of Mr. Agnew, ye gardener, of shells, birds, &c., &c. We parted but not till just dinner time. I changed my riding skirt, and put on my habit again, and after dinner Mrs. D. went to her room; the Dss and I sat together till she came up again in half an hour, and ye Dss brought me a large collection of seals—to take impressions from. I finished ye 2^d^ vol. of Evelina and my letter to Miss Gunning; went to supper about ½ past 10, and conversed (as we have dumb waiters and *no servants to wait* at supper) ab^t^ ye King and Wind-

[1] This name looks like *Sutties*.

sor Castle, *Dowg. Lady Carlisle's* being come to England, and anecdotes of her, &c., &c.; and parted ½ past 11.

Y^e^ dining-room screen is brought for me to repair.

Dec. 4th, 1783. Thursday.

Found d^r^ Mrs. Delany in good look and spirits when I went to breakfast; sat wth her from ½ past 9 till ¼ of eleven. She related to me the beginning and end of her acquaintance wth Miss Hawley, d^r^ of Lord Hawley (Dalhousie), Wyndham, Mr. Pendarvis, Pss Caroline, the Leicester House family. The Dss sent as usual (when I left Mrs. D.); ye horse and groom were ready, ye morning heavenly, ye sun bright—took a most delightful ride; met Mrs. D., who was going to take ye air, stop'd and offered her to go on in ye carriage; she w^d^ not let me; pursued my ride; came in 20 min. after 12; Mrs. D. promised to come to me in my room; told me she had walk'd for half an hour, &c. I came to my room, found upon my table a work bag wth a paper upon it, importing it "came by ye air balloon from Paris;" also some fine myrtle in a tumbler of water. I ran to Mrs. Delany to thank her for her *gallantrie;* she then came with me to my room. The Dss of Portland came to us, told us how happy she was, having rec^d^ a letter from Lady Weymouth to say she would come to her on Saturday; she is obliged to come from Long Leate, ye Queen having no lady to attend her. Lady Holdernesse is attending Lady Conyers, who is dying of a consumption; the Dss of Argyle in Scotland; Lady Egremont and Lady Effingham attending Miss Ellis, who is dying; and Lady Pembroke abroad wth Lady Herbert, her daughter, who is ill, &c. Mrs. Delany and ye Dss left me; they went to

take an airing. At two o'clock Mrs. Delany sent for me to eat oysters wth her in her room; went; she told me ye Dss and herself during their airing had only talk'd of me—and "*in my favour,*" she was so good to say. I requested she w^d tell me if she ever perceived anything *wrong* in my conduct, my expressions, or my manners, and desired her to tell me if she did not think ye Dss w^d wish to have me go when L^dy Weymouth came? She assured she thought ye Dss would not on any account part wth me before Tuesday, but that she w^d tell her what I said. We went upstairs to ye Dss in ye drawing-room; ye Dss brought me some of ye late Mrs. Wright's work to look at—a bird in worsted and flowers in silk on w^t sattinn, and gave me also ye additional catalogue of ye pictures, &c. I read till 4 in Evelina, then ran down and had my hair done in a ¼ of an hour; return'd to ye d^r room; found Mrs. Delany alone; we look'd and saw two hares close to ye house eating; ye moon shone bright. Mrs. D. told me she had mention'd to ye Dss, what I said ab^t *going,* that ye Dss would not listen to it, and that she beg'd her to assure me she wish'd me to stay. Y^e Dss came; we went to dinner ½ past 4 o'clock; after dinner our converse was relative to beggars; ye Dss said how wrong it was to encourage those poor who beg'd in ye streets in London; when we left ye dining-room Mrs. Delany staid a few minutes; Mrs. D. then went to her room to repose, and ye Dss and I had an interesting conversation. After tea I read in Evelina till 10 o'clock. After supper ye conversation was upon different subjects: Lady A. Hamilton, *Lady M. Cooley,* her daughter, &c.; when Mrs. Delany was gone to her room after dinner, ye Duchess not

only press'd me to stay and not think of going when L^dy^ Weymouth came, but earnestly entreated me to remain with her and Mrs. Delany till they went to town, and she said wth tears: "Perhaps we may not have ye comfort of meeting again—*think of ye age of my friend!*"

Bullstrode, Dec. 5th, 1783.

Went to dear Mrs. Delany at ½ past 9; she was pretty well. She told me how extremely happy I had made her and the Dss, by my consent to stay till they went to town. Repeated how happy she was in seeing ye affection ye Dss had taken for me, and how much they *both* loved me, and how certain they both were that I did and ever should merit ye affection of every one who knew me. I hope I may ever really merit, and *endeavour* to *deserve such* encomiums! How truly flattering the praise of this venerable and most amiable of women! I left her soon after breakfast; came to my room; dress'd for ye day, as we were (Mrs. D. and me) to go to Admiral Forbes's at Chalfont; but y^e^ *fog* did not disperse *in time*, and we did not go. The Dss sent her *pretty messenger*, as usual to inquire how I had slept? &c. Mrs. Delany came and invited me to go with her and sit in the drawing-room. She brought ye papers, I read a few paragraphs to her. She then left me, said she hoped to meet me in ye drawing-room. Mrs. Woodward, ye housekeeper, then came and invited me to see her room and her store rooms, and I followed her. She show'd me her rooms, her china closets, her linnen presses, her stores, &c. &c.; offered me anything I chose to eat of cakes or sweetmeats, &c. I took some orange cakes, to please her. She gave me flowers, and a peacock's feather to keep and

use as a mark in a book to remember her by; she said a thousand civil things to me. I saw also ye steward's room, wch is large, and here the upper servants dine; it appear'd to be hung round with pictures, but I did not stay to examine them.

Went to ye drawing-room, where dear Mrs. Delany was; she had her spinning wheel and her table, and I my little table and fringe knotting, &c. She gave me the character of ye late Lady Burlington, and that of her lovely and unfortunate daughter, who was married to Lord Euston, son to ye Duke of Grafton, one of the most horrid wretches I ever heard of; his conduct towards his beautiful amiable wife being brutal. About 1 o'clock ye Duchess join'd us; but as she had business to transact could not remain with us long. She made us two or three flying visits before dinner. At 2 o'clock Mrs. Delany and I went to her room to eat oysters. We went to dinner about ½ past 4 o'clock; when we came out of ye dining-room we had a hearty laugh, and *run a race!* Y ^e^Dss gained her point however, and Mrs. D. went to her room to take her siesta. The Dss was so obliging to read to me out of some miscelaneous MSS., chiefly remarks on Burnet's History written by ye present Lord Dartmouth's grandfather. He gave them to ye Dss to transcribe from ye original. These remarks proved that Burnet was influenced too often by party spirit. Among other things she read me were two anecdotes relating to ye Czar. Charles ye 2nd paid him a visit; unfortunately a favorite monkey of ye Czar's was in ye room, who took into his head to be vastly affronted because ye king looked at him, and he endeavour'd to revenge ye affront by grinning and jumping

upon him: so the whole conversation that pass'd was in making apologies to his Majesty, &c. The Czar had a desire to see ye King at ye House of Lords, and hear ye speeches; but did not chuse to be seen. He therefore went upon ye leads of ye house and look'd through the windows; he soon caught ye eyes of ye King and lords, and they not being able to resist laughing at the ridiculous figure he made, he soon retired. At 7, tea. After tea I read Evelina, which *I finish'd*, and at ten o'clock ye Dss went to her room to finish a letter to Mrs. Boscawen, and tell her we had gone through E: ye book she *had desired us to read*, &c.[1]

Conversation after supper was relative to Miss F—ding, her manners, &c., &c.

6th Dec., 1783. Bullstrode.

At ½ past 9 went to Mrs. Delany's room, found her pretty well; letter from Miss Gunning; soon after ten came to my room; ye Dss's message as usual. Mrs. Delany came to me at 11, and desired me to accompany her to her room, as she had received letters wch alas! her eyes were not in a state to read. Tho' I felt much honoured by the confidence she placed in me, my heart ach'd to think she was obliged *to make use of mine*. I

[1] Miss Hamilton mentions having read Evelina on successive evenings after tea, and records having "finished" Evelina 5th Dec. 1783, and the Duchess of Portland having written that evening to Mrs. Boscawen to say that they had "gone through E. the book she had desired them to read." There is not one word of encomium repeated on the part of the Duchess of Portland, whose *unlimited* compliments to Miss Burney will be remembered to have been recorded in Madame d'Arblay's Diary as having been uttered in reference to her novels *twelve months previously*, and *especially* with regard to Evelina, of which the Duchess of Portland *is said* to have uttered the following words, "Of the morality of the book (cried the Duchess) we shall indeed now give Miss Burney her due, *so striking, so pure, so genuine, so instructive!!*"

read her letters; in one, wch was from her eldest nephew, Mr. Dewes, who lately spent a week here, there was these lines:—"My respects to Miss H^n^; I hope she is still at Bulstrode,—her sprightliness will chase away any lowness of spirits you may have; wherever she is, sorrow can surely make no long abode." I was pleased with his rememberance of me, for he is an excellent worthy man.

I also read the newspapers to her, and then she insisted upon my going to take a walk; I obeyed—for is it possible to refuse obeying her dictates? I went to ye Grotto, w^ch^ *was made* by Mrs. Delany; I sat in it for some time and enjoy'd the calm serenity of the scene around me here; and I thought of all those whom I loved, of every one whose friendship I was so happy to enjoy! When I return'd I fed the peacocks and guinea fowls, who follow'd me—every bird and animal in this place, of wch there are a great variety, are tame and sociable. I went then to Mrs. Delany to give an account of my walk. Came to my room and began to dress; whilst my hair was dressing the Duchess came to me; I sent B—— out of the room; she staid ¼ of an hour.

Soon after she left me Mrs. D. came; she told me as I was not dress'd she would order the serv^ts^ to bring the oysters (wch she eats at 2 o'clock) to be brought in my room. She (as did the Duchess) said many kind things to Betty. As ye upper servants dine at 2, Betty left me soon after ye servants brought ye oysters and laid ye napkin in my dressing-room. I was obliged to receive Mrs. Delany en robe de chambre, and after we had finish our gouté she left me. I finish'd dressing, and I remained in my room till the dinner-bell rung, because I thought it right not to intrude before the Dss had had

time to speak to Lady Weymouth, who was expected. Ab^{t} 5 o'clock I went up and met Mrs. Delany in ye gallery; we went into ye drawing-room and found ye Dss and Lady Weymouth, whom I was glad to see; she is attentive and polite towards me, and always has been so. We went to dinner; the common chit chat of the great world was ye conversation. As soon as we came out of ye dining-room I went to my own room, for I thought ye Dss and Lady Weymouth might wish to be together, and Mrs. D. went as usual to her room. Mrs. Delany came to me ¼ before 7. At 7 Mr. Keys (the groom of the chambers) told us tea was ready; we had *each* our *little table*, our *candles*, and *work*; conversed upon the *news* of ye day—fashions, dress, &c., &c. ¼ before ten came to my room to leave ye ladies at liberty to talk without any restraint, for nothing marks ignorance, want of due propriety and respect more than for a *younger person* not to pay proper deference and respect when she ought to show she knows it is not right ever to appear an intruder, &c., &c.

Ab^{t} ¼ past ten ye g. of ye c. came and told me supper was ready. I went to ye d. room; we soon after went to supper, and sat till near 12; conversation was ye melancholy situation of poor Lady Cooke, ye air balloons, &c., &c. Mrs. Delany retired to her room; I made ye excuse of attending her, and left Lady W. and her mother together. Mrs. D. told me they probably w^{d} sit talking till 2 or 3 in ye morning.

Dec^{br} 7th, Sunday, 1783. Bullstrode.

At ½ past nine the serv^{t} call'd me to breakfast; went to Mrs. Delany's room. I did not think she appear'd

quite so well this morning; but her spirits were better before I left her. Mrs. Delany came to me before 11 and proposed a walk; I readily attended her; we were out above an hour. We went first to ye greenhouse, wch forms one wing of the house; in an enclosure before it are many beautiful birds, some fine peacocks, remarkable pretty bantams, &c., and two grues or Numidian cranes; these cranes have been here upwards of 30 *years* —they are so tame that they came hopping to us, and eat bread out of our hands; these birds have a singular method of jumping and *dancing* when they are pleased; it is really quite laughable to see the odd *capers* wch they cut. We then went to ye Grotto, and Mrs. D. told me what a source of amusement the forming it had been to her, it having been entirely form'd by her directions; she began it just after ye death of her loved sister (ab^t^ y^e^ year 1759[1]). When we return'd from our walk we separated. I begun y^e^ 2nd sheet of my letter to Lady Wake. Lady Weymouth came to my window; I went out to meet her, and Mrs. D. joined us; but when she found we had taken our walk she pursued hers alone, and I return'd to my room in a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. Mrs. D. came for me to go wth her upstairs, as she heard Mr. Lightfoot, the chaplain, was come; we sat together for some time in y^e^ d^r^ room; y^e^ Dss and Lady Weymouth joined about 1 o'clock, and we went to chapel—the chapel is at y^e^ end of y^e^ gallery. Mr. L. preach'd a sensible discourse, but it did not please me so well as that of last Sunday; it grew tedious, and was *spun out too long*. After chapel he join'd us in ye gallery; told

[1] This date is an error; Ann Granville (Mrs. Dewes) died 1761.

me he had seen Sr Wm Hamilton, &c. in London. Y^e Dss and Mrs. Delany went to their rooms. Lady Weymouth detain'd me, told me how happy she was that I was to remain here till her mother went to town, and added many kind things; ye Dss coming put an end to our conversation; ye Dss desired I would *not* alter my dress; I left them, and Mrs. Delany sent for me to eat oysters wth her, wch she always does between breakfast and dinner. I staid wth her till 3 o'clock; wrote to Miss Gunning; at four ye groom of ye chambers came for me, as ye bell was going to ring for dinner; went to ye drawing-room; ye Dss, Lady W., and Mrs. D. already there. About ½ past 4 went to dinner; Lady Weymouth gave us an account of a famous Automaton, ye chess-player[1] now to be seen in London, &c., &c., &c.

Soon after we returned to ye drawing room. I left the ladies to have their coffee and their own converse; went into ye library to look for a book ye Dss wanted to shew me something in—Sr Wm Temple's memoirs; had not time to look for it before Mr. Keys came and told me tea was ready; met Mrs. Woodward, ye housekeeper, who said a number of civil things to me. After tea till supper, we had each of us our little table and candles, books of prints, the conversation very agreeable—"from grave to gay," but not also as the poet adds "*from lively to severe;*" went to supper ab^t ½ past 10. Converse during and after supper—Mrs. Siddons, former actors and actress's, anecdotes concerning them; the attachment of dogs —some stories of them, &c. Mrs. D. and I left ye Dss

[1] The famous Automaton Chess Player is mentioned by Horace Walpole as occupying the attention of the fine world in London at this time.

and Lady Weymouth ¼ before 12. I attended Mrs. D. to her room, sent Betty to bed, and sat up and read for an hour in Bishop Patrick's Pilgrim.

8th Dec., 1783. Bullstrode.

The ser^vt came for me at ½ past 9; went to Mrs. Delany, she had not had a good night but I thought she appear'd better than yesterday morning. We talked of the E. family. Mrs. Delany said how cautious young women should be what society they enter'd into, and *particularly wth whom* they *appeared in public*; told me an anecdote of herself when she was young and first married to Mr. Pendarvis; gave me an account of "the Hell Fire club," wch consisted of ab^t a dozen persons of fashion of both sexes, some of ye females unmarried, and the horrid impieties these were guilty of; they used to read and ridicule ye Scriptures, and their conversation was blasphemous to ye last degree; they used to act plays, some represented ye Virgin Mary. The character of one of ye members of this club, a Mr. Howe, and an account of his death, wch Dr. Friend[1] (who attended him) gave Mrs. D. ye day he died. He was at his mother's, who had apartments at Somerset House. Mrs. D. was in S. house, dining wth her aunt Lady Stanley. Dr. Friend, the physician, came to them quite overcome wth ye horrid scene he had just quitted; said he left this miserable wretch expiring, uttering the most horrid imprecations, and tho' denying his belief of everything sacred, said he knew he should burn in hell for ever!

[1] Dr. John Freind, a learned physician and writer on medical science, born in 1675. In 1723 he was sent to the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in Atterbury's plot, but was soon released on bail. At the accession of George II. he was appointed Physician to the Queen, and died in 1728.

Mrs. Delany then gave me the history of a sister of this man's; she was a woman of virtue and good principles, but unfortunately for her conceived a violent attachment to a Mr. Lowther, one of the handsomest men of the times, but a perfect Lothario; they had opportunities of being much together, and he attach'd himself to her tho' she was a very plain young woman, but his vanity was gratified in having raised so strong a passion in her breast. She thought her love returned; ye most passionate letters pass'd between them, and their pictures exchanged, &c.; he at length grew tired of and neglected her, and openly addressed another woman. Miss Howe —(the wretched Miss Howe)—after having used every endeavour to recall his affection, became almost frantic with despair. She run away one morning from Hampton Palace (where the Court then was,—she was maid of honor to ye Pss of Wales, afterwards Queen Caroline) and came and laid herself at ye door of Mr. Lowther's house in Pall Mall, acting a thousand wild extravagancies; this of course soon attracted a crowd of spectators. A gentleman who lived at an opposite house saw this unhappy woman, and knowing who she was, he humanely went to her, and with ye assistance of his servants carried her to his house; here she fell into strong convulsions and soon appeared to have lost her reason, wch now was totally gone; her friends were sent for, who took her home, and not long after she died raving mad. Notwithstanding ye lady to whom Mr. Lowther paid his addresses was made acquainted wth this story, she *married him* soon after Miss Howe's death!

Ab^t^ ½ past 10 came to my room and receiv'd the Dss daily message of kind enquiry; wrote till 12; returned to Mrs. Delany, but finding Lady Weymouth with her I did

not stay; took a walk, went as far as ye Grotto. Stop'd at Mrs. Delany's window, she desired me to come to her; the King and the Queen, Pss Royal, Pss Augusta, and Pss Elizabeth were come upon a visit. I sat wth Mrs. Delany till their Majesties sent for her. She gave me some verses wch her maid Mrs. Astley had written upon her last birthday, they are not without merit and seemed written from ye heart. When Mrs. D. left me I staid some time in her room to practise spinning, in which I made some proficiency, and ab^t^ ½ past two went to my room, wrote a note to Miss Goldsworthy, and one to Miss Planta, wch I sent to ye Queen's footman to take to Windsor. I then begun to cut out ye pasteboard for a Chinese paper lantern which I want to imitate. At ½ past 3 sat down to have my hair dress'd, their Majesties went about that time. Mrs. Delany then sent for me to eat oysters. I had just finish'd when she came for me, I followed her to her room. (NB. Her room is ab^t^ 80 *feet* from mine, in a straight line indeed, but so often does she *trot* to and fro, and that at ye age of 84, that it makes me often blush at my own lazyness.) She told me all the news she had heard, w^t^ ye King and ye Q. said, but she was not in my opinion much ye better for this visit as she look'd fatigued and heated. The Duchess sent me an apology for not waiting upon me as she had not seen me all ye day, but she was so *fatigued* that I must excuse her, &c. Ab^t^ 5 o'clock we went to dinner; conversation after dinner ab^t^ ye Princess's, &c.; came to my room as soon as we left ye dining-room, to leave ye Dss and Lady Weymouth together. I attended Mrs. D. to ye end of ye gallery; she was I thought much exhausted, had exerted herself too much, and went to take her repose. Staid in my room till 7, when I was called

to tea. We had all our tables and work. I read Miss More's epistle to Mrs. Vesey to Lady Weymouth, and conversed till ½ past 9; Mad^me de Genlis, Mon^r de Luc, the Wilmots were our topics. The Dss went to her apartments to write letters. I left Lady W. and Mrs. Delany, as I thought they might wish to have a little private converse. The Duchess shew'd us some curious fungus's this afternoon, one particularly so, wch came from ye Bois de Boulogne. Heard that Lady Conyers is dying, they say she is a sincere penitent.[1] Her mother Lady Holderness is in great affliction.

The Dow^r Lady Carlisle[2] is come to England to ye great distress of many who formerly knew her.

Mr. Wm Legg's (groom to ye Prince of Wales) gone to Nice, they think he cannot recover.

Poor Lady Pembroke in great affliction, her only daughter Lady Harriot Herbert being given over by the physician at Nice.

Duke of Devonshire ill and going to Bath, ye Dss is to accompany him, she was otherwise to have staid with Dow^r Lady Spencer at St. Alban's till her child was wean'd, wch will be next March.

Dr Lady Spencer is to *mourn two years*, and remain at St. Albans. Lord Spencer has added 1000 p^r an. to her joynture, she has now 4000 p^r an., she has in consequence

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[1] Amelia, Baroness Conyers, only child of Robert, Baron Conyers, 4th Earl of Holderness; m., in 1778, Francis, Marquess of Carmarthen (afterwards 5th Duke of Leeds), from whom she was divorced in 1779, and m. Captain John Byron, father of Lord Byron, the poet. The Baroness Conyers died 26th Jan., 1784.

[2] Isabel, daughter of William, 4th Baron Byron, and w. of Henry, 4th Earl of Carlisle; m. 2ndly, Dec. 11, 1759, Sir Wm. Musgrave, of Hayton Castle, in Cumberland, Bart. of Nova Scotia, well known among the literati. She died 1795.

given up all the personals, &c. the late Lord had left her, &c., &c.

Return'd to ye drawing-room at 10. Y^e^ Duchess desired me to write for her to Dr Lind to invite him to call here before she went to London, wch I did; at ½ past 10 we went to supper,—conversation relative to that wicked wretch Mr. F——g.

Ab^t^ 12 o'clock Mrs. D. and I left ye Dss and her daughter in the gallery, met Mr. Keys, who told me he should go to Windsor to-morrow morn^g^, desired him to call at ye Lower Lodge to enquire after y^e^ *ladies*, and at Lady C. Finche's; he told me poor old Weaver was dead, he died two days ago.

I went with Mrs. Delany to her room, she gave me her *blessing*, and I went to mine.

Bulstrode. Tuesday, Dec. 9th, 1783.

Had my hair dress'd in ye morning for all day; at ½ past 9 Mrs. Delany sent for me to breakfast; rec^d^ letters, one from Mrs. Carter, read some passages from them to Mrs. Delany. Mr. Levers, ye house steward, came to me and brought ye chimney-board he had made for ye library, wch I had promised ye Dss to cover wth prints; had some talk wth him, he promised to shew me his drawings some morn^g^, &c. Mrs. Delany came to me; I began to *repair* a beautiful chimney-board of *her doing* in color'd paper, vases, antique figures, &c. She did not stay long. I pasted till ½ past 10. Mrs. Delany and Lady Weymouth came to me, ye latter took her leave of me, she was going to town. Mrs. Delany return'd to me after she had seen Lady W. set out, had her reel brought into my room, and wound off her yarn while I went on repairing ye screen. Mrs. Delany desired me to read a letter she rec^d^ from Mr. Bernard Dewes. Mrs. Wood-

ward, ye housekeeper, came to ask me if I w^d have a maid sleep in ye next room to me now Betty was gone (to town), and other civil offers. Mrs. Astley came, and we made her read ye newspapers to us. Mrs. Delany came for me at ½ past one to come into ye drawing-room, as Mr. *Bryant* was come; I went; he staid till 3 o'clock; the conversation turn'd upon ye famous Duchess of Marlbrough; among others, one striking anecdote, that though she appear'd affected in highest degree at ye death of her granddaughter, ye Dss of Bedford, she sent ye day after she died for the jewels she had given her, saying "she had *only lent y^m*;" ye answer was that she "had said she would never demand those jewels again except she *danced at court*," her answer was "then she w^d be —— if she w^d not dance at court, &c." She behaved in ye most extravagant manner, her grief notwithstanding most *violent* in *appearance*. She was found one day lying prostrate upon ye ground, and a lady who went to see her (who told this to ye Dss of Portland) had like to have fallen over her, ye room being dark. Y^e D. of M. said she was praying, and that she lay thus upon ye ground, being too wicked to kneel. When her son died, who was a fine promising youth, at the university, her grief was unbounded; her vanity was wounded, ye future hope of an ambitious mind was destroy'd. She used by way of mortification and a mark of affliction to dress herself like a beggar, and sit wth some miserable wretches in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. Y^e Dss of Portland said that ye D^he [1] (her husband) had often *seen her* during this mourning of hers when he was a boy at Westminster School. She used to say that she was very cer-

[1] Duke of Portland.

tain she should go to heaven, and as her ambition went even beyond ye grave, that she knew she should have one of ye highest seats. Many other anecdotes were told, and ye Duchess shew'd us some original letters written to her grandfather, Mr. Harley, reign of Queen Anne, by the famous Lord Bolingbroke and ye Dss of M. Those of Lord B. were *witty* and *impious*, and full of ye most flattering encomiums, &c. Mrs. Delany said *she* remember'd Lord Bolingbroke's person, that he was handsome, had a fine address, but he was a great drinker, and swore terribly. She remember'd his coming once to her uncle Sr John Stanley's at Northend, his being very drunk, and going to ye greenhouse, where he threw himself upon a couch; a message arrived to say he was *waited for* at ye Council; he rous'd himself, snatch'd up his green bag of paper, and flew to business.

Mr. Bryant told us that the people used to say no man ever was so *early* and so active as Lord B. when he was in *place*. Y^e^ truth was that he used to sit up drinking all night, and not having been in bed, he used to put a wet napkin on his forehead and eyes to cool the heat and headache occasioned by his intemperance, and then he appear'd and attend'd to business with as much ease as if he lived ye most temperate life! Mr. Bryant talk'd a good deal of Mrs. Viger,[1] who died a few months ago at Windsor, aged 83, wth all her faculties unimpaired, gave us her character, and told us a good anecdote. At

[1] Mrs. Vigor's curious history, as given by Mrs. Delany, has appeared in the preceding part of this work.—"Died in September, 1783, at Windsor, Mrs. Vigor, aged 84. This lady was married, first, to Thomas Ward, Esq., Consul-General of Russia in 1731; second, to Claudius Bondeau, Esq., resident at that Court, where she wrote those truly original *Russian Letters* published by Dodsley (without her name) in 1775."

ye levée a few days ago Mr. Hamilton, Lord Abercorn's heir (is just come from abroad) was talking there to a gentleman; Lord North stood next him. Lord N. was speaking of ye quarrel of Mr. Flood and Grattan in ye Irish house, and said, "'tis impossible it can end so—they *must fight.*" "Oh," said Mr. H., "there will be a coalition, and they will be made Secretaries of State." Air balloons next talk'd of, and ye 2 men who had been 3000 feet in ye air, &c. &c. When Mr. B. went, I went to my room; finish'd Mrs. D.' screen, and begun y^e^ *medly* one after dinner. Mrs. D. reposed in ye Dss room; ye Dss and I look'd over prints in a folio; she gave me some out for the board I am doing. Mr. Keys brought me a note from Miss Planta and Miss Goldsworthy from Windsor; he had been with ye Dss's usual enquiries after their Majesties. After tea I read, and *begun* ye answer to ye Dss of Marlborough's *account*, memoirs supposed to be written by ye late Dss of Queensbury. Wrote a letter to Wm Benn and Mrs. Jackson; to ye first about a plan to go to St. Vincent, &c. to go wth Mr. Ashwell, (*Mrs. Astley's* cousin.) Supper ab^t^ ½ past 10; separated ab^t^ ½ past 11; sat up till one doing my screen.

10th.

Mrs. Astley came and assisted me in dressing; went to Mrs. Delany, found her not well. A letter from my uncle to say he c^d^ not come to Bullstrode, as he heard ye King was to invite him to Windsor. Conversation at b. ab^t^ Lady *Conyers* and Mrs. Delany; talk'd of education; Mrs. D. and I took an airing in ye park for an hour; she talk'd much of Mr. Dews, wish'd him to marry. Y^e^ Dss came to me, and look'd at my work, ye screen, &c. soon after she left me Mrs. Delany sent for me

to her dressing-room, shew'd me works of her doing, pictures, &c., till we were told prayer bell was rung. Met Mrs. Delany in ye gallery. Mr. Lightfoot gave notice there w^d^ be a sacrament next Sunday. After chapel Mr. L. came up, staid a little in ye gallery, looking over some *new* fungus's ye gardener had found; went to my room, Mrs. D. came to me; she was not well; I was busy ab^t^ my screen; she sat wth me till 3 o'clock, talk'd of herself, said "*an awful time was approaching, that all she felt was ye leaving those that loved her to mourn her loss,*" *&c. &c.*, talk'd of Miss Port, Mr. Dews, &c. &c., said I must meet Mr. D. at her house to look over prints, &c. &c. When she went Mrs. Astley her m^d^ came and assisted me in dressing. When she expatiated upon Mrs. Delany's goodness she wept; I like her—*extremely* sensible and grateful she appears. I begun a letter to Miss Gunning; at 4 went up, found Mrs. D. and Mr. Lightfoot together in ye d-room. Y^e^ Dss join'd us ab^t^ ½ past four; we went to dinner, lively conversation. After d. Mrs. D. went to her room; Mr. L. remain'd in ye dining-room till near 7. Y^e^ Dss and I were together, and talked of her "dear friend Mrs. Delany." After tea I went to my room for ¼ of an hour, Mr. L. had *his table* and *papers*. Y^e^ Dss look'd over a man^t^ of Q^n^ Eliz. prayers while I read ye copy, (wch is for ye Queen,) to see if there were mistakes; after that I read till 10 o'clock in ye answer to ye Dss of M. Mrs. Delany was not quite well, went to her room before supper; I went down wth her, rec^d^ her blessing, &c.; return'd to ye d-room. Whilst ye Dss went to pay Mrs. D. a visit, &c., I finish'd my letter to Miss Gunning, and wrote a few lines to W^m^ to tell him where Mr. Ashwell lived. We went to supper

ab^{t} ½ past 10; after supper heard a curious character of a Mr. Bolton of Halifax; parted ab^{t} ½ past 11. Mr. Keys came to light my candles, &c. Y^{e} Dss sent me Queen Elizabeth's prayers.

11th Dec.

Mrs. Astly came and helped me to dress; met Mrs. Delany and Mr. L. in ye b^{t}-room. We breakfasted upstairs as he was *there*; converse at b^{t} about ye late *Provost of Eaton.* Mrs. Delany found herself not well enough to go to Windsor, as she had intended, to visit Lady Louisa Clayton. I was to have gone with her. 12, went to Mrs. Delany as I had promised. Mr. Lightfoot busy transcribing. I began transcribing Queen Eliz. prayers ye Dss is so good to let me copy. Sat in ye d.-room till dinner; did *not* alter my dress. Y^{e} Dss came to us at different times. After dinner the Dss carry'd me to her dressing-room; we staid there till tea-time, looking over books, china, &c., &c. She shew'd me her *turning*-room, &c., &c. After tea ye Dss read something out of ye Foundling Hospital for Wit. I then read in the answer to ye Dss of Marlbro' memoirs; spent a chearful eve^{g} and sat up till 1 o'clock reading in ye mem^{r} of Prior.

12th.

After breakfast Mrs. D. and I took an airing in ye park; talk'd of Lady Weymouth, Lady Stamford, and ye Dss. When we came in found Dr. *Lind*[1] from Windsor, with Mr. Lightfoot; he staid to dinner; he told us many particulars of ye air balloons, &c., the rebellion at Eaton,

[1] Qy. James Lind, an ingenious English physician, who wrote treatises on the means of preserving the health of seamen; died 1794.

ye shameful manner in wch Dr. Davies behaved to ye gentlemen assistants, some laughable anecdotes of ye boys destroying the whipping-post, wch had been a *fixture* time immemorial, and their selling it to one another. Y^e^ Marquis of Huntley, ye Duke of Gordon's son, not being permitted by his tutor to join in ye destruction of it, bought a piece wch he shew'd Dr. Lind with great triumph, and said he w^d^ carry it to Scotland to Gordon Castle, and preserve it as a trophy, &c. The boys had no other tool to divide the spoils of the whipping-post than *red hot pokers.*

'No prayers to-day, as Mr. L. had ye toothache. Dr. Lind brought ye Dss some shells and fossils; we look'd y^m^ over, and placed them in drawers, &c. Conversation, *air balloons;* Dr. Lind made a drawing of one, and of ye first great meteor wch he saw from ye Terrace at Windsor. Dr. L. went away soon after dinner. Went to my room till tea-time, and finish'd ye medly chimney board, wch is for ye library. After tea I read ye answer to ye Dss of Marlbro', till 10 o'clock—Mr. L. writing, and Mrs. D. and ye Dss at their work; went to supper ½ past ten; conversation on the words "*beautiful,*" "handsome," "agreeable," "*fine person,*" "pretty," &c., &c. separated ab^t^ 12. Soon after I got to my room Mrs. Delany's maid, Mrs. Astley, came and insisted upon doing my hair wth ye curling irons that it might be dress'd better, and I was forced to submit. After she left me sat up till past one reading.

Decbr. 13, Saturday.

At ½ past 9 went upstairs; Mr. Lightfoot only in ye breakfast-room; he told me he thought dear Mrs. Delany began to break very fast. I found letters upon

ye table, one from Mr. Dewes. Mr. Lightfoot so good as to read ye man^t^ of Q. Eliz. prayers, y^t^ I might see if I had written mine correctly; he then took his leave to go home. Mrs. Delany came for me; it was a delightful clear day; we took a long walk in the gardens, shruberry, flower-garden, botanick-garden, &c., fed the *grews*[1] and other birds. During our walk Mrs. Delany talk'd only of Mr. Dewes, told me his fortune, gave me a description of his house, his manner of living, his character, &c., &c. When we returned from our walk I came to my room and wrote an answer to Mr. Dewes's letter, then went to Mrs. Delany and staid some time to look over papers. Mrs. D. gave me some manuscripts. Return'd to ye Dss; she had got together many fine things to shew me:—a missil wch had been given to Edward ye 6th, some fine miniatures, 2 by Isaac and 2 by Peter Oliver—a Lord and Countess of Pembroke, ye other 2 *unknown*; Milton and his mother in one *large locket* in a tortoiseshell case; Sr Walter Raleigh and his son in an old-fashion'd locket, wch had been ornamented with jewels in a large locket black and green enamel; it had belong'd to Lady Raleigh, ye cyphers of W. R. and E. are still remaining, tho' ye enamel is damaged; a missil bound in silver of a smaller size given ye Duchess by y^e^ *present* queen.

Mrs. Delany at her spinning-wheel, ye Dss at her carpet, &c., till dinner time; the Dss then, after *much persuasion*, and taking away her wosterds, left off, and Mrs. Delany went to change her gown. I assisted ye Dss in putting up ye things, and went with her to her

[1] Cranes.

room. She took out of her drawers other curious things for me to look at after dinner, told me of ye manner in wch ye Queen sent her ye missel. We did not go to dinner till near 5 o'clock, and Mrs. Delany play'd a tune upon ye organ to hasten ye Dss. After dinner ye Dss was some time settling her work—I assisted her. She gave me an account of all ye pictures she had purchased, and of ye shameful manner in wch she had been rob'd by Mr. West of *many things* that had belong'd to her father, Lord Oxford, of the cabinet he left her, &c. After tea-time Mrs. D. return'd to us. Y^e^ Dss had ye cramp very bad. After tea she look'd out manuscripts for me, gave me some to copy, and read some. I begun to read about 8 and read till near tea in ye answer to ye Dss of Marlbro'. Mrs. D. told me a droll story of her and ye Dss having been in a hackney coach! Y^e^ Dss told me of Lord Shelburne's having papers wch belong'd to her *grandfather, (Queen Anne's reign)*; Lord Shelburne's character, his treatment of his mother, his marriage wth Lady Sophia Granville, Lady L. Clayton living wth him after his marriage to her neice, &c.; ye marriage of Lady Juliana Penn, Lady Pomfret's character, &c., and comments upon it. Y^e^ conversation after supper ye character of ye Bishop of Exeter, &c., &c. Mrs. Delany told me an anecdote of her serving a Mrs. Elstrong, and ye folly of *a lady*, Mrs. Clavering, ab^t^ a h. coach; Lady *Pomfret's answer*. We separated ab^t^ ¼ past 11. I sat up till near two writing out things Mrs. D. had given me. Mrs. Delany told me ab^t^ Lord Orrery, his *courting Swift*, and *after* his death traducing his memory.

Dec^br^ 14th, 1783. Sunday. Bullstrode.

Went to Mrs. Delany's room at ½ past 9, found her

pretty well; we talked upon religious subjects. I gave Mrs. Delany an account of my *first receiving ye Sacrament.* She told me she *had known* ye 2 Mr. Wesleys (ye Methodist preachers), she knew y^m^ when they were young men, they lived near her sister[1] when they were students at Oxford. They were of a serious turn, and associated with such as were so. These brothers join'd some other young men at Oxford, and used to meet of a Sunday eve^g^ and read ye Scriptures, and find out objects of charity to relieve. This was a *happy beginning*, but ye vanity of being singular, and growing *enthusiasts*, made them endeavour to gain proselytes and adopt that system of religious doctrine wch many reasonable people thought pernicious, &c. I rec^d^ letters from Miss Gunning and Mrs. Jackson, went to my room, remain'd there till chappel time.

Mr. Levers, ye house steward, came and brought me a large portfolio of his drawings. Mrs. Delany came and we look'd them over, and he was so obliging to leave them with me. Staid in my room till Mr. Keys call'd me for chapel; met ye Dss and Mrs. Delany in ye gallery. We had no sermon because of ye Sacrament, wch w^d^ have made ye service too long, as Mr. Lightfoot has another church to serve. When ye prayers were over we went down y^e^ *stairs* to ye body of ye chapel, went into ye pew next ye altar, and received ye Communion. There were ab^t^ 22 servants who rec^d^ ye Sacrament. After chapel came to my room. Ab^t^ ½ past two Mrs. Delany sent for (me), she shew'd me some trinkets, gifts, &c., a picture of ye Dss done by Zincke when she was young, in a tortoiseshell box wth a medallion of her own hair in a cypher

[1] It must have been in the life-time of her mother, Mrs. Granville, that John and Charles Wesley lived near Ann Granville.

set wth pearls, &c., then went to dress, Mrs. Astley assisted me. After dinner ye Dss made me give a description of *our stile* of living, our *house*, &c. When we left ye dining-room Mrs. D. went to repose in her own room. I went round ye apartments wth ye Dss to see if ye doors were shut, &c.; as we went through ye state bedchamber she told me how it was formerly disposed and furnished, &c. When we return'd to ye d.-r. ye keeper (Mr. Brumpton) desired to speak to ye Dss. Mrs. Delany return'd from her room. After tea we look'd over manuscripts of ye Duchess's; Mrs. Delany and I conversed. I wrote out some things for ye Duchess; she look'd over some portrait prints, and related anecdotes relating to them, &c. Mrs. D. left us for half an hour to write a letter to Mrs. P., &c. Y^e^ Dss gave me some manuscripts to copy for myself. Went to supper ab^t^ ½ past 10; conversation was relative to sore throats; ye Dss said she had a very famous rec^t^, and gave me many instances of ye cures it had made—it is a plaister; she is to give me ye rec^t^. *A long conversation ab^t^ education.* We parted ab^t^ ¼ before 12. I sat up till two, writing.

15th, Monday, Dec^br^. 1783.

Mrs. Astley came to me, &c. Went to Mrs. D. at ½ past 9, had my papers and staid with her till 2 o'clock. The Dss sent her usual message. Mrs. Delany gave me an account of her aunt, Lady Lansdowne, the death of *Mr. Pendarvis*, the circumstances attending it, &c. &c. I look'd over two fine *rosarys* ye Dss had left out for me. I went to ye dr-room before Mrs. Delany, settled ye Dss work, &c. She and ye Dss soon came; ye Dss *found out* I had a cold, and was quite unhappy about it. She brought a number of fine things for me to look at, wch employ'd me till dinner-time,—in another place I shall notice

wh^t they were. Mrs. D. and ye Dss were at their work, and they MADE me drink *broth* for my cold; and they were as unhappy about me as if I had been actualy in a consumption. Mrs. Delany told me the whole of the Dss's distress at her son's marriage with Miss Cumberland. As ye Dss sent a servant to Windsor I wrote a note to Miss Goldsworthy to enquire after her, as also to Miss P. Bernard at Eaton to enquire after her, and one for Mrs. Delany to ye Provost, &c. At 4 I went wth ye Dss to her room to assist her in locking up ye fine things she had shewn me, then run to my room to wash my hands (no time for dressing). Mr. K. brought me answer to my notes. When I returned Mrs. D. was alone. Went to dinner ½ past four; came into ye drawing ab^t 6; Mrs. D. reposed in ye room; ye Dss read me manuscript anecdotes,—told me some of Pope, that he was an epicure, &c., and that Johnston had not been candid nor true in things he had written of him in his life. After tea they w^d not suffer me to read because they thought it w^d make me hoarse, wth my cold, &c.; wanted to make me go to bed at 8 o'clock. I wrote out something for ye Duchess for ye Queen. A note of Lord Dartmouth, (secretary of Q. Anne,) on B^p Burnet's History of his own Times. The Dss read many interesting anecdotes out of her MS book, of ye Dss of Marlbro', &c., &c., &c., and conversed ab^t Mrs. Walsingham, her character; Mrs. Montagu's; the late Sr Thomas Robinson, a laughable anecdote of his being sent to Mrs. D. (*when widow of Mr. Pendarvis*) to be a master of ye ceremonies, and his throwing down a tea-kettle in making his comp^ts at his first entrance, &c.; an account of the society she used to meet at Mrs. Pendarvis; character of

Sr C. Hanbury Williams, how he once distress'd ye Dss at Bath, his great affection for his daughter Lady Essex, and a description *of her*; character of ye present D^e of Montagu's mother, *vulgar*, handsome, and silly, what she said once to her footmen—she had a great hoarse voice, and was daughter to ye Dss of Marlbro'; D. of M. (ye present), D. of Newcastle (ye present), their days of mourning for their wives, tho' they did not live well together. Y^e D^e of M. very gay.

The Dss of Marlbro' (y^e *famous*) said she "*never* had a present of a jewel from Q. Anne," and 'tis notorious that when news came of ye victory of Blenheim, ye Queen gave her a picture of ye Duke of Marlbro' cover'd wth a flat diamond wth brilliant edges wch cost 8000 pounds; it is now in ye possession of ye Duke of Montagu's daughter, ye present Duchess of Buccleugh. When ye Dss of Marlbro' was in disgrace she went to Holland; before she went she made presents to her friends, and among other things she gave a *Mrs. Higgin* a picture of Queen Anne, wch ye Queen had given her. It had been set round with jewels; those she took care to take from it. Mrs. H., knowing ye Dss gave her this because she had no value for it, and not out of any mark of regard, and sensibly conscious she was not deserving of ye honor of having it in her possession, offer'd it to Lord Oxford—ye Dss of Portland's grandfather—who (in a genteel way) gave her a 100 guineas for it, and *it is now at Welbeck.* Y^e Duke and Dss of Marlbro' had upwards of £90,000 p^r an. in *places*, besides Blenheim and all their family and children in places. They w^d not even pay the taxes of the house granted them at Whitehall, and whenever ye D. made a campain he was always fur-

nished with every material of linnen, &c., &c., at y^e^ *Queen expense.* Y^e^ Prince Eugene once when he rec^d^ a letter from Dk Marlbro' gave it to another to read to him, as it was a difficult hand to read; and ye person said ye Dk puts no *tittles*[1] upon the i's. "O," says ye Prince, "it *saves his Grace's ink.*"

Mrs. D. in ye morn^g^ gave me ye characters of Lord E. Bentinck and ye Dk of P. After supper talk'd of Mrs. Tremayne, Mrs. Dunbar that was,—her 2^d^ marriage, her character; of Mrs. Vesey,—her absence; of Lady and Lord Dartrey; of Lady Courtown; Lady Do^r^ Spencer; of ye famous Lord Lytellton; of the late Prince of Wales. Ld Lytellton sending a letter on business of a secret nature to ye post w^th^out any direction ab^t^ ye Prince's affairs, and it came into ye hands of Mr. Pelham, ye person who sh^d^ *not* have seen it, &c. Mrs. Delany in ye morn^g^ told me many particulars relating to Swift,—Mrs. Johnston, Vanissa, &c. We separated ab^t^ ½ past 11, ye Dss wanted me to promise to lay in bed till 12 to-morrow. Came to my room ab^t^ twelve; Mrs. Astley came to know if I wanted anything, and brought me some of her verses, which I had beg'd; she staid and talked wth me till ¼ past 12 ab^t^ Mrs. Delany.

16th.

Mrs. Astley came before I was up to know how my cold was; Mrs. D. wanted me to breakfast in bed. Ab^t^ ¼ before 11 I went to Mrs. Delany; she had not slept well, but was in good spirits; had much interesting converse; she hoped I would give what time I could to her when I came to town, and again repeated that she look'd forward to my *being a comfort to ye Duchess* when *she was no more*; desired I w^d^ *remember* it was *her wish* I w^d^

[1] *Tittle*—a point, a dot.—*Johnson.*

give her (when that period arrived) as much of my time as I could; that ye Dss loved me, and she knew it w^d^ give her comfort if I did so, &c., &c. She gave me *her opinion* of my character. O! that I may ever endeavour to act up to such a character, and be *from my heart w^t^ she thinks me!* She then talk'd of my settling in life; told me ye sort of person I ought for my own happiness to marry—*plainly, very plainly she drew the picture!* and she gave me the character of a friend of hers, (Mrs. Donellan) and gave me a description of wax figures in ye museum at Dublin. I read her paragraphs out of my letters; I had one from Miss H. More. Came to my room and wrote; Mrs. Astley came to ask me ye particulars of my letter from Wm Benn, as it related to Mr. Ashford's[1] going to ye West Indies, &c. At ½ past 12 Mrs. Delany came to me, brought letters she had rec^d^ from Mrs. Boscawen, &c.; she left me two; I promised to follow her into ye dr-room. Mrs. B. mention'd in her letter y^t^ she heard Mr. Peachey[2] (Sr James's son) was going to be married to Miss Jennings. When I went to ye Dss's room found dear Mrs. Delany there; ye Dss sent her own woman wth ye 2 fine missils for me to look over; Mrs. D. at her wheel; she gave me Miss *Jennings'* character (y^t^ Miss J. who does ye flowers, &c.), Mrs. Vesey's introduction of her, &c.; she hoped it was *this* Miss J. that Mrs. B. mentions in her letter; talk'd of Mr. Walpole, and of her opinion of him. Ab^t^ ½ past 1 ye Dss join'd us; made

[1] Query *Ashwell.*

[2] Sir James Peachy, Bart., created Baron Selsey in 1794, and died 1808. He married in 1747 Lady Georgiana Caroline Scott, daughter of Henry 1st Earl of Deloraine. Their only son John Peachy (afterwards 2nd Baron Selsey) married in 1784 Hester Elizabeth, daughter of George Jennings, Esq., of Newsells, Herts.

Joseph Brown sc.

Mrs. DONNELLAN.

From an enamel by Barber
in the possession of the Right Honble. Lady Llanover.

London: Richard Bentley 1863.

me her daily present of a nosegay; Mrs. Delany and the Dss sat at their work, I looked over ye missils; we talk'd of Mrs. Walsingham and Mrs. Montague. Y^e^ Dss read my letter fr^m^ Miss H. More, &c.; talked of Mrs. Delany when she was out of the room, her health, &c.

The Dss would not allow me to dress, but I found Mrs. Astley wanting to dress me; we talk'd over ye disappointment of Wm Benns being too late in his application for Mr. Ashford's place to go to ye West-Indies, &c. When I went to ye dr-room I found Mrs. D. down; she beg'd me to come as often as possible to see her this winter in town, and told me I might have ye Dss of Portland's coach whenever I chose; that she sh^d^ be always happy to see me, but would never take it ill when I did not come. Y^e^ Dss join'd us; we look'd at ye hares; there were 7. Dinner at ½ past 4 o'clock.

Mrs. D. reposed in ye drawing-room. Y^e^ Dss and I conversed till tea time, and she shewed me a portfolio of drawings, views of Spa, &c., &c.; after tea she read a letter rec^d^ from a Mrs. (*Baber?*), went and fetched some original letters of Queen Anne's to her grandfather, and y^e^ *original* letter she wrote to King William upon ye death of her sister Queen Mary—an unaffected, sensible letter; I then read ye answer to ye Dss of Marlboro'; read till supper time, &c., &c.

After supper ye Dss and Mrs. Delany told me some remarkable anecdotes of *Pope*, his reading his satire of Atossa,[1] his conversations wth Mr. Lenard, Lord Haley's

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[1] In Pope's Epistle 2. To a Lady, "Of the Characters of Woman," the Duchess of Marlborough is described under the name of Atossa.

"But what are those to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce *once herself*, by turns *all womankind!*

secretary, Mr. Hooke's character, his being connected wth ye Dss of Marlbro; Pope's getting £3000 from her to suppress Atossa, and *published it after her death*, &c.; parted at ½ past 11.

17th Dec^br^. Bullstrode, 1783.

¼ before 10 went to Mrs. Delany. We look'd over manuscripts; she gave me some to copy. Ab^t^ ½ past 10 went to my room; Mr. Lever came to me for his drawings, and obligingly gave me one; I staid in my room to write, and made paper cases for the manuscripts, &c., I am to take with me.; rec^d^ ye Dss usual kind message. A little after 12 Mrs. Delany came for me; I went to her room and read ye papers to her; Lord Abington's long *speech*, &c., &c., upon ye East India tax; we went up stairs; Mr. Lightfoot, ye Dss, and Mrs. Delany then staid in ye drawing-room till prayers; went to them ½ past one; after prayers we all return'd to ye drawing-room; Mr. L. at his table and manuscripts, &c.; we had a barrel of West India shells to look over. I took Mr. Lightfoot in, making him believe there were *oysters* coming to eat; this occasion'd much mirth. The Dss pronounced the shells to be "*good for nothing*;" afterwards was so good to look out some fossils and shells for me out of her own drawers; Mr. Agnew came and assisted to sort them out. I begun my *card* almanack wch Mrs. Delany gave me to copy. Dinner ½ past four; were very merry at dinner. After dinner ye Duchess had a box of shells brought; we look'd y^m^ over together, and she gave

Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet *is* whate'er she *hates and ridicules*."
&c. &c.

me ye box and its contents; this employ'd us till Mrs. Delany came up from her room. At 7 tea: we had all our tables, and I finish'd my almanack; I wrote ye titles upon ye papers ye Duchess is to give ye Queen, and I folded and sealed them up; then read in ye answer to ye Dss of Marlbr'; finish'd ye book. Y^e^ Duchess told me many curious anecdotes relative to those times; a singular story of Mr. Harly, receiving an anonymous letter, meeting ye man in Lincolns Inn-fields, and what pass'd; Mr. Harly having him a fortnight conceal'd in ye house, and not even ye servants knew of his being there; he learnt many things of this man relative to politics; when got to L. Inn-fields, it was *dark;* the man started up out of the grass *where he lay hid* (for in those times it was not paved); and said: "Sir, now you are in my power;" "Yes I am (said Mr. Harly), but I am not apprehensive of any thing, for I never injured any one," &c., &c. Y^e^ Duchess told me many other things. I return'd her all ye books, &c., I had borrow'd, or rather she had lent to me, Prior, &c.; past ten went to supper.

Y^e^ Dss carried ye vol. of Pope wch contains his Criticisms on Woman; read whilst we were at table ye one on *Atossa*, wch is meant for ye Duchess of Marlbro', and she related anecdotes of Pope, Young, Voltaire, Lord Melcombe; we parted ab^t^ ½ past 11; I did not *take* leave of ye Duchess, for she agreed with me *not to do so*. Mr. Keys light'd me to my room; said he would take care to put up my shells and things for me. Mrs. Astley came; she had pack'd up my things; wanted to know if she should do anything for me; I wanted nothing, and wish'd her good night. I wrote a letter before I went to bed to ye Duchess to *leave* to-morrow morning, to thank her for her kindness and friendship.

Decbr. 18th, 1783.

My Drst Madam,—I cannot quit your Grace's house without telling you that upon paper wch my full heart denied me power of utterance to say, for indeed I could not bear to take leave of you even, tho' I trust I shall meet you again in a few days. Accept, dear madam, the acknowledgements of my gratefull heart for the many tender proofs I have received of your tender regard, and at the same time be assured I am sensible of ye honor you have conferd upon me in allowing me to be so long your guest; ye time I have spent at Bulstrode has pass'd too profitably and agreeably ever to be erased from the memory of your Grace's most affectionate,

Respectful, and grateful friend,

M. H.

18th Decbr. Thursday, 1783.

I got up early to pack up my papers, &c. Mrs. Astley came to assist me in dressing; Mrs. Delany came to me when my hair was doing, and staid a little time. *Dear* dear woman! She beg'd me not to hurry myself; I soon follow'd her upstairs. Mr. Keys was so obliging to come and said he wd take care to pack up my boxes of shells, &c. Went up to breakfast. Ys Dss sent a kind message by Mrs. Anne. I went out of ye room and gave her ye letter I had written to ye Duchess to tell her upon paper wt I would *not say*; return'd, and after breakfast Mr. Lightfoot, and Mrs. Delany, and I separated. I went to my room to see if all my things were ready; Mrs. Astley and Mrs. Delany's footman came and carried my things to be ready for ye chaise. Went to ye library; put up all the books I had taken out, &c. Mrs. D. came to me and took a most tender leave of me; she wept, and

said kind things y^t went to my heart. I went into ye Dss room to Mr. Lightfoot, and desired him to stay till ye next day at Bulstrode, wth he promised to do to keep company wth Mrs. Delany. As I was going along ye gallery again met dear Mrs. Delany; she walk'd wth me to ye end, and waited (till I ran into ye housekeeper's room) to take leave of her. I then again bid *Mrs. Delany adieu!* When I got into ye hall, ye butler and *Mr. Mackay*, ye cook, &c., were waiting to see me set out; Mr. Lightfoot came to ye chaise door to take leave of me. Mrs. Astley and I set out at 11; it was a fine morning, and we had a very pleasant drive; we pass'd a wedding, a burial, and an *air balloon*; Mrs. Astley told me many circumstances relative to her family, and particularly a sister of hers, who lives wth a Miss *Palmer*, their manner of living, &c., talk'd *of her* "dear and worthy mistress" (Mrs. Delany), talk'd of Mr. Dewes and Mrs. and Miss Port, &c., &c. We arrived in town ab^t ½ past two o'clock. I took leave of Mrs. Astley in ye chaise, she would not get out, and was welcom'd and rec^d by dearest Anna Maria with her usual tenderness and affection. We had much to say to each other after a separation of a month and 2 days. After dinner Wm Benn came to see how I did, told me about ye West India affair, &c. ½ past 11 wrote a letter to Mrs. Delany, but it was too late for ye post; wrote a letter and sent it to Mr. Dewes to inform him I had rec^d the *parcel of papers*; I found y^m arrived and safe in A. Maria's custody when I came home.

19th Dec^br. Friday 1783. Clarges Street.

Mrs. Walsingham came; was shewn up to my room; I went to her; she staid ¼ of an hour, press'd me to go

to her house in ye evening; she was to have an assemble; Sr Wm Hamilton, &c., to be there. I then went over to ye Veseys; saw Mr. and Mrs. Vesey; was soon sent for home; my uncle Frederick and Miss Gunning; Miss Gunning did not stay long, my uncle some time; Mrs. Boscawen came, and he left me. I made my uncle Frederick tell me ye news of ye day respecting politicks, and answer ye questions respecting ye late Prince of Wales, Lord Lytelton, &c., wch ye Dss bid me ask him; he did so and told me also an anecdote; all this I wrote and sent a long letter of scraps to ye Duchess, wth another to Mrs. Delany.

20th Decb^r^ 1783. Clarges Street.

My uncle Sr Wm Hamilton came at ½ past 11, and staid till 3 o'clock; he had a pain in his face. We talk'd over many interesting matters, and I shewed him some letters. Little Katherine Jackson came and was near an hour in ye room. He was vastly pleased with ye dear child, and play'd a good deal with her.

Miss Clayton (niece to ye late Mr. Clayton of Harleyford) came in to Lady Ring's at ye same time I did. We were some little time alone together. She seems to have a civil and gentle disposition, and is *very well bred.* Dined ½ past 4. Conversation turn'd upon Mrs. Leman's marriage with *Mr. Strode,* her intended finery for court; ye lady is 56; ye gentleman 41 or 42, &c., &c.; tattle and politicks of ye day.

At 7 my uncle W^m^'s carriage came for me, and I went home to receive Miss Gunning. Rec^d^ a letter from y^e^ Dss Dowg. of Portland and one written by *dear Mrs. Delany.* What a proof of her affection! for she cannot

see a letter she makes, and has not for months attempted to write a letter to any person whatever; y^e^ letter was a quarto sheet and $\frac{1}{2}$. $\frac{1}{4}$ before 8 Miss Gunning came; we had a comfortable tête-à-tête for an hour. At 9 o'clock my uncle Sr Wm Hamilton came; he had been at Lord Stormont's, had met there y^e^ French Ambassador, L^dy^ Jersey, y^e^ Paynes, &c. We talk'd of Italy, Russia, &c.; he went away half past 11 o'clock, and had prefer'd coming to me to *going to ye opera*. Miss Boscawen call'd to Miss Gunning.

Sunday 21st Decbr.

Lady Wake's coach came for me at half past 7. Sir W^m^ told me what the P. of Wales said to him ab^t^ me when he met him in ye House of Commons, &c.

Monday, 22d Decr., Clarges Street.

My uncle Frederick came and staid near 2 hours. Lady *Stormont* came; they talk'd of ye politicks of ye day; Lady S. was more animated and open upon the subject than usual. The K. was blamed for his want of *openess*, in short ye language of ye S. family was totally different to what I *had ever* heard it. Y^e^ P's conduct was praised. Mr. F. was *no longer* an obnoxious person! I will make no further mem., for it is *painfull* to dwell on the *power of interest* over ye human mind and heart! Lady S. told me that she met ye Prince of Wales last night at ye French ambassador's, y^t^ he enquired after me, and sent his comp^ts^ to me. He told her he sat next Sr Wm Wake at ye House of Commons, and that he had enquired after me of him, &c., &c., &c., and that he talk'd *politicks with her*. O, how times alter and things change!

Can I help making this exclamation when I recollect what I have heard him say formerly of ye S—— M —— and my uncle W^m^, and now *hear* what he *says to them?*

Rec^d^ letters from Lord Napier and Mr. Dewes.

Tuesday 23^d^ Decb^r^.

Mrs. Vesey came for me at 8 o'clock; we went to Lady Dartrey's, met there Lady Mountstewart;[1] she told us much of Turin and ye court there, &c., &c., talked of Savoy, and the water ye Wren. As I was going Mr. Antrobus call'd to me out of ye parlour. Master Dawson was there; wrote a note and sent it by Lady Dartrey's serv^t^ to enquire after Mrs. Delany; had an answer written by Mr. Bernard Dewes to say she was well and did not suffer by coming to town yesterday.

Rec^d^ an answer to my message sent by Wm Benns to ye Dss Dow^r^ of Portland, that she was pretty well, and hoped to see me to-morrow.

24th Decb^r^ 1783. Wednesday.

Dress'd with a hat for all day; my uncle Frederick came at ½ past 11; went in his coach to my aunt Dow^g^ Lady Warwick's; staid there till ½ past 1 o'clock. She was very kind to me, took me in her closet, shew'd me how she had arranged it since I saw her; all her *children's* drawings, &c.; shew'd me ye new case she had made for Lady Anne (ye late) Greville's sketch of herself; ye miniature picture drawn from it, &c. When we came away my uncle went wth me to Mrs. Delany's. As

[1] Charlotte Jane, eldest daughter and coheiress of Herbert-Windsor Hickman, 2nd and last Viscount Windsor, married, 12 Nov. 1766, John, Lord Mountstuart, eldest son of the Earl of Bute. Lord Mountstuart had been envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the Court at Turin from Aug. 1779 to 1783. In 1796 he was made Marquis of Bute.

we were going thither said much to me ab^{t} going to Court. He din'd yesterday at Lord Abercorn's: met there Mr. John James Hamilton, his heir, and my uncle W^{m}; found d^{rst} Mrs. Delany very well and in spirits; Mrs. Boscawen with her. Mrs. B. flew to shew me y^{e} *little fly* wch Mrs. D. had brought in a *little cage* from Bulstrode, &c., &c. Mrs. B. went away, and I staid ½ an hour. I promised to go to Mrs. Delany's in ye eve^{g}. My uncle brought me home. Y^{e} Dss Dow^{s} of Portland had sent to beg I w^{d} meet her in ye evening at Mrs. Delany's. An. Maria came to me and I shew'd her my pretty little *fly cage*, &c. When I was at Mrs. Delany's I ran into Mrs. Astley's room and spake to her for a moment. Din'd at home. At 7 ye Dss of Portland's coach came for me, and I went to Mrs. Delany. Found her and Mr. Bernard Dewes together; Mrs. Delany was charming well. I went into her bedchamber and spoke to Mrs. Astley ab^{t} her sister going to live with Mrs. Hamilton. Y^{e} Dss came at past 7 o'clock; we were mutually happy to meet again. Mr. Dewes went away for an hour and ½; we conversed upon different subjects. I left them at ½ past 9.

25th Decb^{r} 1783. Thursday.

Y^{e} day was so dark, snow, &c., that I did not go to church,—finish'd a long letter to Miss H. More.

26th Friday.

My uncle, Sr Wm Hamilton, came at 11 and staid till 12, and gave me his opinion of Miss Gunning. My uncle Frederick came soon after he was gone. Before 5 we went together to Mrs. Montagu's to dinner; met there Lord and Lady Grantham.

Decbr 27th, Saturday.

Dress'd in ye morning for all day. My aunt Lady Warwick came; was so good as to bring me the drawing she had promised me of ye late Lady Anne Grevill's.[1] At ½ past 7 ye Dss Dowg of Portland sent her chair for me. I went to Mrs. Delany's. Ye Dss made me many apologies for having forgot to order her coach for me. We sat and conversed comfortably together till ½ past 8, there being no other company. At ½ past 8 my uncle Sr Wm Hamilton came and staid till near 10 o'clock. We convers'd upon many agreeable subjects, ye arts chiefly. My uncle brought me home; he did not come in, as he was going to sup at Richmond House.

Sunday 28th Decbr.

At 4 o'clock had Mrs. Vesey's coach and went to dine at Mrs. Walsingham's; Mr. Walker (ye man that gives lectures) dined wth us. Mrs. Walsingham shew'd me, before dinner, ye color'd prints of the ornaments of ye gallery at Rome, ye Vatican, &c., &c. After dinner Mr. Walker told us where he had been in ye summer; told us of a curious character, a Mr. Langton, Freeman of Rugby in Warwickshire, a clergyman—his avarice, his thefts; he had had above 2,000 pr an.; told us ye circumstances of a murder of one Haram, a schoolmaster, &c., &c. Mrs. Walsingham and I came to Mrs. Vesey's at 8 o'clock; met there Mr. Walpole, Lady Mornington, Lady Ross, Mrs. Montagu, Mr. Montague, Miss Gregory, my uncle Sr Wm Hamilton. I had a good deal of conversation wth Mr. Walpole; I sent for my little *fly*

[1] Lady Anne Greville, youngest daughter of Francis, 1st Earl of Warwick, died in 1783.

cage made by dear Mrs. Delany, &c., &c. Mrs. Walsingham w^d set me down in her coach, tho' I had only to *run across.*

Monday 29th Dec^br. 1783.

Had breakfast upstairs, and dress'd for all day. My uncle Frederick came and sat ½ an hour; we conversed upon religious subjects. I gave him *Swift's* sermon on ye Trinity to take home, and le Bas Bleu.[1] At 5 my aunt Lady Warwick's coach came for me. I went there to dinner; Lady F. Harper[2] was there—G. A. Clarke. L^dy W. gave us a description of ye two Banniers, ye baths there, &c., &c.; ye people, stile of living; an account of her journey to ye mountains; Swiss Dr. *Shoumack,* his skill, &c., &c. Genl C. came at ½ past 8 to tea, told me many things relative to ye late Prince Charles of Austria (Brussels), his character, &c.

30th Dec. 1783, Tuesday.

Went down at ½ past 9 to breakfast; Miss Glover b^d with us. After dinner wrote cards to invite some very *young* friends to come to us on twelf day, next Tuesday. Y^e Veseys sent a message and Maria went to them. A. M. told me that she was for ½ an hour at Mr. Vesey's, y^t she heard there y^t Mr. Walpole had spoke much in my favour, and y^t he had talk'd of my quitting the Court in terms y^t did me credit.

Wednesday, 31st Decb^r. 1783.

At ½ past 1 ye Dss D^r of Portland's coach came for me, and I went to Mrs. Delany's; I did not get out; she

[1] The "Bas Bleu," written by Mrs. Hannah More.

[2] Lady Frances Elizabeth, second daughter of Francis, 1st Earl of Warwick, married Sir Henry Harpur, and died in 1825.

came to me, and we went to my uncle, Sr Wm H., at ye hotel King St^r, S. James's; ye Dss was already there, &c.; saw ye fine *vase*,[1] &c., &c., staid there till ½ past 3 o'clock, and ye Dss and I went home wth Mrs. Delany (Mrs. D. eyesight *so well again* that she saw ye vase, &c.) we din'd wth this dear woman, and after dinner ye Dss made her go to repose herself, and we remain'd below till she sent for us to coffee; ye Dss talk'd of (Mrs. Delany) "her excellent friend," &c. Ab^t tea-time Mr. and Mrs. Cole came in. He talk'd a great deal; I was as much amused as any one c^d be who was in great pain, for ye pain in my face was very bad. Came home in ye Dss's coach at ½ past 9.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

1st Jany. 1784.

Tell me how you do to-day, my dear Miss Hamilton. I hope your goodness to me yesterday did not add to your teazing complaint. The calm delightfull society of yesterday, *not* forgetting *the vase*, did me more good than freezing fingers can express. I am impatient for Saturday.

Ever yours,

M. D.

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[1] The celebrated Barberini vase brought from Italy by Sir William Hamilton, afterwards in the possession of the Duchess-Dowager of Portland; and bought at her sale for one thousand pounds by the Duke of Portland. It has been in the British Museum since 1810.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Most welcome you will be to your faithful friends in St. James's Place on Tuesday next; and the Dutchess D. of P. coach will come for you at 7 o'clock. My cold is better, it has been very troublesome—good night.

Ever yours,

M. D.

St. James Place, Sunday night, 12 o'clock, almost asleep.

Do you know in which vol. of Mr. Gilpin's books the Royal Oak was mentioned?[1] Send me word if you do.

MISS HAMILTON'S DIARY.

1st Jany 1784, Thursday.

I went to ye Dss Dow^s^ of Portland at ½ past 2. She made me write for her an answer to a letter she had from ye Queen, wch she *copied and sent.* I staid wth her till near 4. Mr. Cole came and staid near two hours. She follow'd me out of ye room, said how provok'd she was at his staying so long, &c., &c., had her coach and went to Mr. Jackson's; din'd there, Miss Clarkes there also. Medley screen for Mr. J. I spoke to Mr. J. about ye Glovers; he w^d^ not speak calmly about it, therefore I drop'd ye subject. When I came home, they were in bed; I went to bed soon. Mrs. Boscawen and my uncle Frederick had call'd.

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[1] The account of the oak in the New Forest, against which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced which killed William Rufus, is given by the Rev. William Gilpin, in "Remarks on Forest Scenery," vol. i. pp. 164—6, second edition, 1794.

2d Jany. 1784. Clarges Street.

The Dss of P. sent me a present of venison; I had her serv^d up to enquire after her, &c.; came down to Miss Clarkes, sat wth them till my uncle S^r W^m came, wch was at 9; then we went to Mrs. Montagu's, met there Lady Bute, L^dy L. Stewart, Lord Huntingdon, Mr. Walpole, Mr. and Mrs. Hoare, Mrs. Boscawen, a Mrs. Milward and another lady, a Mrs. Ch^s York, 2 Mr. and a Miss York, L^dy Bell Polworth,[1] Mr. Robinson, Mr. Montagu, Miss Gregory, Mon^r D'Ademar, ye French Ambassador, *and a Mr. York.*

I had much conversation w^th *Mr. Walpole*, Lord Huntingdon, L^dy L. Steward, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Gregory. Mrs. Walsingham, too, was there; my uncle brought me home a little past 11; told me he had din'd at ye D. of Northumberland's, and gave me a description of his fine room, &c.

3rd Jany. 1784, Saturday.

Dress'd in my habit, and about 12 walk'd to Mrs. Carter; found her very poorly with ye rheumatism in her back. I sat an hour with her. As I was going away Lady Dartrey and Lady Wake came in; they staid only a few minutes; they took me in ye coach; they were going to see Mrs. Wright's wax-work to amuse ye children; they set me down at St. James's Palace; sat half an hour wth Miss Tryon. I went to Miss Gunning, she was just return'd from my house, where she had

[1] Amabel, daughter of Philip, 2nd Earl of Hardwicke, married 16 July, 1772, Alexander, Lord Polwarth, who died in 1781. Lady Amabel became Baroness Lucas on the death of her mother, in 1779, and was created Countess de Grey, 5 Oct. 1816, and died in 1833.

been to visit me. I sat an hour wth her whilst she did her hair; walk'd home through ye park. Mrs. Chapone call'd for me in ye Dss Do^r^ of Portland's coach at ½ past 3. I was not ready, but I ran down wth my gown unpinned, my large cloak hiding all, therefore I was not guilty of ye rudeness of making Mrs. Chapone wait an instant. When we got to Mrs. Delany I ask'd leave to go into her room, and Mrs. Astley came and gave me some pins. Mrs. Delany came and told me she must contrive to speak to me after dinner, for she had a *secret message* to me from ye Dss Dr Portland. We went down to dinner a little past 4, sat below till 6; very agreable general conversation. When we came up Mrs. D. went to repose for ¼ of an hour. Mrs. Chapone and I look'd over some prints from ye antique, &c.; Mrs. C. spoke of dear Mrs. Delany, that she had known her a great many years, and that she improved, or had seem'd to improve, in *every human excellence, sensibility, and feeling* every year instead of growing *cold-hearted* wth age, &c., &c.

Mrs. D. came to us, and then under ye color of getting me to look for a book took me to her bed-room and told me what ye Dss wanted me to do, viz., to purchase y^e^ *V.* of my uncle W^m^, &c. I wrote a note to him to come to me, but he was out. Y^e^ Dss Dr Portland, ye Bishop of Exeter,[1] (Ross), and Sr Wm Musgrave[2] came to tea; my uncle, Sr Wm Hamilton also came; a very pleasant conversation. The note I had written to my uncle had

[1] Dr. John Ross, Bishop of Exeter from 1778 to 1792.

[2] Sir William Musgrave, Bart., a virtuoso and collector; he married Isabel, Countess-Dowager of Carlisle and daughter of William, Lord Byron.

come to *him* then, and he came to Mrs. Delany's without having rec^{d} my message, and had put off Mrs. Walsingham to meet me there. When Mrs. C., ye Bishop, and Sr Wm M. were gone I took him down to ye parlour under pretence of shewing him ye pictures, and then told him w^{ht} ye Dss wish'd ab^{t} ye vase; when we came upstairs again they talk'd upon ye subject. My uncle brought me home at 10 o'clock; he told me he w^{d} think upon w^{ht} ye Dss had said.

Sunday.

Heavy rain, did not go to church, dress'd for ye day, Anne Maria came and sat wth me in my room after we were both dress'd. Mrs. Turton and Miss Mosely came and made me a visit; A. M. staid ye whole time. A little after 3 went to ye Veseys; Mr. Vesey was just getting into his coach, therefore I did not go in, but accepted his offer of setting me down at Mr. Glover's, where I din'd and staid till 11 o'clock. Mr. Glover did not dine at home, but came to us at 8 o'clock; he read Pope's Windsor Forrest to me, &c., &c. After supper, when Miss Lanton and Miss Glover went upstairs he talk'd of ye late Prince of Wales, and of the Court, &c.

Monday, 5th Jany. 1784.

Lady Wake came for me; we call'd for Mrs. Carter, went to Lord Dartrey's to dinner; I staid till past 11; Lady Dartrey's birthday, she is, I believe, 43. After dinner Lady Wake's children came; we had a fiddle and danced, (I wth Mr. W.,) when ye children went to supper. I sat wth Mrs. Carter. They went away soon after 9, as did Mrs. Carter.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Monday night, 5th Janʸ. 1784.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

As I find you don't go to Whitehall to-morrow morning, can you bestow an hour upon me? If you can come by eleven o'clock let me know by the bearer, and the Dutchess of P's coach will call for you about that hour.

Yours affectionately,

M. D.

MISS HAMILTON'S DIARY.

Tuesday, 6th Janʸ. 1784.

Mrs. Delany sent yᵉ Dss of Portland's coach for me at 11. I went to Mrs. Delany's and sat with that dear woman till ½ past two; till 2 we were alone. She talk'd to me of Mr. Dewes, &c., of his mother (her sister), her death, her patience under a terrible disorder for 2 years; shew'd me and gave me shells, &c. At 2 Mrs. C. Hoare came, who talked of Mr. Bernard Dewes, and of a governess she had got for his children, &c. I like Mrs. Hoare, for she is a pleasing, sensible young woman, and seems unaffected. Din'd at home with Miss Clarkes, after dinner Miss A. Clarke practised country dances for yᵉ eveᵍ, and we were busy in arranging yᵉ rooms for *our* young people; they came at 7 o'clock and staid till a little after 10. I had Mr. Wake, Mr. Dawson, his cousin Vesey Dawson, Miss and Master Hamilton, Rᵈ Wake, Charlotte Wake, Miss Glover, two Miss Clarkes and myself; a very merry eveᵍ; drew for king and queen,

had 12th cake, &c., *danced*, play'd at forfeits, had a supper at ¼ past 9 o'clock, &c. We set up half an hour after our young friends left us.

The Dowager-Countess Gower to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 6th Jany, 84.

I thank dr Mrs Delany for all her kind wishes to me, and beg she'll believe I make a suitable return in thought, tho' I have not sent 'em, thinking letters troublesome to you; and I hear by ye Ds of Portland's porter (who is a very intelligent person) particularly how you and her Grace do, to whom I desire my best respects, and that ye new year may be productive of all happyness to you both.

I propos'd being in London a ffortnight ago, but loitering here, I know not why, till ye snow came, stop'd me, and such peircing cold is not often felt as came wth it. I being still a cripple, fear'd sitting in ye cold for five hours might cause pain. Ye weather being chang'd, I propose being in London ye midle of next week; when there's a general move, wagons, &c., must be humour'd. Think wth *pleasure* of ye *evenings* in *St. James's Place.*

I am much oblig'd by ye mention you make of Leveson. I feel neither *glad* nor *sorry*; from ye *instability* that seems to *influence ye whole*, one *can't* be affected *one way or other!* I'm pleas'd in one respect, that he's not attach'd to party (that is an *abject state indeed*), but brought in by one much his senr in his profession, for his attention and diligence in it, who told me he hop'd never

to go w^th^out him.[1] I have made this paragraph too long, but being convinced you wish him well, make no apology for so doing.

Adieu till I have ye hapiness of seeing you.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

7th Jan^y^, 1784.

Can you come *now?* as the Dutchess has sent her coach and can carry you back when you please.

M. D.

MISS HAMILTON'S DIARY.

Wednesday, 7th Jan^y^, 1784.

In ye morning had Sr R. Gunning, 2 Miss Humes, Sr Wm Hamilton, my uncle Frederick Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton. Mrs. Astley came to speak to Mrs. H. about her *sister*. At three they left me. Lord Dartrey came in for ¼ of an hour. A little before 4 my uncle W^m^ came again; he sat ¼ of an hour talking over ye VASE AND Y^E^ Dss. He went wth me to Dow^g^ Lady King's, where we dined en famille, and staid till ½ past 7, when ye Dss D. of Portland's coach came for me, when he put me into ye coach. I went to Mrs. Boscawen's; met there Lady Bute, Lady Clifford, her daughter, Miss Southwell, Mrs. and Miss Price, Lady Amherst, Lord Walsingham, &c., &c. Mrs. Leveson, Mrs. B. daughter, invited me to go to her on Saturday morn^g^, &c., I had ye Dss's coach, and went to Mrs. Delany's ½ past 9. Mr. and Mrs. Cole were there; they soon went, and then I had a conversa-

[1] Lady Gower alludes to her son's appointment as one of the Lords of the Admiralty.

tion wth ye Duchess ab^t^ ye VASE, &c. Left her and dear Mrs. D.; went to ye Veseys; met there Lady Spencer, Lord Lucan, Sr Joshua Reynolds, Sr Robt and 2 Miss Gunnings. They all soon went away, but Sr J. Reynolds and I staid to supper.

Thursday, 8th Jany. 1784.

Read some letters in R. E., wch we criticised; at 12 o'clock my uncle, Sr Wm Hamilton, came and staid till past 1 o'clock; we *settled ye matter ab^t^ ye vase*, &c., &c., y^t^ ye Dss D. of P. is to have. When he left me Mr. Hume came and staid ¼ of an hour. Told me he was going to Oxford, to be enter'd in y^t^ university. Lady Wake came for me to go to Mrs. Delany. Mrs. Boscawen came in before we came away. Lady Wake set me down at home. I found Mrs. Walsingham waiting for me in my room; she staid only a few minutes; came to invite me to dine with her next Tuesday, to meet Dr. Wharton, and also to remind me of dining with her on Sunday, to meet Miss Gunning. Before 4 ye Dss D^r^ of Portland's coach came for me. Mrs. Carter was in it, and we went to Mrs. Delany's to dinner, and found my *dear dear* Mrs. Delany vastly well. Miss Burney also dined with us. Mrs. Delany made me do ye honors of ye table. She sat with us sometime after dinner, and then left us for ½ of an hour to take her siesta. Mrs. Carter, Miss Burney, and I talk'd of Rousseau's Eloise. Mrs. Carter said that Rousseau was a much more dangerous writer than Voltaire, &c., &c. Mrs. Delany sent for us up at 6 for coffee, wch she made me pour out. (How vain I am of *every* little *mark* of her kind distinction.) Miss Gunning, Lady Dartmouth, ye Dss D^r^ of Portland

came to tea, when L^dy D. and Miss Gunning went away at 9. The Dss and I went into Mrs. Delany's bedroom, and I told her w^t Sr Wm Hamilton had said ab^t ye VASE and *antiques*, and *settled y^t matter:* Mrs. Carter, Miss Burney, and I went away at 10 in ye Dss's coach. We first set Mrs. C. down, and then I was set down, and Miss Burney parted from me.

Friday, 9th Jan^y, 1784. Clarges Street.

Read in R. E. whilst my hair was dressing. At 10 o'clock ye Dss D^r of Portland's coach came for me. I call'd upon my uncle W^m at ye hotel. I left a note from ye Dss for him; went to ye Dss; staid wth her till past 4 looking over fine gems, antiques, miniature pictures, &c., out of ye beautiful cabinet, the inside of wch was painted by Polemberg, &c., &c.; had ye Dss coach, and went to Sr Wm Wakes, where I din'd. He din'd at table, though he was *carried* into ye room by ye serv^ts.

Saturday, 10th Jan.

Got up before 8 o'clock. A. M. came and read to me till one o'clock in R. E. Mrs. Boscawen call'd for me; we went together to her daughter, Mrs. Leveson, who shew'd me a new botanical work; saw 3 of her boys, fine children. Lady Wake came, and we had a comfortable tête-à-tête till near 11. I shew'd her manuscripts, read letters, &c., and talk'd of dear dear Mrs. Delany.

Sunday, 11th Jan. 1784.

Mrs. Vesey call'd after church, and sat a little wth me. Miss Gunning came for me; we went together to Mrs. Walsingham's to dinner; met there Dr. Warton and Miss Burney; after dinner talk'd of Dr. Young. Mrs. W.

shew'd us a locket, in wch was enclosed a piece of King William's coat, wch was extracted out of a wound given by a comon bullet at ye battle of ye Boyne, wch Lord Coningsby got, &c., he being by his side at ye time. Also a ring, 3 rose diamosnd set straight, wch was y^e^ *great* first *Lord Coke's*; this motto in ye inside, "*O prepare;*" this ring, a horse, and ten pounds and a rapier, being all he set out in life with, &c., &c., &c. Miss Gunning went away at 7, Miss Burney soon after tea. I went up wth Miss Boyle to her room, and she shew'd me ye fan she has painted for Lord Shannon's daughter for her marriage. *Mrs. Duff was there; I spoke to her.* Mrs. W. and Miss B. were going to L^dy^ Juliana Penn's; they set Dr. Wharton and me down at Mrs. Delany's, where we met ye Dss Dow^r^ of Portland and Lady Bute, and we staid from 8 till 10, and pass'd ye time very pleasantly. Heard Lady Bute and ye Dss talk much of ye late Queen Caroline, her affectation of learning, &c. Lady B. told me that Lady Suffolk informed her y^t^ ye Queen's *cloaths* came only to 3000*l.* pr. an., and her coronation robes to 6000*l.*, and how she served Lady Suffolk ab^t^ ye jewels, &c.

Monday, 12th.

Mrs. Delany sent ye Dss's coach for me at 11 o'clock. I call'd in my way to her house upon my uncle W^m^. He came down to me, and talked with me for some time, and gave me a note he had written to speak to ye Dss ab^t^ ye vase, &c., &c. He told me Mr. Graham was with him, and that he was going to ye House of Commons wth him to hear ye debates. I then went to Mrs. Delany; found her charming well. I answer'd a letter for

her to Mr. Dewes, wch occasioned us much mirth, as I took ye liberty to answer it in a very saucy manner. I ask^d Mrs. Delany y^e *private* character of Lord Bute, wch she gave me. She spoke *much* of Lady Bute, and drew a *most favorable picture* of her mind and character. I look'd over shells, &c. Mrs. and Miss Beckingham came in. Came home at 2 o'clock; found Mrs. and Miss Hamilton waiting for me. Mrs. H. came to tell me my cousin Charles Cathcart's conduct in ye Indies, of ye credit he had gain'd, &c. Miss H. play'd and sang several songs. I read Bas Bleu; wrote to Lord Napier.[1]

Tuesday, 13th Jany, 1784.

I wrote notes, &c., to put Miss Burney and Mrs. Carter off from going to ye air balloon. Mr. Gumbleton of Ireland came at 3, and staid ½ an hour. He brought me comp^ts, &c., from his wife, *who was* a *Miss Hamilton* of Bath, &c. At ½ past 4 went to Mrs. Walsingham's to dinner; met there my uncle, Sr Wm H., Sr Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Warton, Mrs. Montagu, and Mr. Montagu her nephew, Miss Gregory, Dr. and Miss Burney, Mr. Pepys; a very agreeable dinner. I sat next to *Dr. Warton*. We sat long after dinner—till 8 o'clock—and S^r W^m entertain'd ye company wth anecdotes of ye Neapolitan Court, &c. I left most of ye company there, and went to Mrs. Boscawen's a little before 9. Met there 2 Mrs. Burrows, Mrs. Pepys (Mr. Pepys came in after), Mrs. Buller, Mrs. Leveson. Conversation was upon ye merits and demerits of Mrs. Siddons, &c. Mrs. Leveson and I staid after ye rest. She brought me home near 11 o'clock.

[1] Francis, 7th Baron Napier.

Wednesday, 14th Jany, 1783 (? 4).

Y^e^ Duchess of Portland sent her coach for me. Was wth her from ½ past 10 o'clock till past 4. We arranged a cabinet of agates, &c., &c.

Miss Burney[1] *to Mrs. Delany.*

St. Martin's Street,

Jan^ry^ 15th, 1784.

Miss Burney presents her best respects to Mrs. Delany, and is truly sorry it is out of her power to have the honour of waiting upon her to-morrow; but she has an appointment with Mrs. Ord to accompany her to the last rehearsal of a new opera, which begins at 12 o'clock, and will not be over till four. Miss B. is *extremely* obliged to Miss Hamilton for her very kind use of *secret influence*, and both grieved and mortified not to be able to benefit from it. She hopes Mrs. Delany will have the indulgence to admit her some day in next week, though she *dare* not hint at such a wish for *the Vase*, lest it should be impracticable.

[In Mrs. Astley's handwriting.]

"Mrs. Delany *depends* upon *Miss Hamilton* notwithstanding."

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[1] This note proves the formal and respectful terms in which Miss Burney addressed Mrs. Delany—the note must have been sent to Miss Hamilton, as it was with her Diary. It appears that Miss Hamilton had asked Mrs. Delany to receive Miss Burney with her, and that Miss Burney wanted also to see *the Vase*, which had then been purchased by the Duchess of Portland, but which Miss Burney says she "*dare not hint*" at, "*lest it should be impracticable.*"

MISS HAMILTON'S DIARY.

Thursday, 15th Jany, 1784.

Dress'd for all day. Mrs. Carter call'd, but I did not see her, as I was dressing, so she made her visit to Miss Clarke's at 1; had ye Dss Dr Portland's coach; went to Mrs. Delany for a few minutes; saw her well. Mr. *Bryant* came in as I was coming away; went to Miss Tryon; looking very ill; went to ye Dss of Portland's. My uncle Wm came at ye same time, and she shew'd him many of her fine things. He staid till ½ past three; they talk'd over and *settled* ye affair of *ye vase*. He left her ye Augustus, Mosaick ring, ye Hercules. I staid till past 4. Called for Mrs. Carter at Sir —— Middleton's; went together to ye Vesey's; a large meeting; my uncle Sr Wm came there. Miss Clarkes and I and Mr. Cambridge staid supper. We came home ½ past 12. Miss Gunning, whom I met this evening, told me ye P. of W., whom she saw to-day at Court, sent his compts to me.

Friday, 16th Jany, 1784.

Dress'd for all day. At 1 o'clock Mrs. Boscawen came to go to see ye vase; at ½ past 1, Lady Wake, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Warton, ye 2 Miss Clarkes. Mrs. Boscawen and myself set out; call'd for ye two Miss Gunnings at St. James's; went in Lady W. and Mrs. B.'s coaches. I took them to my uncle, Sr Wm Hamilton's, who had been so good as to allow me to bring my friends to see *ye Vase*. Mr. *Pepys*, whom I had promised, also joined us, and a Mr. Legge, a young clergyman, was there. My uncle was very obliging, and shew'd it them 2 by 2 at ye same time, and he gave me ye Jupiter, ye Benvenuto Cellini, &c., to show ym whilst he shew'd ye Vase. We left him

at ½ past two. Miss Gunnings and I went in Mrs. Boscawen's coach. She set y^m^ down at St. James's, and me at Mrs. Delany's. I found that dear woman very well and in spirits. She talk'd of my uncle W^m^, and I of ye Queen, &c.; went up to ye Dr. room at 6. I wish'd her to repose, but she did not but for a few minutes. I sorted and emptied drawers of shells for her; looked over a book of prints, and conversed. Lady Mary and Miss Hume, and ye Dss came ab^t^ 7 o'clock. Y^e^ Dss did not stay long; she went to Lady Weymouth, who came to town to-day. She call'd me out of ye room, and beg'd me *not* to go till she return'd. Lady Mary and Miss Hume staid some time; when they were gone Mrs. Boscawen came, and ye Dss came again ab^t^ ½ past 8 o'clock. We had a good laugh about my attacking Mrs. B. about ye paper *napkin* for *her work*. I staid till near 10. Y^e^ Dss shew'd us y^e^ *Augustus*, *Hercules*, and *Mosaick ring*. Mrs. Delany sent Miss A. C. some potted lamperns. Went to bed at 12. I sent to enquire after all ye ladies at ye Queen's house to-day.

RIDDLE,[1] BY DEAR MRS. DELANY.

My first is ye terror of timid and young,
My second disgraces the heart and ye tongue;
But when join'd together ye grave and ye wise
Are gain'd by my charms and allow me *a prize*.

PLANTS FOUND IN THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE, 1763.

1. Giant-throat Wort.
2. Shining Downfoot Cranesbill.
3. Great yellow Heartsease.
4. Climbing Fumitory.
5. Horn Moss.
6. Myrtle-leaved Cranberry.
7. Apple Rose.
8. Scarlet Cup Moss.

[1] *Sprightly.*

1766.

1. Knotted Parsley.
2. Purple and Yellow Heartsease.
3. Great Tufted Wood Vetch.
4. Brittle Fern.
5. Lancashire Ashphodel.
6. Mountain Averna.
7. Cloud Berries.
8. Bloody Crane's-bill.
9. Marsh Saxifrage.

The blue Iris is found about a mile from Bedford in the Woburn Road in the ditches, near the race ground.

Court Dewes, Esq., to Miss Hamilton.

Welsbourn, Jan. 18th, 1784.

Without meaning any disrespect to Mrs. Astley, I cannot tell how to be sorry, madam, that Mrs. Delany has followed his Majesties' example and *changed* her secretary, however my vanity may suffer by it, as I purchase ye pleasure of receiving ye new minister's despatches at ye expense of having my own looked into wth a very penetrating eye, tho' if I were disposed to defend a little inconsistency (w^ch^, as it looks like a remains of *youth,* I am half unwilling to explain away) I should not think it a very difficult task to do it. May you long continue to consider a cold as a serious distemper, and never be taught by woful experience that you are very well off when you have nothing worse to complain; I wish you no worse for your second charge than that I could give you a taste of the hurries of a Warwickshire Xmas; you would then be convinced y^t^ ye life I believe you lead, (I am sure that I lead in London) is tranquillity to them. It's to your last instance of inconsistency you will allow, when you look at the person to whom you are reading your letter, that the mind does not always grow old with

the body; when I am *so old* as to be *insensible* to the *beauties* of y^e^ *country* and the *approach of spring* I shall care very little what becomes of me! So much for my own inconsistencies. What will you say if I presume to think you are not entirely free from them, if you meant to alarm and keep me at home? You should criticise in a less agreeable manner, or I shall hardly be afraid of the criticism, or cease to wish to meet the critic. As I am unwilling to frighten you at your first entrance on your office with a load of business, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Delany so soon, I will not trouble you long on her account at present; I will only say how happy we all are that she continues so well thro' so severe a winter, and how much obliged to you for your kind assurance of it; that I expect my neice on Wednesday and shall set out on Thursday, and look forward with ye greatest pleasure in ye hope of dining in St. James's Place on Fryday; y^t^ I will not give her the trouble of taking lodgings for me, as I have engaged one at No. 20 Cecil Street, within two doors of my old one, wch will be ready for me when I come to town. All our circle are pretty well, y^e^ *dreadful colds* are almost gone. All join in best love and duty to Mrs. Delany. My brother Bernard begs to offer his best respects to yourself. If I go on much further you will say it is very *inconsistent* I should complain of hurry and teize you with so long a letter. In fact I am very apt to forget myself when I am conversing with you; but other calls will be heard, and allow me only time to add that I am, with great truth,

Madam, your most obliged

And obedient humble serv^t^,

COURT DEWES.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

22nd Jan., 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall be glad to see you for an hour on Monday, and for the whole afternoon on Wednesday, and hope to reward you for your goodness to me by treating you with our dear Dutchess, who, I thank God, is very well. Send me a dozen proposals of the *milk woman's*[1] or I shall lose some favourable opportunity. I have seen *a great deal* of the world since we met, I have been indeed but very indifferent, but am better, and if I see you well and in spirits I shall be still better. Going to bed, so good night.

Affectionately yours,

M. D.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Feb, 5th, 1784.

It is *an age* since I saw you, my dear Miss H. I am *famish'd.* When shall I see you and tell you

I am, faithfully, &c., &c.,

Yours,

M. D.

Will you this evening or to-morrow? or when you will?

Indorsed by Miss Hamilton—"Mrs. Delany's own dear handwriting."

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[1] Anne Yearsley, a milkwoman, born at Bristol about 1756. A volume of her writings was, under the auspices of Hannah More, published by subscription in 1785. Her principal publications were—"Poems on Various Subjects;" "Earl Godwin," a tragedy; and "The Royal Captives," a romance.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Friday, 13th Febry, 1784.

Have you engaged an equipage to bring you and Mrs. Carter here a little before 4? If you have the Dss Dr of Portland will take care of you home in the evening.—Tho' frozen *without* I am *inwardly* as warm as you can wish me to be.

Yours,
M. D.

Miss Port to Miss Hamilton.

Sunday, 22nd Febry, 1784.
Dss of P—'s Birthday.

DEAR MADAM,

My aunt desires I will tell you that she hopes you will come this evening to tea, or any time after 7 o'clock, for she thinks it an age since she had that *happiness*; and you will meet company that she thinks you will have no objection to see; and A. D. wishes for *no other addition*. And I am,

Dear madam,
Your much obliged, humble servant,
G. M. A. PORT.

Mrs. Astley to Miss Hamilton.

St. James' Place, Saturday noon.
March, 1784.

MADAM,

I can with pleasure inform you that Mrs. Delany is much *better* for *the loss of* a little blood, which Mr.

Young thought highly necessary; the Bishop of Winchester and his lady are now with her; but she has sent word out that she will be most happy to see Miss Hamilton, to-morrow evening, and will settle with the Dutchess of Portland about her coach this.—I am, madam, with all due respect, your much

Obliged humble servant,

A. ASTLEY.

The following lines were written by Mrs. Delany, and probably addressed to her niece[1]—

ON THE FIRST OF APRIL, 1784.

Now the *Season of Folly* is past
Let reason possess y^r^ sweet mind,
And point out those joys that will last,
Of knowledge and pleasures refin'd.

The following lines were also written by Mrs. Delany, to amuse her little niece—

Allons, Ma'amselle, votre reverence,
Hold yourself straight—mind time when you dance,
Sink gracefully—and *bound* with *ease*;
(*No affectation, if you please*;)
The polish of the person, and the mind
Is gentleness, with spirit join'd.
Your task perform'd—then curts'y low,
And Mr. French will say—Bravo!
Your busyness done, and you at ease
To take your game at spilakees;
May conquest crown y^r^ dext'rous touch!
I never can express how much
I wish you *every grace* and *Prize*
That can endear you to the good and wise.

M. D., in ye 85th y^r^ of her age.

[1] Then between 12 and 13 years old. Mrs. Delany used to say that all the seeds of *good* and *evil* were sown before twelve years old, and that according to the impressions received during these years would materially depend the character in after life.

The following letter has neither date nor signature, but is evidently from the Duchess of Portland, and must have been written before 10th April, 1784, on which day Lady Mansfield died.

My dear Miss Port,

I have just had a most melancholy account of dear Lady Mansfield's[1] health; she was seized yesterday morning. I fear there is little or no hopes, and must beg you will break this melancholy news in the tenderest manner to your dear aunt, who I know will share in my affliction.

Lady Andover sends word she will wait on Mrs. Delany this evening; it is unlucky! for I am *only fit* to be with your dear aunt without other company; but it cannot be put off, and I will come. My best love to your dear aunt.

On the 1st of May in this year (1784), Mrs. Delany wrote as follows to Mrs. J. Dewes (born De la Bere)—

I shall have a very good opportunity of sending G. M. A. to Welsbourn with a safe guard—Mrs. Mary Astley. I do not care to part with my dear girl till after she has been at Miss Boyle's ball, which will be about the 24th of this month. I must soon set about a very disagreable work—removing china, pictures, and books in my drawing-room, to have it new-papered and whitewashed; and tho' I thank God I enjoy as much health as I can expect at my age, I am very soon sensible

[1] Elizabeth, Countess of Mansfield, daughter of Daniel, 6th Earl of Winchelsea, died 10th April, 1784.

of fatigue, and feel as if I cou'd not support another day of trouble—notwithstanding which I had the courage to obey their Majesties' commands in waiting on them at the Queen's house last night with the Duchess of Portland. It was quieter than one of my own drawing-rooms; nobody there but the King and Queen, the 5 princesses, and Lady Charlotte Finch. It was next to the music-room, where we had a *very fine* concert. I feel myself very languid to-day, but not otherwise the worse for the honour conferred upon me. G. M. A. spends the day at Mrs. Andrew Foley's to meet the young Mordants. Lady Waldegrave died suddenly a few days since.[1]

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place.
Sunday, 9th May, 1784.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

It is an age, since we have meet. I hope you will come soon and give an account of yourself. I have been put into a little hurry by the agreeable surprise of Mrs. Sandford's arrival last Wednesday. The heat makes me good for nothing, did not my esteem for you stamp some merit on your affectionate

Friend,
M. D.

I have fretted at your and Mrs. Carter's calling here in vain. I sent my young emissary after you the next day, but you were fled.

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[1] Elizabeth, fifth daughter of John, Earl Gower, married, in 1751, John 3rd Earl Waldegrave. The Countess of Waldegrave died 28th April, 1784.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

23rd May, 1784.

I hope you are out of town, as you had better be there, (if I do not see you.) *The weather* is so *hot*, that I cannot send my usual messenger to you, and I *will* suppose *that* has hindered your tripping over here. Let me know how you do, and believe me,

Faithfully yours, &c.,

M. DELANY.

P. S. Will you come to drink tea with me this evening? Do you go to Mrs. Walsingham to-morrow?

Were you flirting at the P. of W—'s breakfast? Were you hopping at Mr. C—'s ball?

Mrs. T. compliments, Mr. T. is "gone over the hills and far away."

[Added by Miss Port—the same letter.]

MY DEAR MADAM,

'Tis an age, since I have seen you, and my aunt pines after you. She has dictated this note to me so by bits and scraps, that it is quite a riddle.

G. M. A. PORT.

Miss Port to Miss Hamilton.

24th May, 1784.

DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

A. D. desires to know how you do to-day. She is better for the rain, begs you will say exactly what you would have her say to the Dss D. of P. about *Westminster Abbey*.

Adieu, ever your obliged,

G. M. A. PORT.

Miss Port to Miss Hamilton.

26th May, 1784.

MY DR MADAM,

A. D. is pretty well; thanks you a thousand times for your kind enquiries. She *has been* at the Abbey to-day; much charmed, begs best love to you. The Dr Dss is pretty well, but did *not* go to-day.

Ever yours,

G. M. A. PORT.

A series of performances, in commemoration of Handel, were given in the year 1784. The first took place at Westminster Abbey, Wednesday, May 26, 1784. The second performance was in the Pantheon, the others in the Abbey. A sum of £6000 was given from the proceeds to the Fund for Decayed Musicians, and £1000 to the Westminster Hospital.

Miss Port to Mrs. Anne Vincy.

St. J. Place, May 28th, 1784.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I was much concerned to find by a letter I received from Ilam, that you were kind eno' to express some sort of mortification, from not hearing from me.

You know, my d^r^ madam, that the 25th is *my* d^r^ A. D's birthday,[1] upon which day the Dutchess Dow^r^ of Portland, the Bishops of Worcester and Exeter, Mr. Fred^k^ Montagu, and Mr. Bryant dine with her, and spend the evening, but just before dinner-time there was a tap at the door, and who should enter, but Lady Weymouth just come from their Majestys to desire Mrs.

[1] 25th May, *new style*.

Delany's company at 8 o'clock, and to spend the rest of the evening, so all our design for *the evening* was frustrated. At 8 o'clock she and the Duchess of P. went, and when they had been there a little time the Queen told Lady Weymouth to tye a string round my A. D's neck, and at the end of the string was the King's picture set in gold and diamonds, and the Q—n beg'd Mrs. Delany to accept it. I cannot avoid beging leave to congratulate you on the marriage of Miss E. Viney.

I remain, d^r^ madam,

Your obliged,

G. M. A. PORT.

Miss Burney to Miss Hamilton.

30th May, 1784.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

The increasing illness of a friend who has long been sick, had made me, among other things, give up even Hampton for Monday; and my father settled to go himself with Mrs. Ord, not presuming to hope for the honour of your company *tête-à-tête*. But I have just now had intelligence that my suffering friend, who lives in the country, is somewhat better. I will not, therefore, refuse myself to-morrow's regale. But *may* I, dear Miss Hamilton, *beg a hint* how *you* go,—whether with Mrs. Vesey, and whether the 4th place in her coach is yet unoccupied? If it is, I shall apply to her to have the goodness to make me one in her party.

Pray pardon this trouble, and believe me, dear Miss Hamilton,

Your, &c. &c.

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa,
Sunday evening, June, 1784.

I was thinking all day yesterday how I shou'd like to know that my dear Mrs. Delany was quite well at Bulstrode, for then I shou'd be sure she was happy, and yet. I had neglected to ask her to send me a line from thence! In the evening my son arriv'd, and brought me in y^r letter a kind and welcome information of all I wanted to know, for my dear friend never forgets. The weather I think you have bespoke, for your foe Apollo keeps his distance, and seems as far from us as he is wont to be in October. I came hither last Wensday evening; I have lighted up my billets, and enjoy'd a crackling fire. To-day Mr. and Mrs. Cole arriv'd by appointment to breakfast, and went with my son and I to church; afterwards we visited Mrs. Williams. We found it very cold in our walks, but these northern regions are, I believe, many degrees more so than Bulstrode. Mrs. Leveson spent the day here on Friday, and next morning repair'd to Bill Hill, where she hopes for the pleasure of your company when the Duchess goes to Margate; my little bower, too, will lay in its claim, if I am here. Your turbulent *nephew* Sir Francis Basset[1] has fail'd in his first petition, and our friend Mr. Hawkins of Trevethen is declar'd duly elected for Mitchell,[2] in preference to Mr.

[1] Francis Basset, of Tehidy, Esq., in Cornwall, was created a Baronet, 24th Nov., 1779, and advanced to the Peerage as Baron de Dunstanville, 17th June, 1796. He died 5th Feb. 1835.

[2] "*Duly elected for Mitchell.*"—On the 11th June, 1784, Christopher Hawkins was found duly elected for the borough of St. Michael's, Cornwall. Roger Wilbraham not duly elected.

Roger Wilbraham, one of Sr Francis's *moveable candidates*, for he set him up at Truro too, and has presented a petition *there too*, and *another* at Tregony, where our friends had a majority of 21! I hope Sir Francis will continue to have the same success as he has had in this first attempt, wch was decided in Parliament last night, and my son brought me the agreeable news. Other I know not, unless it be true that Miss Jemina Yorke is to marry Mr. Pole Carew[1] of Anthony in Cornwall. He is a very accomplish'd young man, and, therefore, likely to recommend himself to Mr. Yorke's favours, as well as the young lady's, but his estate not large, I believe. Adieu, my dear friend, (my pen is very bad,) but I am, as you know, most

Faithfully yours,

F. B.

I beg my respects to the Duchess.

Extracts from a letter of Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Frances Hamilton.

Bulstrode, June 22nd, 1784.

According to your kind wishes, my dear friend, I answer your last letter from Bulstrode. The Duchess D. of Portland came here a fortnight ago, but it was not in my power to attend her last Wednesday; my dear child[2] could not conveniently go home till that time, and Mrs. Sandford[3] being in town made me unwilling to lose

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[1] The first wife of the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew was Jemima, only daughter and heiress of the Hon. John Yorke, fourth son of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke. The marriage took place Nov. 18th, 1784.

[2] Miss Port, of Ilam.

[3] Mrs. Sandford (Sarah Chapone), sister-in-law to Hester Mulso (Mrs. Chapone, the well-known authoress), and mother of the late Dr. Daniel Sandford, Bishop of Edinburgh.

their company. Our dear and valuable Mrs. Sandford, always the same delightful friend and ever sincerely attached to you, I think is tolerably well in health. Her noble spirit is trying her utmost efforts for the sake of her sons, and struggling hard with her delicate constitution, but I think it maintains its ground beyond what we could expect. Her two eldest sons[1] are at Oxford; her third son on the seas, towards Newfoundland; all going on to her heart's content, and much in favour with their preceptors. Her son William is to pursue law; and Mrs. Sandford is now in London in order to place him there to the best advantage. As you are so kind as to enquire particularly after my dear girl (no longer *little*) I can with pleasure tell you that she is in perfect good health; *sensible, pleasing, quick of apprehension,* very good-humoured, and well-disposed. With these qualities you may be sure she has been a very agreeable companion to me; but her dear mother has too strong a claim to *a share* in her company for me to *entirely* engross her. The Veseys, I believe, will remain in England another year: but I cannot give a very good account of their health. Mr. and Mrs. Vesey and Mrs. Hancock are in a very declining way; but still have spirit enough to engage in the tumult of assemblies, or at least in large parties of company. Poor Mrs. Vesey is so deaf that when she is in company she carries her stool and cushion from one end of the room to the other, to be near those that are engaged in conversation. I thank God my own health is such as I ought to be very thankful for, feeling *very gently* the decay of nature! I

[1] John, who succeeded to his father's estate, and Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

am always happy to hear of the health and happiness of my friends in Ireland, and feel that gratitude towards them which they so highly merit. Now, according to my usual custom, I must give you an account of my past life and actions regarding royal favours. As soon as the *bitterness* of winter was over I received the King and Queen's commands to attend the Duchess of Portland to the Queen's House at eight o'clock in the evening; there was no company there but the five princesses and Lady Charlotte Finch. There was a concert of music in the next room, which (the door being open) we heard in a very agreeable manner. The King walked backwards and forwards between the rooms; had a great deal of conversation with the Duchess of Portland; and did me the honour of sharing it with me sometimes. We had much talk, particularly about music; and his Majesty condescended to order those pieces of music to be played that he called my favourites. The Duchess of Portland sat on the Queen's right hand, and I on her left. Her Majesty talked to me a great deal about books, and *especially* about those *on religion*, and recommended to me an explanation of the four Evangelists, translated from the German; and the next morning she sent me a present of the work in three volumes.

The old 14th of May (which my dear and valuable friends in Ireland *so often* made a day of delight to me) is not quite laid aside; my young niece takes upon herself every year, on its return, to invite a select set of company, not exceeding six persons, to dine with me, but on the last a summons was sent to me from their Majesties, that, "as they were informed it was my birthday they *must see me*." Nobody there but the Royal

Family, Lady Charlotte Finch; and Lady Weymouth, who was the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting. It does not become me to say the gracious, kind, and flattering manner with which they received me. The Queen ordered Lady Weymouth to tie about my neck a small medallion of the King, set round with brilliants; but the resemblance, which is very great, and the gracious manner in which it was done, makes it *invaluable.* I cannot enter into a long detail of the commemoration of Handel, performed in Westminster Abbey: the effect was wonderful, and I had the courage (having a very easy opportunity of going into the Abbey) of hearing it *four* times. Yesterday morning their Majesties, accompanied only by Lady Louisa Clayton, breakfasted here.

M. DELANY.

Miss Burney to Miss Hamilton.

Norbury Park, July 10th, 1784.

I can by no means bear to wait so long as till next winter before I entreat my dear Miss Hamilton's pardon for my apparent neglect of all her kindness during the last month of my stay in town; but as she knew the uneasiness which dampt all my pleasure, even in the charming party at Hampton, I hope when she hears that the fatal termination[1] of that suspence made me wish for nothing but to hasten into the country to recruit both my health and spirits, she will forgive my silence, omissions, and various misdemeanours, and

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[1] "*The fatal termination*" possibly alludes to Mrs. Thrale's marriage to Mr. Piozzi.

receive next winter with her wonted good humour, *and agreeable smiles,*

Her obliged, humble servant,

F. BURNEY.

If Mrs. Vesey is still in town may I beg you to present my best respects to her; and may I entreat you to have the goodness to tell both her and Mr. and Mrs. Pepys when you see them, that nothing but a string of the most uncomfortable circumstances should have prevented my waiting upon them before I left town.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

25th July, 1784.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON,

I feel I must go to London to-morrow, my spirits wont bear another desolate day in this house; but I wish you cou'd bestow an hour upon me to-morrow morning should the day prove fair, as I don't propose going before 5 o'clock. Our dear friend is *just gone!* Believe me

Most affectionately yours,

M. D.

I spend this afternoon with Mrs. Sandford.

The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Margate, July 31st, 1784.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I am truly grieved to hear you have been ill, but depend upon your assuring me you are much better, I think you were in the right to go to town; *but is not*

the *smell* of the paint *disagreable* to you? And *why* wou'd you not go to Whitehall? which *you know*, my dearest friend, was at your service. I am very glad you were to be with Mrs. Sandford the next day, as it will make you both happy. I troubled her with a letter in regard to Ramsgate and this place. Lord and Lady Willoughby left us yesterday; which I am sorry for, as she is very agreeable. Mr. John York likewise leaves this place next week. I spent a very pleasant evening with them last night. Mr. Swainson will be a good acquisition; he shot three or four birds for me yesterday, and is gone out to-day trawling, or I shou'd have gone to have seen his collection. And he has introduced a friseur, not for the purpose of curling my hair, but of *stuffing birds*, who is quite a *curioso*; and collects medals and all sorts of things. I have a charming horned owl sitting by me that I have purchased of him.

I am sorry you have had so much rain; we have had some, but it clears in the evening; and now I have made all my visits I shall indulge myself in taking the air. I hope my dear friend has had good accounts from Ilam, Calwich, and Welsbourn. My good wishes attend them. Kind compt[s] to Mrs. Sandford and Miss Hamilton. I am pure well, and ever my dearest friend's

Most affectionate

M. C. PORTLAND.

My dearest friend will indulge me with a line; I shall not be easy till I hear again from you. *Heaven preserve you!* and let me entreat you to take care of your health, *so precious* to all that are dear to you.

The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Margate, Aug. 14th, 1784.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I am quite unhappy not having a letter from you these three days; my apprehensions suggest you are not well; God forbid that shou'd be the case. Vesey tells me you were well when she came from London, but I suspect she had not seen you for some days; in short, my dearest friend, you see the effect of your kind indulgence, and I presume too much upon it; I am afraid it is being very unreasonable. Oh *how glad* I am with the thought that the time approaches for our meeting; and that I have *only a week* and a *few days more* to stay here! My health is so good, and the air has agreed with me better than usual from the cool weather. Just as I finished the other side came in Lady Mary Hume and her sick daughter, and she has stay'd till my dinner is coming up. On Monday I am to have a turtle dinner (only think of it). For Mr. Vesey,—he goes on as usual. I have not seen Mrs. Hancock yet; but Mrs. Vesey sat with me last night, as Lady Charlotte has told her I don't visit in the evening after my airing. I have had a most obliging and kind congrat^{n} from the Dow^{r} Lady Aylesford. Have you heard from Mr. Dewes from Buxton? I hope he is very well. I am very much surprised at Mrs. Sandford's going to Tunbridge. I thought the *sea* air and bathing had been necessary; but perhaps her son likes Tunbridge better? It is so hot. Oh for a closet of ten foot square *to the north*. How does Miss Hamilton? *When* is she to be married? I shou'd have scribbled to her, but I am tired of that

employment, and I have nothing to tell her that cou'd amuse her. My best compt^ts^ to Mrs. Sandford. I hope you have good accounts from Ilam, Calwich, &c. And, my dearest friend, *take care of yourself* and *do* write to me—as you love

Your most affectionate
M. C. PORTLAND.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

17th Aug., 1784.

I was fretting and fuming that I had put off our party to Sherwood this fine cool morning when your message came to quiet my spirits, and reconcile me to the disappointment—as I find I *could not* have had your company. I am very glad Sir Willm Hamilton[1] is come to town—I hope in perfect health and spirits. I shall be happy to see you both as soon as you can bestow that pleasure on your

Most affectionate and obliged
M. D.

P.S. Let me have a flying moment of you as soon as you can.

St. James's Place. Tuesday morning.

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1. The Rt. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, Envoy Extraordinary to Naples from 1764 to 1800.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

18th Aug., 1784.

I shall be quite happy to see you and Sir Willm Hamilton at half an hour after eleven, according to your appointment. I am pretty well. The Dutchess very well. The day not fix'd for her coming. Lady Bute is just coming in, or I wou'd say more.

Yours,

M. D.

23rd Aug., 1784.

If you are returned safe from your expedition, when shall I see you? M. D.

I will call on you at 6 o'clock this evening by returning an airing.

The Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany.

Margate, Aug. 20th, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A thousand thousand thanks: your dear letter has relieved me from great anxiety. It was very unreasonable, but I could not help fearing you were not well; indeed, you have made me quite happy. This letter can't go till Sunday, but I must tell my dearest friend, how comfortable and easy I feel since I received yours! and how very much I long to see you. Thank God! it is not far off, and next Tuesday I hope nothing will prevent my leaving this place. Besides wishing to be at home for various reasons, this weather is so tempestuous, the roaring of the sea and the *weighing of the anchors* is *melancholy* beyond description; we have had nothing

but rain, and expecting the house to be blown down since Monday last! Mrs. Vesey is very good to come to me in an evening. Mr. Cambridge[1] said he wou'd call on you. I have got a new acquaintance, Miss Harris; she is a very agreable woman, I think you wou'd like her. What will you think of me? sitting by a fire from the 18th of August, and find[s] it very comfortable; it is the *only* chearfull thing *here. I read the newspapers constantly,* only think how much I am at a loss to spend my time! If I had imagined this weather wou'd have continued, I shou'd have set off last week. In short, I will say no more, for I can think of nothing but *quitting this place,* which I most *impatiently long for!* Everybody is gone but charming Lady Mary Hume. My dear Mrs. Anne has sent me a kind of zebra from Lady Mills.

I am very glad Lady Jerningham is so happy to have the Chevalier, and that the venison came *à propos.*

I approve of Miss Hamilton exerting her authority, and *not letting* you go to Kenwood. My best love, and thanks. Mrs. Vesey sends her love. I am very glad you have had the comfort and pleasure of Mrs. Sandford's company, and rejoice she did not come here in all this bad weather; my affectionate comp[ts] attend her, and good wishes to all her family. I am very sorry Mr. John Dewes is not as well as you cou'd wish, but hope he will still find benefit from Buxton. I rejoyce Ilam, &c., are well. I am, my dearest friend,

Your most affectionate,

M. C. PORTLAND.

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[1] Richard Owen Cambridge, a wit, and writer of the burlesque poem called "The Scribleriad," as well as some papers in "The World." He died at Twickenham in 1802.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 7th Sept., 1784.

Pretty young gentlemen you entertain, my dear friend, and very kind you are to them, and very *good news* you announc'd to them; *they knew not* a word of the arrival of a brother (William[1]) till you told them. I hear you look very well. We have at last delightfull weather, and I shou'd grudge spending it in London, on a less pleasant account; indeed I came but yesterday, and shall return to-morrow or next day. Meantime Mrs. Leveson is arrived to see her sister, and I thought to have ran away with her, to see how the magnolia blows at Glan Villa, believing Mr. Leveson was going on an Admiralty survey to the ports. But no such thing; so all my scheme is disappointed. She tells me Lady Gower is very well, and meditates a morning visit to Bulstrode; if it should take place soon after you receive this, *say not a word of this rumour,* for her ladyship don't love *praters!*

I think this *secret,* if it be one, cannot reach you till Thursday, for I got the frank for the wrong day. *Don't you hate this long manuscript* by way of a direction? My son us'd to have the honour to be franker to your ladyship, and *now 'tis all waste paper!* and *that paper tax'd.* To say the truth I *do particularly dislike* Mr. Pitt's taxes;[2]

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[1] William George Henry, seventh son of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, was born Sept. 2nd, 1784.

[2] On the 23rd July, 1784, the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Mr. Pitt), in a Committee of Ways and Means, proposed several alterations in the taxes: the 1st was an increase in the postage of letters; the 2nd a regulation respecting franking letters, a privilege which had been much abused, and

I don't think he has a good assortment, and calling them "*commutation*" does not mend the matter! I know no news, as you may believe when I am reduc'd to criticizing the *premier*. I can, if you please, transcribe you a paragraph of y^r^ favourite Miss Sayers' letter from Tunbridge, "I went with Lady Dartrey to a very pleasant breakfast Mr. Sheridan[1] gave; I had the honour to sit next to Lord Mansfield, and to make his tea, which I delighted in, because I had an opportunity of hearing his conversation, which was as lively and as pleasant as possible; indeed, his recovery seems most perfect. After breakfast Mr. Sheridan read passages out of Milton, and Dryden's ode, and Gray's elegy," &c. &c. So far Miss Sayers, who is also the better for Tunbridge; her physician is Dr. Bowdler.[2] It was old Sheridan, you see (by the reading,) and perhaps he receives money for these breakfasts, while his son *en-senateur* compiles game laws, which makes all our squires *enrager*, for they vow it is for the *encouragement of poachers!* Adieu, my dear friend. The Duchess of Beaufort charg'd me to return you her best thanks. She is out of her chamber, and as well, I thank God, as anybody can be that must submit a little to resemble a mummy in this weather.

F. B.

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which he proposed should be *dated both as to time and place;* the 3rd was a duty on licences to kill game; and 4th, duty on gold and silver plate brought to be assayed.

[1] Thomas Sheridan, the actor and lecturer on elocution. He died in 1788. He was the son of Dr. Sheridan, the friend of Dean Swift, and the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

[2] Dr. Bowdler, author of "The Family Shakspeare," and brother to Mrs. Harriet and Mrs. Frances Bowdler.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street. Tuesday evening, 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Having had a conference yesterday with Molly Butcher, I drew out of her that you had been unwell, and had been let blood. I might perhaps have heard better news if I had been lucky enough to have avail'd myself of a kind visit Mr. Dewes made me this morning; but I was gone to see Mrs. Leveson's infantry, who arriv'd yesterday. Therefore, my dear madam, you will not wonder if I petition Mrs. Astley to write to me once within a day or two to tell me whether you are perfectly recover'd—even according to my earnest wishes. My daughters are both with me, and so are my grandsons. I have set them to cribbage while I write, and I interrupt them to ask for news. The ladies answer that they beg their best respects to the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Delany; but they do not proceed to tell me news. You know, I suppose, that Lady Dow^r Carlisle[1] has been come to England some time since, and resided at first with her daughter, Lady Anne,[2] but has now taken a house in Lower Brook Street. The House of Commons sat till ½ past 4 this morning; and Mr. Fox's bill was carried by a majority of 114.[3] It comes on in the House of Lords ye 9th; and it is said his Royal Highness intends to give his first vote upon this great question; but whether this is true I cannot answer. Lord Carlisle[4] has wrote a

[1] Isabella, daughter of William, 4th Lord Byron, second wife and widow of Henry Howard, 4th Earl of Carlisle.

[2] Lady Anne Howard appears, by Burke's Peerage of 1859, to have died unmarried.

[3] Mr. Fox's.

[4] Frederic Howard, Earl of Carlisle, published, in 1783, "The Father's

tragedy entitled The Father's Revenge, upon the old story in Dryden's Fables of Sigismunda. I did not hear that it was to be acted. Mrs. Siddons is ill, and gone into the country till she recovers. Mrs. Walsingham I have seen; she and her daughter in very good health; her son is in Ireland. My dear madam, I hear so much of "*fifteen two*" that I don't know what I write, and you must excuse all faults. You will be pleas'd to tell her Grace that Paoli was in such raptures at the idea of the thriving family, that he presently convey'd all their posterity to Wales and Cornwall, and peopled *in imagination* the mountains of both with mouflons.[1]

I hope the Duchess has receiv'd Mr. Jenyn's Disquisitions,[2] wch I left myself with the porter at Whitehall. My best respects wait on her Grace, and kind compliments to Miss Hamilton.

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street. 22nd Sept., 1784.

I return you many thanks, my dear friend, for your kind remembrance of me. Mrs. Leveson and I remain here to gossip, for else our dear convalescente wou'd be left entirely to her book, since there is *nobody*

Revenge," a tragedy, and other poems. He also wrote "The Step-Mother," a tragedy. The Earl of Carlisle married, in 1770, Margaret Caroline, daughter of Granville Leveson Gower, 1st Marquis of Stafford.

[1] The "mouflon," mentioned by Mrs. Boscawen in a former letter, dated June 11, 1779, as "Madame Mouflon," appears to have been the Capra Ammon of Linnæus; [the Musmon, a goat-like sheep which inhabits the Tartarian deserts, and the wildest parts of Corsica, Greece and Sardinia.

[2] Disquisitions on several subjects, by Soame Jenyns, born in London, 1703-4, died 1787; was published in 1782.

in town of her acquaintance. The Duchess Dow^r of Beaufort is at Tunbridge for her health. Mrs. Leveson means to return in a few days to Bill Hill. Mr. Leveson is at Portsmouth with Lord Howe.

Yesterday arrived safe from France my good friends Lord and Lady Mount Edgecumbe, intending to pay their duty at St. James's to-day, their Majesties' Coronation day; but I doubt if my poor lady can go, for I think she is very unwell, and looks sadly. I was with her last night, as were Lady Harcourt and Lady Cadogan.[1] Lady Mt Edgecumbe observ'd how little probability there was when she left England that at her return she shou'd be presented to her Majesty by her friend Lady Harcourt, and apropos of nouveaux convertis; I hear your friend Mr. Mason is a *very dutiful* admirer of his Majesty, so I *think* he *will again* be your guest,[2] my dear madam, on a certain auspicious day next year, and meet a worthy prelate at your table. This will be *quite a restoration*, and I am glad of it; I only wish it had happen'd sooner!

I am glad you have had the pleasure of so ingenious, so agreeable a companion as Miss Jennings; for her sake as for yours 'twas a pity you parted so soon.

F. Boscawen.

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[1] Mary, daughter of Charles Churchill, Esq., second wife of Charles Sloane Cadogan, 1st Earl Cadogan, from whom she was divorced in 1796.

[2] This alludes to the political sentiments expressed by Mason the poet, which had very much shocked Mrs. Delany.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 18th Oct., 1784.

I do believe my dear friend will think anything of me rather than that I am insensible to her kind remembrance, or ungratefull for it. Certainly I am not; but I have been sick, very sick, and very suddenly so while it lasted (for now, I thank God, I am entirely well again, but,) this day se'enight, coming down to breakfast in perfect health, and ordering my chaize to go and wait upon Miss Murrays, at Ken Wood, I was taken ill before I had began my breakfast, wch breakfast was postpon'd full eight-and-forty hours, and I had for the first time in my life a bilious disorder, w^ch^ *affronted* me very much, being so unus'd to ail anything. There is a good physician at Barnet, who was by no means so amaz'd at my being sick as I was, and who, by proper medicines and God's blessing, has restored me entirely to my usual health. And this, my dearest madam, is the true reason why I did not immediately thank you for the great pleasure you gave me by that pleasing sketch of Bullstrode; for to hear that the Duchess is well, and that you are so, and that you have society you like is very delightful to me at all times. Fine weather you have had; and I trust you tolerate Apollo in *October* at least? You take pleasant airings. Perhaps you walk. I am sure Miss Hamilton does, and culls many a *flower* (for I *durst not* call them *weeds*). I have not set my poor foot in my garden these 8 days; but I have been out in my chaize, and went to the gate at Ken Wood on Saturday to inquire after my lord's health (of wch I had very satisfactory accounts from Miss Sayer at Tunbridge)

and I learnt his lord^{p} was at Bulstrode, wch I was very glad to hear. All well at Bad^{n} and Bill Hill. Mrs. Leveson is remov'd to the Adm^{lty}[1] to *my great loss*, and there has *set up* her *lit de misère*, to wch she repairs the end of this month. I purpose to make her a visit, but not to settle in Lon^{n} quite so soon. My son and sposa[2] are very cheerfull in Cornwall, giving balls to their neighbours; while *y^{r} nephew Basset* is waging most *inveterate war* and *hostilities* at Truro. My son has *all the love* (they say), but then he (Sr F.) has *all the money*, la partie n'est pas egale! Miss Hamilton will read this bit of French for Mrs. Astley, and she will also read that I am much her *humble servant* and wellwisher on a *certain good occasion* wch I imagine is not far distant!

My best and most gratefull respects always attend the Duchess; and I am, with great truth,

My dearest friend, very affectionately,

Very faithfully yours,

F. Boscawen.

My paper is greasy, or surely I should write better.

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[1] The Hon. John Leveson Gower was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Jan. 28, 1783, and remained in office till April 8, 1783. He again returned Dec. 30, 1783, and remained till Aug. 12, 1789.

[2] George Evelyn, 3rd Viscount Falmouth (youngest and only surviving son of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen), married, in 1784, Elizabeth Anne, only daughter and heiress of John Crewe, Esq., of Bolesworth Castle, co. Chester.

Right Hon. Frederick Montagu to Mrs. Delany.

MY DEAR MADAM, Papplewick, Oct. 22nd, (Qy. 1784).

I want very much to know all the particulars of the royal visit at Nuneham, as I hear that *our poetical* friend *was there. Did he say grace?* Did he repeat verses? Did he read prayers? Or *what did he do?* If one was *wicked enough* an excellent account might be given of *what functions* he perform'd at Nuneham! Could not you get your friend Mr. Smelt to write it?

I have been in Yorkshire and at Melton with the Weddells. They admir'd that place as it deserv'd.

I entirely agree with you (against Burke) about air balloons. I am *tir'd* of reading about them in the papers, tho' I am out of the way of them; tho', indeed, if I could mount in one and breakfast with you at Bullstrode, and return to look at my building here before dinner, I might be reconciled to them.

I beg my respectfull comp[s] to the Dutchess of Portland, and am y[rs] most dutifully,

FRED. MONTAGU.

In Nov., 1784, King George III., who, with Queen Charlotte, had frequent communications and conversations with Mrs. Delany on the subject of Handel's music, expressed his wish that Mrs. Delany would procure from her nephew the catalogue of her late brother's (Mr. Granville) fine MS. collection of Handel's music, which had been written, under Handel's own inspection, by his amanuensis Smith for Mr. Granville, whose organ at Calwich was built by "Father Smith" under Handel's direction, and was played upon by Handel. The following letter was written to Mrs. Delany by Queen Charlotte, on returning the catalogue, inclosing one from the King on the same subject.

Letter from Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delany (written with her own hand).

I have the pleasure of returning dear Mrs. Delany the catalogue of Mr. Granville's collection of music, with a note from the King, which will sufficiently prove how much he is satisfied with the manner in which she has executed his commission. I avail myself with pleasure of this opportunity of assuring one of the worthiest of our sex of my sincere regard and esteem.

CHARLOTTE.

Windsor, the 7th Novbr, 1784.

I beg my compliments to the dear Dutchess of Portland, and hope to hear that she is as well as I wish her to be.

Letter from King George III. to Mrs. Delany (in his own handwriting).

Windsor, Nov. 7th, 1784.

The King is much pleased with the very correct manner in which Mrs. Delany has obligingly executed the commission of obtaining an exact catalogue of Mr. Granville's collection of Mr. Handel's music, and desires she will forward it to Dr. Burney; at the same time, as Mrs. Delany has communicated Mr. Granville's willingness of letting the King see those volls. that are not in the list of his original collection, he is desired at any convenient opportunity to let the following one's, be sent to town, and great care shall be taken that they shall be without damage return'd:

No. 19. Opera of Amanets.
22. Teseo.
25. Amadisce.

35 and 36. Vols. of Duets.

37. Miscellanies and Water Musick.

As also *the Quarto manuscript* of a song composed by that great Master in eight parts, beginning, "Still I adore you, tho' you deny me."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

7th Nov., 1784.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I shall hope soon to have the pleasure of a little word from you dated Bulstrode, for that which was dated St. James's Place did not please me at all. Her Grace is very good to repeat her orders for me to come to Bulstrode. I hope I shall have that great pleasure, and will let you know some days before. Here is Miss Sayer, writing out *Le Bas Bleu*[1] for you; she leaves me next week. When my Duchess will come I cannot tell yet. I wish when she does, she may find it possible to prefer the last to the first of her candidates. I told you she intended to *see both*.

Is not Dr. Kay,[2] a friend of yours? If so I wish you joy of his deanery. Young Mr. Sandford may be his chaplain, I think, when he leaves college, for the Morning Herald informs us that he is a great patron. I told you that my friend the *Governess* of Jamaica had given me in one of her letters a very pretty picture of *our sailor Prince*,[3] and here it is inclosed. Mrs. Williams I

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[1] Hannah More's "Bas Bleu" was written in 1784. King George III. desired to have a copy made by her own hand.

[2] The Very Rev. Richard Kaye, Dean of Lincoln, younger son of Sir John Lister Kaye, succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his brother in 1789.

[3] His Royal Highness Prince William Henry was placed under the care of

saw yesterday. Miss Yonge is in town. The Burrows all gone, so I know nothing of Mrs. Chapone. Lady Gower in a course of *publick* breakfasts with Mr. and Mrs. H. Grenville; she meets Mr. and Miss Yorke, walks a mile or two afterwards, and in short is quite gay. Mrs. Leveson, who has the honour to attend her, assures me she has no time to write this fine weather, now they are "*in a course of breakfasts.*" I hope you are well, my dear friend. God keep you so! to the unexpressible satisfaction of your

Affectionate

F. B.

Extract from letter of Mrs. Campbell, wife of Major-General Archibald Campbell, Governor of Jamaica.

"We have been greatly honour'd by having Prince William Henry for our guest, during his stay, both times in this island. His Royal Highness, and Lord Hood left us this morning, as they sail to-morrow for England.

"Prince William's great condescension, and pleasing manner, has endear'd him so much to us all, that we felt infinite regret at parting with him, and as he has pass'd near 4 weeks with us, upon the most intimate footing, we had opportunities of observing the natural goodness of his disposition, and that he promises to be an honour to his country and profession, which I am inform'd he

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Sir Samuel Hood, in the "Barfleur," at Sandy Hook, about Oct., 1782. On the 22nd of Nov. the fleet sailed for the West Indies, and entered Port Royal in the island of Jamaica, "where it remained during the winter, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who received the Prince with every demonstrable testimony of affection and respect. The Prince made a tour of the islands and returned to England, landing at Spithead on the 26th of June, 1783."

takes great pleasure in, and understands thoroughly; and I have no doubt that he will distinguish himself greatly whenever an opportunity offers. He is a handsome likeness of both King and Queen, with the most animated interesting countenance I ever saw. He has an amazing flow of spirits, and great good humour, with a quickness of observation that nothing can escape, and a wonderful good memory."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street,
Monday, 8th Nov., 1784.

You know, my dear friend, that to get a frank in these times, is more difficult than to *fly in the air*. Your cousin Mr. Leveson is out of town, on a visit to his lady mother at Bill Hill, and her ladyship meditates one to Bath, not quite fixed, I believe, and is in very good health, but thinks her knees have never quite recovered the ugly fall she had long ago, and that the warm baths may be of use to her: as I hope they will, if she goes. My daughter has spread her *lit de misère* at the Adml^ty, wch seems a journey from hence, so that I take my work and sit all day with her now she is alone. This evening we purpose to visit Mrs. Vesey, of whom we heard yesterday a very good account from Lady Edgecumbe, who came from her fire-side to ours at the Admiralty, where we had also Mr. and Mrs. Cole. I almost wish myself at my cabin to-day, having a little scheme in the garden, and some planting in hand, I spend half the week there: my poor servant Keeble having been so very ill that I almost doubted her recovery; but I left her last Satur-

day, thank God, in a fair way to do well, and hope she will have made a progress by the time I return to her on Thursday. Mrs. Leveson has put off her *retirement* till the 20th.[1] I always dread the hour, tho' I have long since given up hearing or seeing it! I beg to present my respects to the Duchess, and many good wishes to Miss Hamilton. I shou'd like to be 3d at breakfast and *fourth* at supper! But I can have no such indulgence, tho' very sensible of the permission, and always my dear friend,

Most faithfully yours,

F. BOSCAWEN.

10 *at night.*

Mr. and Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Hancock all well, and the evening very pleasant with *Mr. Walpole only*, for when the Dean of St. Asaph came in, we made our retreat, and he is now telling the story of his tryal. We heard but of one event, and that, alass! a very melancholy one—the death of Lady Drogheda,[2] respected and beloved by all that knew her! She dy'd in Ireland after a week's illness of a fever. My little maid has this minute brought me such a letter from Bulstrode, that if I had as many hours as I have minutes I cou'd not sufficiently acknowledge.

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[1] Elizabeth Leveson Gower was born Nov. 19, 1784; married, 1803, John Tillie Coryton, Esq., of Pentillie Castle, Cornwall, and died 1824.

[2] Charles, 6th Earl and 1st Marquis of Drogheda, married, Feb. 15th, 1766, Anne, daughter of Francis, 1st Marquis of Hertford. She died Nov. 4, 1784.

If the following letter to Miss Hamilton were without a signature, it would be recognised as the composition of the *same mind* as the Diary of Madame d'Arblay. Miss Burney appears to have *begun* to emerge from the respectful self-abasement of her former style, and to appear more like her real self.

Miss Burney to Miss Hamilton.

Norbury Park, Nov. 11th, 84.

NOW am I under a very great difficulty whether to begin a letter to my dear Miss Hamilton with congratulations or apologies: and the more I ruminate upon the matter, the less I can satisfy myself; for congratulations seem too early and apologies too late. 'Tis really a sad thing that either you did not hasten the propriety of one of these subjects, or that I did not myself seize upon the other before I became ashamed of making use of it. Yet to write, and take *no notice* either of what is *approaching* on *your part*, or *past on mine* is *impossible.* Thus distressed, what remains to be done? Shall I wait the arrival of that period which gives me *one* theme clear of all difficulty? Alas, no! for that same delay will so increase the claims of the other, that ere they can all be appeased, my paper must be swallowed up. One only expedient occurs to me; a certain gentleman, whom *yet* I must *not name,* is probably as little pleased with a certain lady's procrastination, as she can be with mine; well, then, if she should be very severe with me, I shall beg *his* opinion upon this question: viz. Whether to postpone dull apologies for silence, is half so bad as to postpone lively occasions for congratulations?

And so, till I hear his sentiments, I shall defer the prosecution of my cause.

Without, therefore, any *apologies*, let me thank you for your kind letter; without positive *congratulations*, let me sincerely wish you happy!

I have long known your taste for the cypher of M. D. I cannot, therefore, be much surprised you should be content to write a signature you have so often been content to read.

Novr. 19th.

Various provoking circumstances have retarded this poor sheet of paper from having the honour of presenting itself to your fair hands at an earlier period. And now since my return to town, a certain person, known by the name and appellation of Dr. Burney, enjoins me to give you, "his best compliments," and (I blush to write it,) "his hearty good wishes." What he meant, I ventured not to investigate, but I observed a most significant smile, as he uttered those words. *Not*, however, that this contented him. O Miss Hamilton! *these men!* They are wretched encroachers! I give you warning in time! He desired me to beg you would send him, through me, or in whatever way, you please, *your notion*, how the late Mr. Granville (*our sweet Mrs. Delany's brother*) should be distinguished? simply, (I believe,) meaning the place of his abode, by which he was most known: his purpose being to name all the collectors of Handel's works that come within his knowledge. But what is the *most shocking part* of this troublesome request is his perfect confidence that you will grant it with pleasure! Once again, my dear Miss Hamilton, take heed! You see what sort of folks you have to deal with. I am happy in an opportunity of pointing out this

matter to you before it is too late. I tell you nothing, because I know nothing, and as the world goes that is no small proof of *scrupulosity*. It is time, however, to entreat your pardon for this nonsense, and release you.

I am, dear Madam,

Your affec^te^, and most obed^t^ humble serv^t^,

F. BURNEY.

So you would not meet me at Thames Ditton?

I wonder how you were engaged? I was told by Mrs. Walsingham, you were detained to transact business for Sir William. Doubtless that was all! What an excellent niece

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Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Bulstrode, Dec. 23rd, 1784.

Happy as I am with the kind remembrances I have received from my dear Miss Hamilton, made doubly precious to me by being united with those of our dear and inestimable friend, I must speak a word or two for herself. Most sensibly have I missed my amiable morning companion; my works have gone on slow and sad, till the enlivening hour of a summons to the drawing-room, and there I meet with a check from the sympathising lamentations at the board of cross stitch, and the table of diligence. "Where is Miss Hamilton and her manuscripts?" says our dear Duchess. "I have now no hopes of exaltation," says Mr. Lightfoot? But I will shift the subject of regret to that of hope, and console myself, with looking forward to Wednesday the 29th, or rather the

30th, as I look upon you to be incapable of failing in any of your engagements, and I shall depend upon your eating "beef-steak," according to *promise*; but should you not recollect *it*, I am sure *my friend* [1] (as I trust he will permit me to call him) will not (as I hope there is no danger) have left London before that time.

I am willing to say more, but not able, and will not embarrass you with *unnecessary* compliments and wishes to those friends who may be so good to remember me, knowing you lose no opportunity of doing justice to your ever obliged and affectionate,

M. DELANY.

P. S. Alas! I am reduced to put on my cloak *myself*, but I bear in mind *that* kind attention; and many others.

I am *quite sorry* for Mr. Walpole. If you send to enquire after him, be so generous as to make a *particular enquiry for me*.[2]

Lines added by the Dr. Duchess of Portland to Miss Hamilton.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

How *can* you ask if your journals are worth paying for to me; they are of infinite value. Continue, my dear, I beseech you! There has been such a bustle about *the tables*; Mr. Lightfoot thought Miss Hamilton was returned to "*exalt him*," which he is sorry to find is not the case; his best respects and good wishes. Assure Mr. D. of my best compliments, and that health and happiness attend you, and those you love. Our dear friend is very well.

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[1] "*My friend*."—Mr. Dickenson.

[2] Mr. Walpole was then suffering from a severe attack of gout.

Mrs. Delany to Miss Hamilton.

Jan. 1st, 1785.

Mrs. Delany's love to Miss Hamilton, and will be happy to see her this evening if she is disengaged, and would be glad if she could bring Mrs. Carter with her. Mrs. Delany's cold she hopes is better, but it certainly is not worse. Many, many happy years.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicar's Hill, Jan. 13th, 1785.
Ten o'clock in the morning.

MADAM,

I received your letter at nine: and answer it immediately. There was one expression in it, "*I shall not be quite easy till I hear,*" *&c.*, which makes me *not quite easy till I answer.*

Be assured, dear madam, there is nothing which gives me so much pleasure, as being told of my faults *by my friends. Your desire* would have been sufficient to make me expunge the offensive passage. But the *reason you give* is *convincing*, that "*political reflections have nothing to do with a work of that kind.*" Be assured, therefore, that *as soon* as ever the books come into my hand, *the passage shall be expunged.*

But now, madam, (between you and me,) I cannot let Charles 2nd get out of my hands, without giving him one stroke. To tell you the truth, there are few characters in history, of whom I have so contemptible an opinion. That, notwithstanding the instructions and example of his father, (*who was an excellent man* in private life, whatever he was in public;)—notwithstanding the calamities

and catastrophe of that unhappy Prince, which he had himself seen before his eyes;—notwithstanding the school of affliction in which it pleased Providence to place him, where, it might be supposed, he would have deposited some of his wickedness;—notwithstanding the wonderful work of his restoration, for which, (if he had had any gratitude in his heart to his Maker,) one would have imagined, that event would have produced it;—notwithstanding, all these things, and others that might be added, that he should become not barely a character which we cannot respect, but one of the most abandoned, profligate, corrupt, tyrannical irreligious princes that ever sat upon the English throne: I own to you, madam, that I cannot help seeing his character in so odious a light, that I can never speak of him but in terms of disgust. I *hope* you do *not* love him,—I am sure *you cannot!* Your memory must be stored with excellent characters of various kinds, but I hope his portrait does not hang among them! for myself, I assure you it should never hang even in my house, unless it were a first-rate Sir Peter Lely! Of one thing, however, dear madam, be assured, that my dislike to him arises from *no political party* tenets which I espouse; I have no very extraordinary opinion of myself in anything, but in one matter I am rather inclined to think well of myself,—which is in matters of party. I verily believe there is not a man in England less addicted to *party of any kind* than I am. Honest men in public life, and good men in private, are the only party I wish to espouse, and with regard to the former, there is much fucus (?) that if I were obliged to take a party, like the lady in the poem I fear I should *deliberate till I was lost.*

Dear madam, I am sorry that the worthless man has taken up so much of my paper, when I have so many better things to fill it with. I shall not send my respectful compliments to my Lady Duchess, because I wrote to her Grace by the last post. I am glad to hear your cold has left you,

And am, madam,

Your most obliged, and most obedient serv^{t},

W. GILPIN.

Miss Port to Miss Hamilton.

St. James's Place. Friday morn,
4th Feb., 1785.

DEAR MADAM,

As you desired me last night to inform you how my dear aunt was to-day, I have the satisfaction of assuring you she is much better than she was yesterday. She begs the favour of you to say what is right to Lord Stormont from her, as he came yesterday, and was not let in. If she had known it had been him, she *would* have seen *him*, tho' too much fatigued with company in the morning to let in other people.

G. M. A. PORT.

From King George III. to Mrs. Delany (in his own handwriting).

The King has just received the copies of the three operas Mrs. Delany so obligingly borrow'd for him. He therefore returns the three scores, the two other books that accompanied them, as also the terzetto in the

unrivalled author's own handwriting, and the *beautiful song* in eight parts; and desires Mrs. Delany will express everything that is proper to her nephew for communications that have been so agreeable. The King hopes when the spring is far enough advanced that he may have the pleasure of having that song performed at the Queen's House to the satisfaction of Mrs. Delany; not forgetting to have it introduced by the overture of Radamistus.

GEORGE R.

Queen's House. Feb. 11th, 1785.

The Granville collection of Handel's MS. music, in 38 vols., it is believed were *all* sent by Mrs. Delany to George III., but from some carelessness on the part of those entrusted with their return, only 37 vols. were ever received back, among which "the Song in *eight parts*" was *not* included, to which the King so especially alluded in his letter.

The following volumes were those returned—

1. Messiah.
2. Samson.
3. Joseph.
4. Saul.
5. Esther.
6. Athalia.
7. Deborah.
8. Il Trionfo (Italian words).
9. Te Deums and Jubilate.
10. Fifty Cantatas.
11. Israel in Egypt.
12. Acis and Galatea.
13. Amadigi.
14. Teseo.
15. Lotharius.
16. Scipio.
17. Ariodante.
18. Alexander.
19. Rinaldo.
20. Hymeneus.
21. Rodelinda.
22. Otho.
23. Deidamia.
24. L'Allegro ed il Pensieroso.
25. Ricciardo.
26. Liroe.
27. Tamerlane.
28. Admetus.
29. Giulio Cesare

30-33. Anthems.
34. Duetts.
35. Organ Concertos.
36. Instrumental Concertos.
37.[1] "Miscellanies," viz., Concertante in 9 parts. Water Music.

The above list is given, as it will be interesting to the admirers of Handel. The Editor has made many inquiries among persons best acquainted with his works, but has not been able to obtain any clue to identify the missing song in eight parts with English words. In addition to the MSS. here mentioned, which are all bound in separate vols., there is a Trio "Se tu non lasci amore," an oblong quarto MS., signed "*G. F. Handel, le* 12 *di Luglio*, 1708, *Napoli*;" and in a memorandum in the handwriting of Mr. Granville, on the last page, are these words—"*This original is of Mr. G. F. Handell's handwriting; given y him tho Mr. Bernard Granville, and is the only copy extant, as Mr. Handel told him when he gave it to him as an addition to his collection of musick.*" The music (*notes*) and words of this valuable composition are, as well as the signature and date, in Handel's *own* handwriting. The collection also contains a curious Book thus entitled—"Krieger (Johann) *Organisten und Chori Musici Directore in Zittau*, Anmuthige Clavier Ubung. Oblong 4to, Nurnberg, 1699."

Mr. Granville has written the following memorandum with regard to the above work—"This printed book is by one of the celebrated organ-players of Germany; Mr. Handel, in his youth, formed himself a good deal on his plan, and said that Krieger was one of the best writers of his time for the organ, and, to form a good player, but the *clavichord must be made use of by a beginner, instead of organ or harpsichord.*" There is also a Presentation Copy (to Mr. Granville) of Handel's "Suites des Pieces" Vol. I., on which are these words in Mr. Granville's handwriting—"This book *not* published by *himself*, but full of mistakes in the coppying."

[1] It is to be observed that these numbers do not agree with the references in the letter of King George III. Very probably they were altered when rebound afterwards.

Mrs. Delany never was able to trace the missing music, which was the cause of much vexation to her, though it is probable the King and Queen were never made aware of its loss before her de th.

Extract of Letter from Miss Port,[1] *of Ilam, to her Father.*

St. James' Place,
Saturday, 12th Feb., 1785.

As my A. D. writes to mama, and as it is my turn to write to you, it is with great pleasure I sit down to give you an account of what I have seen and done since you last heard. *First*, then, I commence by saying I had the happiness of seeing Lady Tweeddale last week; she enquired after you and yours. *Secondly*, I have begun dancing with Slingsby, and I like him much; he has made very good scholars, and is of course a very good master. *Thirdly*, I have begun music with Richards, and I like him. *Fourthly*, I have been to see Lunard's beautiful balloon; the gallery is white and pink satin, with gold fringe. He has a table and four stools in it. I should like to go up with him, provided he does not cross the sea, as there is no danger in the world; for if it should burst it descends so gradually it is impossible to be hurt. He goes up the end of this month. *Fifthly*, and lastly, I go this evening to Lady Juliana Penn's; my chaperones are Lady Dartrey and Miss Hamilton; the latter is not, I fancy, *near* changeing her *name* yet; (apropos, has Miss Betsey Beresford changed *hers?*) I see by the newspaper that a relation has left Capt[n] Hanke's elder brother considerably. Have you seen Mr. Jerningham's lines on Mrs. Montagu falling down

[1] Miss Port was at this time thirteen years old.

stairs at the Drawing-room; in case you should not I will write them.

"Ye valiant Fair! ye Hebes of the day,
Who heedless laugh your little hour away,
Let caution be your guide whene'er ye sport
Within the splendid precincts of the Court.
The event of yesterday for prudence calls,
'Tis *dangerous treading* where *Minerva falls!*"

Poor Lady Gower is still alive, and *that is all.* I shall lose a good friend when I lose her! I feel thoroughly sensible of her kindness to me.

I dine to-morrow at Mrs. Beckingham's, and spend the evening with Mrs. Sandford. Mr. S. goes to Oxford Thursday. My aunt desires me to say that she is in tolerable good health; but she is *very* low, as she feels *much for Lady Gower.*

Miss Port, of Ilam, to Miss Hamilton.

21st Feb., 85.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is with pleasure I inform you, my dear aunt is better, and of course her mind is easier! *Lady Gower*[1] *is no more,* she went off without a groan!

Ever yours,
G. M. A. PORT.

The following verses were found with Mrs. Delany's MS., and were thus indorsed by the Editor's mother—

"Written by the third wife of John, second Lord Gower, born Mary Tufton, daughter of Thomas, Earl Thanet, and widow of

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[1] The Dowager Lady Gower died at Bill Hill, in Berkshire, on the 19th of Feb., 1785.

Anthony Grey, Earl of Harold. She married Lord Gower in 1736. Admiral Leveson Gower was her son, and he married Miss Fanny Boscawen, daughter of Admiral Boscawen, sister to Dss of Beaufort and Ld Falmouth. Lady Gower was very kind to me, I used to go to Bill Hill with Mrs. Delany to see her. She was burned to death.

"G. M. A. W."

BY MARY, COUNTESS GOWER.

[In her own handwriting.]

'Tis thou, all gracious, yt to me,
Such favours do'st dispense,
The blessings yt attend my ways
Are by thy Providence.

One more I ask, compared to which
The *greatest* here are *small*,
Thy grace, O Lord, give to my mind,
Thou giving *that*, giv'st *all!*

Teach me wth pious care to pay,
To Thee, my mighty debt,
And to perform each social tye
As in my station set.

And wn my day of death shall come,
And I go to my rest,
Compleat thy goodness yn, O Lord,
And take me to thy breast.

Thy wond'rous works who can behold
Without delight, O Lord,
The structure of this beauteous world
Created by thy word.

Within this world all living things
Speak evermore thy praise,
All magnify thy holy name,
To Thee their thoughts they raise.

The poor, th' unhappy, and ye sick
Give praise to Thee, O God,
Altho' wth pains thou tryest them
And chast'nest with thy rod.

Then how *much more* should I give land
And thanks wth praise to Thee,
Since all ye blessings of this world
Thou hast bestow'd on me!

The following Prayer was found with the verses—

PRAYER WRITTEN BY MARY, COUNTESS GOWER.

O righteous Ruler of heaven and earth, who didst ordain diseases and distresses of every kind, in mercy to man to wean us from a vain world to be checks and chastisements of sin: guardians of virtue, and incitements to it; of thine infinite goodness and mercy, submit my soul, with patience, equanimity and humble resignation, to every dispensation of thy blessed, thy allwise, thy allmighty, thy adorable Providence! And so order the course of this world and of my life, that I may upon all occasions, steadily pursue, and in thy good time, happily attain those gracious purposes, for which thy dispensations were ordained. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, thy only Son our only Saviour.

Extract of a Letter dictated by Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Frances Hamilton.

St. James's Place, May 19th, 1785.

My little girl,[1] (who, indeed, now is a very tall one,) is still with me, and everybody tells me she improves in her appearance, and as much in every respect as I can expect from her years. My secretary,[2] (were she at liberty,) would say more. Her uncle Dewes comes to town to hear the fine performance of the Abbey music. The extreme coldness of the very long winter, kept me entirely at home; but my fireside was enriched by the constant kind attentions of my friends and acquaintance, who preferred a warm room and a sincere welcome from one they are so partial to, to

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[1] Her niece, Miss Port.

[2] Mrs. Anne Astley, her waiting-woman.

the dissipated manners of the times, which is, to live in public *from morning till night.* My health during this season, has been better than my years could promise; though *sensible* of that decay, which, *though awful,* is to lead me to that happiness I humbly hope for.

Since I last wrote to you, I have had some intercourse with his Majesty again by the way of letters on his returning the books of Mr. Handel's music, which my nephew Mr. J. Dewes had lent him. The King sent his acknowledgements to my nephew in the most obliging manner; adding that he would not ask me to come and hear it performed at the Queen's house till the spring was so far advanced that it might be safe for me to venture. On Thursday the 9th of May, I received a note from Lady Weymouth, to tell me the Queen invited me to her Majesty's house; to come at seven o'clock with the Duchess Dowager of Portland, to hear Mrs. Siddons read "The Provoked Husband." I obeyed the royal summons, and was much entertained. She fully answered my expectations, and her person and manner perfectly agreeable. We were received in the great drawing-room by the King and Queen, their five daughters and Prince Edward. Besides the royal family, there were only the Duchess Do[r] of Portland, her daughter Lady Weymouth, and her beautiful granddaughter Lady Aylesford; Lord and Lady Harcourt,[1] Lady Charlotte Finch, the Duke of Montague, and the gentlemen attendant on the King. There were two rows of chairs for the company, the length of the room.

[1] George Simon, second Earl Harcourt, died April, 1809. He married Elizabeth, daughter of George Venables, Lord Vernon.

Their Majesties sat in the middle of the first row, with the Princesses on each hand, which filled it. The rest of the ladies were seated in the row behind them, and there was space between that and the wall, and the lords and gentlemen that were admitted stood there. Mrs. Siddons read standing, and had a desk with candles before her: she behaved with great propriety, and read two acts of "The Provoked Husband," which was abridged, by leaving out Sir Francis and Lady Wronghead's parts, &c. But she introduced John Moody's account of the journey, and read it admirably. The part of Lord and Lady Townley's reconciliation, she worked up finely, and made it very affecting. She also read Queen Katherine's last speech in King Henry 8th. She was allowed three pauses, to go into the next room and refresh herself, for half an hour each time. After she was dismissed, their Majesties detained the company for some time, to *talk over* what had passed, which was not the least agreeable part of the entertainment. I believe it was past twelve before we made our last courtesy; and I cannot say, though that was a very late hour to me, that I suffered from it, tho' I had tried my strength the week before by having been at two concerts!

The particular account you have sent me of your agreeable relations (such societies are rare) was very delightful, and you flatter me very much, when you say it "puts you in mind of ancient days at Delville," the recollection of which will *ever* be pleasant, though *painful* to me. I am sorry I cannot send you a copy of the letters you hint at; but I have *refused* it to *near relations*, and though they would do me great honour, I think it is *not proper*. I could depend upon *your* discretion, but not

on every one's in whose hands they might fall. The Duchess Dowager of Portland has had a bad cough, but is now better; she always enquires after you in the kindest manner, and charges me with her compliments. Had I another page I could fill it with her goodness to me.

Mrs. Sandford, always the same amiable creature, is too tender to venture out of her own house, and I have not been able to see her above three times. Her sons go on to her heart's content, and approved of by everybody. Mr. Vesey[1] is still alive, and that is all one can say: poor Mrs. Vesey in deep affliction, and in a very declining state of health: Mrs. Handcock,[2] I fear no less so; but she supports them with her steady conduct in the best manner she can: but what is *human* support if we do not look *higher?*

I hear "The School for Scandal"[3] is to be got in Ireland; I beg you will procure me two copies. It *has not* been published in England.

Court Dewes, Esq., to his Brother the Rev. John Dewes.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor,
June 2nd, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER,

If you can find y^e^ *Recovery* Mr. Granville suffered of Finchley, ye Deed to lead ye Uses of that Recovery, and ye Agreement between Lord Lansdown, Lady Granville, and Lord Gower, be so good as to pack y^m^ up, and send y^m^ directly to Mr. Pardon; Bernard will assist you in

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[1] Agmondisham Vesey, of Lucan, Esq.

[2] Sister to Mrs. Vesey.

[3] "The School for Scandal," a comedy, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was first published in Dublin in 1785.

the search, they *must be* among ye writings at Calwich.

It is now eleven o'clock. I was ye morning at ye music in ye Abby,[1] wch was by far *ye finest thing* both for *sight* or *sound* I *ever saw or heard*; I think you and Bernard w^d^ have been full *as well* entertained wth it as wth ye best day's fly-fishing you ever had! I reserve a more particular account till we meet, wch I hope will not be long first.

As y^s^ is purely a letter on business, I will only add my kind love to all at Calwich, and y^t^ I am,

My dear br^r^, yours affectionately,

C. DEWES.

P.S. Mrs. Delany tolerably well, and *she was at ye Abby ye morning!*

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 6th June, 1785.

I have not written to you, my dearest madam, but I have enquir'd after you continually of Lady Bute, and had the satisfaction to hear that Miss Port was return'd to you, and that she was well, for she had been at the Abby,[2] and my servants told me they saw her call at the

[1] "June 3rd, 1785, a grand musical concert, from Handel's works, was performed in Westminster Abbey (yesterday) to a most brilliant audience of more than 2000 persons, and patronized by the Royal family. The instrumental performers amounted to 600."

[2] "June 6th. The musical commemoration, at Westminster Abbey, was again performed. It consisted of a selection of Handel's miscellaneous pieces. The performers were the same as in the last concert, and the composition was admirably correct in all its parts. Their Majesties countenanced this performance likewise with their presence."

next door to me (Mrs. Milles's), but if so I think she wou'd have call'd on me too? I heard that you had had a visit from Mr. Young, (sent you by the best of friends,) and that you was entirely recover'd. My son has carry'd me to see a house that was to be sold. We saw, baited, and returned, for he went to London that night, and drop'd at Miss Sayer's, where I lodg'd. This accounts for the marvelous part of my history! Now I *have bought* Mr. Ross's at Richmond, because the house is *larger*, and is warmer than poor Glan Villa, and more secure no doubt, being under the protection of the royal domains, between the gardens of Richmond and of Kew! Now my business is to sell my sweet cottage with *all its village charms*, so rural, so pleasant that I am asham'd to tell you *how much I regret* it, and with what reluctance I abandon it! At present I am going to reside there for a month, to take my *last leave;* my son, his wife, and child go with me, as it is full early for the lady to begin, as yet, her long journey into Cornwall. Every moment they bring me bills to pay, so I must hasten to answer your questions. I saw Miss Murrays often while they staid, but now they are all settled at Ken Wood; my L^{d} certainly better than when he went to Bath, from whence Miss May return'd with a very bad cold; but visited me before she went out of town much recover'd. His Royal Highness seem'd very ill last Sunday, when he was blooded for the 7th time, but slept well that night, and ever since the accounts have been more and more favorable, and his R. H. is certainly much better, so that they begin to talk of his removal to Kew for the air. And now I must take my leave, for here comes *more bills* and *more questions* to answer! I will write to you again

from my poor pretty Glan Villa, whose morning bower has been so honour'd by you, and, indeed, it is *much prettier* than my new purchase, where I see *nothing* but *myself!* however, the latter has its features of preference; it is 17 miles *nearer* to Mrs. Leveson, and in her road to London only a mile longer. She is well, but my poor Duchess had the ill-luck to sprain her weak leg the first day of the musick at the Abby, and has been upon her couch ever since till yesterday, when she got out, and her surgeon promises her she shall go to Badminton next Monday, wch they are all very impatient for. My kind complim^ts^ to Miss Port; I congratulate her on being restor'd to the best of friends, to whom I am always a most affectionate and

A gratefull one,
Witness my hand and heart,
F. B.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dickenson (born Hamilton).

22nd June, 1785.

Most heartily do I congratulate my dear friends on an union that promises so much mutual happiness, and among the number of their friends, none more warmly wishes them a long and prosperous enjoyment of this world's best blessings than their

Most affectionate and faithful,
M. DELANY.

Our dear friend at Whitehall, continues mending. No note from you has arrived.

Thursday morning, 10 o'clock.

On the 8th July Mrs. Delany writes to Calwich, on Miss Port's leaving her to visit her parents at Ilam, "I lose a good child and a sweet companion; but the more I am sensible of her merit, the more I am convinced I ought not *entirely* to engross it for myself. Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson propose going to Matlock on their way home, which I suppose will be the latter end of this month."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Sandford.

Bulstrode, July 11th, 1785.

I know my dearest Sally will be glad of a line of intelligence to know how her friends do at Bulstrode. I thank God there is as much amendment as can be wished for in so short a time. Let me know how you do, and those you love; and pray tell my Godson, if still in London, I wish he would call on Mrs. Dickenson to let her know the purport of this note, as I have not time to write to her. My spirits have not recovered their agitation of last Tuesday,[1] but on the whole, I am tolerably well, and Astley a good deal better. I think the tranquillity of this place will make us all well. Believe me

Ever most affectionately yours,

M. D.

I wish I could send you some of our sweet air. Kind compliments to Lady Clive.

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[1] This might have alluded to Miss Port's departure on that day, or to the Duchess of Portland's illness.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, ye 14 July, 85.

Your ponderous debt, my dear friend, is safely come to hand. Since you shew me that you don't mind a word I say, very well,—and now how am I to convey my debt to you, (ignorant as I am what it is,) for a box full of golden pills: it is well my conscience is not so tender as yours, else I sh^d^ be in danger of having my rest disturb'd. As for you, my dear friend, I hope you will sleep in peace now you have paid the fifteen pence over and above my bill. Well, I shall not forget I hope to put those pence among the golden pills, for I think you don't insist upon my receiving *compound interest?* But now for a much more interesting subject,—the dear Duchess's health. Thank God it makes as much progress as the time since her Grace's removal will allow. I have read your account over and over, and like it so well, that I have sent it to Ken Wood for the satisfaction of Miss Murrays, lest they shou'd not hear so soon. I hope it will be every day more and more manifest, that it is exceedingly so; and that perfect recovery will be the consequence. I know, my dear madam, you will not spare Mrs. Astley's hand, when you have good news to tell mè on a subject wch so truly interests me. Here is Lady Mt Edgecumbe, who expresses most earnest wishes and desires, her best respects; my lord is to come and fetch her home by-and-by, and both (I trust) are at the eve of a great pleasure—the return of their precious son, who is expected in a few days. I carry'd my guest to Ken Wood last Tuesday. We heard that Mad^e^ de

Genlis[1] was a very genteel agreeable woman, much approv'd by all there, not handsome but a good figure, and her manners easy, *without* the *least affectation*. She is going to Oxford, Bath, and I believe to Bristol to visit our friend Mrs. H. More. At her return, to leave England immediately. But I forget that this is a twice told tale, as you have seen Miss Burney.

Adieu, my dear madam. A thousand good wishes attend, with the sincerest respects to the Duchess.

Most gratefully,

F. B.

Pray mention Mr. Lightfoot's family in y^r^ next. I hope you have heard of your fair niece's safe arrival. I thought to have had this frank'd, but Ld Mt E. does not arrive till Saturday. *Irish affairs!*

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mrs. Dickenson.

Strawberry Hill, July 19th, 1785.

DEAR MADAM,

By a postcript in a letter I have just received from Mr. Keate, he tells me the Duchess of Portland *is dead!*[2] I did hear at Ditton on Sunday that she had been thought dead, but was much better—still as it comes from Mr. Keate, and as you was so much alarmed when I saw you, (and indeed, as I thought her *so much altered,*) I *fear* it is but *too true*! you will forgive me

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[1] Stephanie-Felicité-Ducrest de St. Aubin, Comtesse de Genlis, was born near Autun in 1746. She was appointed governess to the children of the Duke of Orleans, and lived to see her former pupil, Louis Philippe, King of the French. She died Dec. 31st, 1830.

[2] Margaret, Duchess Dowager of Portland, died July 17th, 1785.

therefore for troubling you with inquiring about poor Mrs. Delany! It would be to no purpose to send to her house.

I did intend to be in town on Thursday, but Madame de Genlis has invited herself hither on Friday. I am not sure I shall be able to go on Saturday. I am afraid of missing you, and I want to see our poor friend over against you.

I see a French account of "*poor Louisa*" advertised—do you know anything of it?

Pray forgive all this trouble; but whom does one feare but good hearts? The bad neither encourage nor indulge one; but will Mr. Dickenson not think me impertinent? Yet I am,

Your most devoted,

HOR. WALPOLE.

The death of the Duchess of Portland was the *third severe* blow which Mrs. Delany was destined to experience after the deaths of her own parents. Her *sister*, then her *husband*, and last of all her *friend*, the sharers of all her griefs, her joys and her occupations, were one by one taken from her! The illness of the Duchess appears to have been of very short duration, as the Editor's mother recollected her coming to Mrs. Delany's house, in St. James's Place, before she left London, and saying, "Look here, my dear," and she pointed out to her spots of discolouration on her arms, about which the Duchess seemed to be perplexed. Miss Port left London, the Duchess went to Bulstrode, and the letter of Mrs. Boscawen, on 14th July, does not manifest the least alarm, though three days afterwards the Duchess died. Mrs. Delany was with her to the last, and then returned to her own house, feeling so truly convinced that her friend was "*not lost*" but only "*gone before*" that she did not sink under the blow. She was bowed down by intense grief,

but even at eighty-five years of age she *did not succumb to it.* She thought of those who still lived and loved her, and she *once more* gradually revived to the duties and interests still remaining.

Extracts from Letter of Mr. W. Sandford[1] to Mrs. Frances Hamilton.

rgyle Street, July 24th, 1785.

MADAM,

Mrs. Delany, too well knowing the concern you feel for her under her present great loss, of which the newspapers must have informed you, has honoured me with her commands to address these lines to you, to satisfy your anxiety about her as far as that can be. Mrs. Delany had been with the Duchess of Portland, about ten days, at Bulstrode, when the sad event of her Grace's death happened: the next day Mrs. Delany came to town, and though in *great affliction,* I am happy to add in good health, which, not yet failing her, and her having many kind friends about her, we flatter ourselves is not likely to do so; as her affliction is so *perfectly calm and rational* as to allow her to accept the unwearied attentions they offer her: among them my mother bears no small share, as you may believe.

Mrs. Delany has much consolation from the cordial civilities and kindnesses she has received from the Duke and Duchess of Portland, as well as from all the other parts of the family since the late sad change. The Duke's *own* expression has been that, "*ever he should see his mother in Mrs. Delany,*" and "*should always think himself fulfilling his late mother's wishes when he obeys her commands, or contributes in anything to her satisfaction.* You

[1] Mrs. Sandford's youngest son, who died in America in 1808.

may be assured, madam, that our beloved Mrs. Delany is not slow in making use of consolations such as these. The King, the Queen, and Princess Amelia,[1] have been as constant and regular in their solicitous inquiries after Mrs. Delany since the Duchess's death, as they were after the excellent friends during her Grace's late illness, which was of a complicated kind. But the immediate cause of her death was a bilious complaint, which terminated (*it is apprehended*) in a *mortification*. Poor Mr. Jones, her Grace's butler, died the Sunday before, at Bulstrode, of the same complaint, which increased the distress of the household. We understand the Duchess's remains are to be interred on Friday or Saturday next, in Westminster Abbey, where the late Duke was buried, as well as all the Harley family. When that event is over, we hope Mrs. Delany's affliction will more subside. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Dewes is with her; and that Miss Port will be brought up to her on either Friday or Saturday next at farthest, which will be a great balm to her, as she is indeed a very amiable young lady, and greatly beloved by all Mrs. Delany's friends. Though personally unknown to you, madam, I shall take great satisfaction to myself if this account should relieve any part of the anxiety you must at this time feel for Mrs. Delany; as my mother has informed me that my life began with obligations to you, which cannot but bind me.

Mrs. Delany is going in a few days, to Mrs. Boscawen's, at Coney Hatch. Mrs. Delany has had a visit

[1] Aunt to King George IV.

from the Duchess of Portland; it is the first visit she has made anybody since the Duchess Dowager's death.

Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Dickenson.

July 24th, 1785.

I return you *a thousand* thanks, my dear madam, for the favour of your kind and comfortable letter. I know not how sufficiently to thank my dear Mrs. Delany, nor to admire her *generous* attention to the feelings of her friends, at a time when one *could only* expect her to be engross'd by her own. She does me but justice in believing that I most truly sympathized in her affliction, and was very apprehensive for her health. I had written to Mrs. Sandford, for I thought a letter addrest to herself would only be troublesome and afflicting at present. The day before I received yours, I had great comfort from Mrs. Boscawen, who told me how admirably our excellent friend preserved her sweet and patient resignation. I *know* the *greatness of her mind* and the strength of her principles. But still I fear'd for her *mortal* frame. *As selfish fear!* of *what* perhaps constitutes *her greatest consolation!*

It is a great satisfaction to me to hear that you are in town, who must be so great a support to her. I much fear Mrs. Sandford is not able to attend her, as I am sure she wishes to do, and I would gladly have come to town to have tried to supply her place, *if I could* have flatter'd myself it would have been acceptable, and if *more precious* comforters were not at hand!

I thought you had gone out of town immediately upon

your marriage, or I should have offer'd you my sincere congratulations. Alas! that I must now add condolence to them! Your loss is, indeed, a *general concern*, but heavy, indeed, must it be to those who enjoy'd *so high* a place as you did in the friendship of the excellent Dss of Portland! *but* how unspeakably great to *her first friend!* May God Almighty support and comfort her! I am glad to hear that Mr. Dewes is coming to her. Where does she mean to spend the remainder of this summer? I am much obliged to you and to Mr. Dickenson for the honour you did me in calling at my lodgings, and shall be always happy to cultivate your acquaintance and kindness. I beg my best compliments and congratulations to Mr. Dickenson.

Be so good to express for me the most affectionate wishes my heart is capable of to dear good Mrs. Delany, with the *truest gratitude* for her kind remembrance of me.

Your very much obliged and obedient,

HESTER CHAPONE.

I beg my thanks and good wishes to poor dear Mrs. Vesey (the late accounts I have heard of Mr. V.'s will fill me with indignation and concern, and disappointed me the more as I had heard a very different account).

On the 5th of Aug. Miss Port wrote to her mother, from St. James's Place, as follows—

"Mrs. Susan Astley and Mrs. Deighton are come to White Hall. The Duchess of Portland's will is not yet proved, but will in the course of two or three days.

"The Dow^r Lady Spencer[1] came here yesterday morning; she has in the kindest manner pres'd my aunt to come to St. Albans, when we return from Glan Villa; she has desired me to come some morning between nine and ten to see her, as at that hour I shall be sure of finding her at home. She is to be here for two months, as both the Duchess of Devonshire and Lady Duncannon are soon to be confined, and she designs being a month with each to nurse them. Mrs. Dickenson leaves London on Saturday, (if before that time she does not pack herself into a fever—for) from five in the morning till dark she is packing. Mr. Fulwood is rather better, we have made frequent enquiries, Mrs. Astley has been to see him, and I shall call some time to-day.

"We are busy packing for our expedition, which *I trust* will in *some degree* restore my dear A. D's sleep and spirits."

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham Massey, Aug. 7th, 1785.
Sunday evening.

MY MOST DEAR AND EVER VALUED FRIEND,

Tho' I should ever wish to pay the greatest attention to your commands, I must *for once* disobey them. It is *impossible* for me to suppress the overflowings of a heart attached to my ever dear Mrs. Delany, by the strongest ties of affection and gratitude.

What a fresh proof, my dear dear friend, have you given me of your kindness! Words can ill, very ill

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[1] Margaret Georgiana, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Stephen Poyntz, and widow of John, 1st Earl Spencer.

describe the various *pleasing* and *painful* sensations your letter gave me, Your exquisite sensibility, and most affectionate heart, will, I am sure, do mine all the justice it can ask, and will spare us both the pain of repeating *our mutual* sufferings! I pray to God that He may, and I trust in his great mercy that He will, enable us to submit to his divine will with patient resignation.

It gives me great satisfaction, my dearest friend, that you are now with good Mrs. Boscawen, and that your dear niece, Miss Port, is with you. I beg to offer my best and kind comp^ts^ to them both. I bless God, my dear lord and all my dear children are very well. They beg me to mention them to you in the most affectionate manner.

When the joyful event takes place, which promises so fair a prospect of happiness to my beloved Harriet,[1] I shall embrace the first moment to make my dearest Mrs. Delany acquainted with it. It is *now* defer'd for some time.

I rejoice very much in the good accounts I receive of my dear Lady Weymouth; and I have had the satisfaction to hear that good Lady Bute has benefitted very greatly from her journey into Yorkshire, and from the change of air.

Adieu! my ever dear friend. Believe me, with the most sincere attachment,

Your affectionate and grateful

H. C. STAMFORD.

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[1] Lady Harriet Grey's marriage to Sir John Chetwode, which took place 26th Oct., 1785.

The Hon. Mrs. Walsingham to Mrs. Delany.

August 14th, 1785.

My Dr Madam,

I think myself extremely oblig'd to you for desiring Mrs. Boscawen to communicate to me the very delicate, noble, and friendly manner, in which their Majesties have expressed the sense they entertain of your merit; and the feelings they have, for the very great loss you (and numbers more) have sustained. I honour and admire them beyond what words can speak, and really I could not read the account, without a sort of shivering, and tears coming into my eyes, that prove how we are penetrated, even to our mental parts, by acts of generosity and kindness; I felt much anxiety, till I came to the conclusion, and found you had determin'd to take the house, and in return for her Majesties attention, to give her one of the greatest and rarest of all pleasures, *having a friend for her near neighbour!* Such instances of friendship are rare in their Majesties exalted rank, and I congratulate *them*, on having felt a pleasure, so few of royal race have ever known. To you, my dr madam, it cannot but have given pleasure tho' you was so deeply plung'd in sorrow, and these unexpected pleasing circumstances, that sometimes break out like rays of sunshine, on our most clouded unhappy days, put me in mind of an admirable saying of Ld Bacon's, that "man's *necessity* is God's *opportunity*."

I have been in town, at least three times a week, and therefore it is natural to imagine, I should have waited on you; but alas! my time and thoughts have all been devoted to endeavours for the recovery of my son's

health,[1] on whose fine person and constitution (to use Mr. Yearsly's expression) "fell dissipation has already done the work of time." He has in my opinion, every symptom of a consumption, spitting blood, night sweats, &c. &c., I carry him up every third day to S^r^ Wm. Fordyce, who *gives* me great hopes, *if* I could *take them.* I shall not let him out of my sight, till he embarks for Naples, which I hope he will do the end of September.

I beg pardon for troubling you, with my sorrows, but it is a maxim of our admirable friend Mrs. Boscawen's, that "a sorrowful tale is the only thing that can claim the attention of an afflicted mind," therefore I will make no apology for it. *Most sincerely* have I *felt for you*, and *well* am I assured you *will feel for me.*

My daughter joins me in kind compliments to Miss Port.

Ever very affec^tly^ yours,

C. B. WALSINGHAM.

Mrs. Walsingham alludes, in this letter, to the remarkable proof given by George III. and Queen Charlotte of their extreme value and regard for Mrs. Delany, which was manifested afresh, in so delicate and considerate a manner, after the death of the Dowager Duchess of Portland. In consequence of the inventions and mis-statements which have appeared in reference to this period of Mrs. Delany's life, and of the extraordinary credulity and obstinate tenacity with which such statements have been received and repeated, it is necessary to say (although many of the following assertions have been demonstrated by the present Memoirs and Correspondence), that Mrs. Delany *never* had *any* "cottage at Bulstrode," *never* resided in *any house* of the Duchess

[1] Richard, only son of the Hon. Robert Boyle Walsingham, born in 1762 and died in 1788.

of Portland's except when with her on a visit, and that so far from having been *disappointed* by the Duchess's not having left her any legacy, that the Duchess had conversed with her openly and confidentially on the subject of her own Will; and although in the course of nature it was not to be expected that Mrs. Delany would have survived her, yet it was not surprising that the Duchess of Portland should have provided for the *possibility* which occurred of the elder surviving the younger friend. Mary Granville was past fourteen when Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley was born, and was the associate of *her mother*, Lady Harriot Harley, *yet* she lived nearly three years longer than the Duchess of Portland. The Duchess, with this view, consulted Mrs. Delany as to what she should leave her as a testimony of her friendship. Mrs. Delany said she *must never* think of leaving her any money, that she *could never receive* from *her* anything more than a bequest of any objects which might testify her regard by being mementos of herself, and she was so apprehensive that the Duchess might leave her a legacy, that she went so far as to appeal to her principles, and to remind her that however great her wealth, however extensive her property, that in *her* own family she had legitimate claims for its entire and exclusive appropriation.

The Duchess of Portland felt the force of the arguments of her friend, respected the delicacy of her feelings, and acquiesced in her desire by giving the required promise. There is no doubt that Mrs. Delany was well acquainted with the contents of the Duchess of Portland's Will as far as regarded herself, and that she had nothing new to learn on the subject after the Duchess's death. The bequests to *her* were an enamel picture of Petitot, by himself; a picture of *mice*, by Raphael; a water-colour drawing of mice; and "my fine enamelled snuff-box, the small blew and black enamelled snuff-box." To Mrs. Port, of Ilam, the Duchess of Portland left all the chairs embroidered in chenille by Mrs. Delany, all the drawings by Mrs. Delany, and all the pictures painted by her. The Editor believes that the only shadow of truth that existed with regard to

surprise expressed after the contents of the Will were known, upon the absence of any legacy to Mrs. Delany, was, on the part of King George the Third himself, to whom Mrs. Delany then stated the particulars now mentioned, and thus vindicated her friend's memory. The only change in Mrs. Delany's habits of life which was occasioned by the Duchess of Portland's death, were her visits to Bulstrode in the summer; and the King and Queen availed themselves of this circumstance to present Mrs. Delany with a house at Windsor, and to desire that she would always move there when the Court moved; but with that delicate consideration which characterized all their actions towards her, they gave at the same time 300*l.* a year, that she might not suffer by the additional expense of two establishments; and to prevent even the *appearance* of a pension, as well as to obviate the possibility of its being diminished by taxation, the Queen used regularly to bring her the half year's amount in a pocket-book when she made her visit. Further details with respect to this mark of royal favour, and it may be added of royal attachment, will appear in the following letters.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Colny Hatch, Monday, 15th Aug., 1785.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

I long to see you, but have not as yet been able to give myself that satisfaction; I have however sent the musick-book, which I hope arriv'd safe: a Maid of Honour who made me a visit last Saturday (and grac'd my garden with Her Majesty's coach and six), promis'd me she wou'd send it to St. James's Place, as soon as she return'd to the palace, and I flatter myself she did.

Now the time is almost come to set out for Kent, but I shall contrive so as to make you a visit (much too short in my estimation) as I go along; it will be at a

very awkward hour, next Wensday, between 4 and 5, for I must drink tea at Black Heath, where I pass the night. You will perhaps kindly say, "*Dine with me.*" No, my dearest madam, that I cannot do; but I will come by the time you return from y^r^ chamber, after y^r^ little retirement; as I reckon you still dine at 3, for the benefit of *the walking lady,*[1] who, however, seldom betrays much sign of hunger. At all events, perhaps you may be so good to dine a little earlier than ordinary, on Wensday, as I shou'd be unhappy to disturb that half-hour of repose wch it is so necessary for you to take after dinner.

Post arrives, and won't stay a minute. It brings me a kind letter from Lady Bute, who was exceedingly *pleas'd,* but *not surprised* (knowing their Majesties goodness), at the news she rec^d^ from Lady Weymouth, and from me. I hope Mr. Bernard Dewes is with you, my dear madam. God bless and comfort you, prays

Your very faithfull,

And affectionate servant,

F. B.

Miss Port to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place,
Friday, Aug. 19th, 1785.

I have a particular message to deliver to my dearest mama, it is that the Dss of Portland[2] wished much to have a picture of my A. D's painting, and she

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[1] Miss Port, of Ilam.

[2] Dorothy, daughter of John, 4th Duke of Devonshire.

seemed to like the picture of the Barber, after Vandyke. My A. D. thought she could not avoid offering it in your name, as she was sure it would make you very happy if she would accept of it, and my A. D. says she thinks you should offer Lady Weymouth and Lady Stamford one each; but this she shall not do, till she knows whether you approve of it.

The other pictures, and your six great arm shagreen-worked chairs, A. D. will take care of for you, as she shall have room enough in her house at Windsor to take care of them if you chuse.

Tho' *the King* is the *overseer* (which of course must hurry the workmen) yet, on enquiry, we find it will be three weeks before the house will be ready, and three weeks longer in London at this time of year would be bad for A. D's health: this the Queen has considered, for which reason her Majesty kindly sent Miss Planter (who is in Miss Hamilton's place) to say that "till the house was fit for our reception, she hoped my aunt Delany would be in an apartment that belongs to the Castle at Windsor," and on my A. D's introducing me to Miss Planter, she said, "that the Queen *named* that *young lady particularly*, and H. M. *expects her too*."

We had a letter from Mrs. Dickenson the other day, she wrote in great spirits, and said she was soon to go to Calwich.

I have taken the liberty of enclosing a yard or two of the *new-fashion'd stamped gauze* made to imitate the Valencene lace.

The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delany.

Wortley, Aug. 20th, 1785.

I received my dear friend's letter of the 12th inst., as I was setting out upon the expedition I proposed into the northern part of Yorkshire, and have had no opportunity of answering it till I returned hither. I fancy mine which acquainted you with my having heard from Lady Weymouth, must have crossed it on the road; I really cannot tell you how happy I am with their Majesties' goodness, and am glad you have determined upon accepting their gracious offer, if your health permits it—(for there *cou'd be* no other reason for deliberating a moment) 'tis certain your present habitation is much too lonely for you: but I hope the Queen's accustom'd goodness will prompt her to consider that too great a hurry may be too much for you, and allow you all the quiet and repose necessary. Miss Port being with you will also be a great additional comfort. You may remember I told you, I was sure *nothing* would be *proposed to you*, without every attention that cou'd make it agreeable, and I can't express how glad I am that my expectations are answered. I also thought the Dss. of Portland's[1] behaviour would be as handsome as possible, and am much pleased that both my predictions are verify'd. I shall now proceed to give an account of our travells, which have been very amusing to us; but, un-

[1] The Duke and Duchess of Portland evinced (if possible) greater attachment, attention, and veneration for Mrs. Delany after the death of the Dowager Duchess than before. Lady Bute's allusion to her expectation of the Duchess's conduct being "as handsome as possible" might have had reference to the delicacy of feeling shown to her wishes. The Editor has a note written by her mother on a letter of Mr. Sandford's, which consists of these words—"*The conduct of the Duke and Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Delany was perfect.*"

fortunately, not near so much so as they might have been, from the extreme badness of the weather. It was fine the first day, and Louisa had the satisfaction of seeing Studley Park[1] and Fountain Abbey,[2] but we had rain every day after, and cou'd only behold the beautifull country we went thro' by snatches. We were at Bolton Hall,[3] and view'd the fall of water at Aysgarth, but the rains had swelled the river so much that the water covered the rocks, which are one of the chief beauties: however, the sight was tremendous and noble. This very bad weather which seemed to be set in, made me shorten my stay at Askrig (from whence I was to have seen all various romantick scenes in the neighbourhood), and in our return we called upon Mrs. Weddell, who received us with the greatest good-humour and hospitality: where we spent a day very pleasantly indeed. She enquired after you in the kindest manner; you must have heard of the elegance and magnificence of Mr. Weddell's house, all ornamented by Mr. Adams,[4] in his highest (and indeed, I think) best taste. There is a gallery fill'd with fine statues, busts, and bas-reliefs; a great number of fine pictures dispersed in different rooms; and the drawing-

[1] Studley Park, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, the seat of Earl de Grey.

[2] Fountains Abbey. This edifice is described by Camden as "delicately situated in a fruitful soil wherein are veins of lead;" and he adds that, "It had its original from twelve monks of York, who, affecting a more rigid and strict course of life, left their cloisters, and after a great deal of trouble and hardship, were settled here by Thurstan, Archbishop of York, who founded it for that purpose."

[3] Bolton is in that part of the county of York called Richmondshire.

[4] Robert Adam, F.R.S. and F.S.A., was born at Kirkaldy, in Fifeshire. He at one time represented the county of Kinross in Parliament. He was celebrated as an architect for mansions and public buildings, and especially for the Adelphi, which he built in conjunction with his brother. Robert Adam died in 1792.

room furnished with the most beautiful Gobelins tapestry I ever saw. In short, the whole house is compleat, and the inhabitants so perfectly pleasant and good-humoured, I was sorry I cou'd not make a longer stay with them, as they very cordially and politely prest us to do. I am glad to hear Lady Weymouth is likely to have the refreshment of a little country air; it is certainly necessary for her after so much hurry, and as all her business is past in the proper time, I trust she will have no more anxiety about it. I suppose this may come to your hands, my dear madam, just before you set out for Windsor, where I hope you will find both health and pleasure, and that you will let me know how you are after your arrival; also, whether I am to direct there, or to St. James's Place. Louisa hopes you will accept her best compliments, as I do that you believe me, ever

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

M. W. Bute.

I fear we shall not meet so soon as October, being advised to go cross the country to the Bath.

In a letter from Mrs. Dewes to Mrs. Anne Viney, written from Calwich the 29th of August, 1785, she says—"Miss Port went up to Mrs. Delany *immediately* on the Duchess of Portland's death,[1] which I hear she bears wonderfully. I presume she is going to Windsor."

In this month (August) Mrs. Delany had a week of very severe illness, and it was at this time that Miss Burney, who had been made known to her by Mrs. Chapone about two years before,

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[1] Miss Port was only absent a fortnight at this period, having left her aunt just before the Duchess of Portland became dangerously ill.

appears to have been for the first time admitted as a guest in her house, and to have so conducted and comported herself as to have made a most favourable impression, as Mrs. Delany thus introduces her name to Mrs. Frances Hamilton—"I have had in the house with me, ever since my nephews *were obliged* to leave me, Miss Burney (the Author of Evelina and Cecilia), which, excellent as they are, are her meanest praise. Her admirable understanding,[1] tender affection, and sweetness of manners, make her valuable to all those who have the happiness to know her." She also says that it was a satisfaction to her to have had Miss Burney "as a companion for Miss Port" during her own illness at that period. The Duchess of Portland had now been dead about six weeks, and the feelings of Mrs. Delany were thus touchingly expressed on the subject to Mrs. F. Hamilton—"The *subject* is too tender for me to enter upon, and I *endeavour* to look forward to the unmerited blessings *still* bestowed upon me, with humble resignation to that gracious Providence who *knows what is fittest for me;* but I feel my obligations to my dear friends who think of me so kindly, and assure them of my affectionate and constant good wishes.

"I employ my secretary just to add some new proofs I have received of their Majesties goodness to me. Astley (my servant) I sent to Windsor last Thursday to see what conveniences there might be wanting in the house that their Majesties have been so gracious as to give me; when there she received the King's command that I was only '*to bring myself and my niece, clothes, and attendants, as stores of every kind would be laid in for me.*'"

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[1] For "admirable understanding" *talent* might be substituted; for "*tender affection,*" a gentle sympathizing voice; and for "*sweetness of manners,*" (*apparently*) timid and undeviating attention and respect to Mrs. Delany.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

C. H. Thursday, Post hour, 1785.

I cannot delay a moment to acknowledge with gratitude all the kind presents. I have already drop't my handkerchief, my purse, &c., &c., for the pleasure of sending my "*Bromingham* ladder" to pick them up, wch it has done most dexterously. I have now great doubts where to keep it, but for the present it is deposited in the drawer of the yellow table in the blue room.

The dear bag too shall be safely return'd when the work is complete. My affection, my wishes, my prayers follow'd my honour'd friend to Lon^n^, and will to Windsor, but first *I shall hope to see* her and the "*fair walking lady.*"

From Queen Charlotte (in her own handwriting) to Mrs. Delany.

My dear Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear that I am charged by the King to summon her to her new abode at Windsor for Tuesday next, where she will find all the most essential parts of the house ready, excepting some little trifles which it will be better for Mrs. Delany to direct herself in person, or by her little deputy, Miss Port. I need not, I hope, add that I shall be extreamly glad and happy to see so amiable an inhabitant in this our sweet retreat, and wish very sincerely that my dear Mrs. Delany may enjoy every blessing amongst us that her merits deserve, and that we may long enjoy her amiable company, Amen. These are the true sentiments of my dear Mrs. Delany's

Very affectionate Queen,

CHARLOTTE.

Queen's Lodge, Windsor.
The 3^d^ of Sept^br^, 1785.

I must also beg that Mrs. Delany will choose her own time of coming as will best suit her own convenience.

The original was in Queen Charlotte's own handwriting.

From Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delany.

MY DEAREST MRS. DELANY,

If coming to me will not fatigue your spirits *too* much I shall receive you with open arms, and am,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE.

The above letter was also in Queen Charlotte's own handwriting, but without date. It was probably written immediately after Mrs. Delany's arrival at Windsor.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill. Friday night,
9th Sept., 1785.

O, how tir'd I was yesterday morning when I walk'd down the hill of St. James's Street, and then walk'd up again without seeing my dearest Mrs. Delany. No chairmen to be found, all gone to *harvest* or *hopping*. I trudg'd away the minute I arriv'd in Audley Street, and thought to have had an hour's conversation with my dear friend, while my horses refresh'd themselves for their journey hither. But why did not you enquire first? you will say; why did you not suppose I might be gone to Windsor? I answer, because I understood from Miss Murrays that you were to be at Ken Wood on Tuesday, and I remember'd the day was so terrible that it was

likely you w^d put off that visit till Wensday or Thursday, therefore I laid my account upon finding you, and I walk'd away with zeal and eagerness; but I found only Molly Butcher, who gave me leave to rest myself in your parlour, and who answer'd many questions that I incessantly put to her. The chief, you may be sure, was after my dear friend's health, and of this I must beg farther information from *my favourite* "walking lady," and directed to Badminton, Glostershire, for thither I am repairing immediately; for surely if I made any stay here I wou'd inquire with my eyes, and with my tongue; but as Mr. Leveson is expected home to-morrow, or next day, there can be no want of any other guest, and I have been expected at Badminton some time (I have now wrote, indeed, to name my day). I shall long to hear that you got no cold, nor anything but the honour and pleasure which awaits you in a mansion *so prepar'd*, and *so situated*. God bless you there, my dear friend, and grant you health and comfort.

Believe me ever most faithfully y^rs,

F. B.

P.S. I cannot forbear telling you that my son was honour'd with the *Sailor Prince's*[1] company during the five days that the Hebe remain'd in Falmouth Harbour, and His Royal Highness seem'd pleas'd with such a reception as zeal cou'd give, tho' in an *old* and *tatter'd* mansion.

My son[2] attended his Royal Highness to every Cornish

[1] H.R.H. Prince William Henry, third son of King George III., subsequently Duke of Clarence, and ultimately King William IV.

[2] George Evelyn Boscawen, Viscount Falmouth.

sight that he thought at all worthy of his curiosity, and waited on him back to Falmouth, and went on board to make his last bow.

Mr. Leveson writes us many commendations of Lady Falmouth upon this agreeable occasion, so that I trust both the host and the hostess did their best endeavours to make everything as agreeable as they cou'd to their royal guest.

Here is a true woman's postscript—longer than the letter; yet I must add kind compli^ts to Miss Port, whom I desire to explain the carpet for the Lucette, wch you will receive by M. Butcher. *One great heart* in gold colour upon purple is *plainly* enough the *first* and *best* in the kingdom. The rest wch surround on all sides *are grey*, which represents *age*, and *bright green*, wch denotes *youth*. So that old and young, *all hearts*, unite in *that centre* you are acquainted with. I am sure you will approve the device; for the execution I have not a word to say, but that *plain truth* needs no *flow'rs of speech*.

Adieu, once more my very dear friend.

Mrs. Leveson and her children are well. The former wou'd send you many respects if she knew I was writing to you, wch I do at midnight.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham Massey, Sept. 15th, 1785.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

You have made me happier than I can find words to express by the very kind letter I received from you yesterday. Indeed, you do me justice in thinking that I participate most sincerely with you in the felicity you

must enjoy from the unbounded goodness of their Majesties. Their *well-judged,* and *well-timed* kindness and attention to you, fills my heart with the most lively sentiments of admiration for, and gratitude to them. I pray to God to enable you to enjoy these comforts, which I am sure, my dearest friend, *must* for many reasons afford you very *great consolation.* I must thank you again and again for the kind communication of these circumstances to me. I have known your worth too long, and *I love you* with *too sincere* an affection, not to feel warmly interested in everything that regards you. You will confer a very sincere pleasure on me, if you will allow Mrs. Astley to inform me of your health, as I cannot get the particulars I wish to know by sending to your house in town.

I have the pleasure to assure you that all those most dear to me are very well. They all desire me to assure you of their affectionate regard. The girls beg. that Miss Port will accept their kind comp^{ts}. We are very glad to hear she is quite well, and you may believe, that we cannot entertain a doubt of her being perfectly happy. That she may long continue to be so, and ever prove a comfort to my most dear Mrs. Delany is the sincere wish, of your

Most affectionate, and sincere friend,

H. C. STAMFORD.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 15th Sept., 1785.

I return my dear friend very sincere thanks for the great kindness of telling me what I wanted so much to know,

your safe arrival at Windsor; and you won't be surpris'd that I was anxious for the news, when I tell you that I heard of y^r^ *restive horses*, and of your *walking* in all that storm of wind and rain! Indeed it was abated in the evening, when you walk'd; still the idea was most alarming, and even now when I think of it, I quite long for one more letter to assure me you got no cold, and have since y^r^ arrival found no bad effects from that fright and that walk. I know Miss Port or Mrs. Astley will indulge me once more with news from Windsor, on a subject so truly interesting to me as my dear friend's health. Direct only to the Duke of Beaufort, Badminton, Glostershire, and I shall get it in a minute, for a certain ingenious *Mr. Palmer* puts every place side by side to each other, so that one hears from people fourscore miles off as if they were in the next parish. On the other hand, there is a certain old stile *Mr. Todd*, who does not take to these new methods, and in pure spite, I am told, sends one's miserable letters a wandering for six or seven days, so that all is in extremes with regard to the post; and to say the truth I have found it so this summer, getting letters out of Cornwall in a surprising short time, while one out of Kent shall wander about for a week. But I must not talk of the post, only remember that it is just going out from hence. My dear friend, I will say nothing of the honours (*most distinguish'd honours*) you receive, but that I admire those who confer them, and know the merit of her who receives them.

I hope you got a letter I wrote you from Bill Hill. I staid there till I had seen Mr. Leveson arrive safe and well, and then, as he meant to go up to attend to the Admiralty, and take his wife with him, I proceeded

hither, where I have the great satisfaction to find the great and small of this noble chateau in good health. I long to hear of yours, my dear madam. I cannot say a word more (post waiting ;) but that I beg you will keep yourself as quiet as possible.

Ever y^r^ most faithfull and affectionate friend,

F. BOSCAWEN.

Many inquiries after you from the Dss wou'd produce a long message of respect, if I had time to consult her. How did you like the *lucette footstool?*

The following extract gives Mrs. Delany's own account of her receiving the Queen's summons to Windsor. She wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton as follows on 20th Sept.—

"I received the Queen's letter[1] at dinner, and was obliged to answer it instantly, with my own hand, without seeing a letter I wrote. I thank God I had strength enough to obey the gracious summons on the day appointed. I arrived here about eight o'clock in the evening, and found His Majesty in the house ready to receive me. I threw myself at his feet, indeed unable to utter a word; he raised and saluted me, and said he meant not to stay longer than to desire I would *order every thing* that could make the house comfortable and agreeable to me, and then retired.

"Truly I found *nothing wanting*, as it is as pleasant and commodious as I could wish it to be, with a *very pretty garden*, which joins to that of the Queen's Lodge. The

[1] Letter of Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delany, 3rd Sept.

next morning Her Majesty sent one of her ladies to know 'how I had rested?' and 'how I was in health?' and 'whether her coming would not be troublesome?' She came about 2 o'clock. I was lame, and, therefore, could not go down, as I ought to have done, to the door; but Her Majesty came up stairs. Our meeting was mutually affecting; she *well knew* the *value* of what I had lost, and it was some time after we were seated (for she always makes me sit down), before we could either of us speak. She repeated in the strongest terms her wish, and the King's, that I should be as easy and as happy as *they could possibly make me;* that they waved all ceremony, and desired to come to me like *friends!* The Queen also delivered me a paper from the King; it contained the first quarter of £300 per annum, which His Majesty allows me out of his privy purse. Their Majesties have drank tea with me five times,[1] and the Princesses three. They generally stay two hours, or longer. In short I have either seen or heard of them every day, but I have not yet been at the Queen's Lodge, though they have expressed impatience for me to come, as I have still so sad a drawback upon my spirits that I must decline that honour till I am better able to enjoy it, as they have the goodness *not* to *press me.* Their visits here are paid in the most quiet private manner, like those of the most consoling and interested friends; so that I may *truly* say, they are *a Royal cordial,* and I see very few people besides. My niece is delighted, as is very natural, with all the joys of this place. I have been three times at the King's private chapel at early prayers, eight o'clock,

[1] Mrs. Delany had then been at Windsor about a fortnight.

where the Royal family constantly attend; and *they walk* home to breakfast afterwards, whilst I am conveyed in a very elegant new chair home, which the King has made me a present of for that purpose. As to my health, it is surprisingly good, *considering* the sufferings of my agitated spirits, and that I was *hardly* recovered when I came here of a putrid sore throat and fever.

"How thankful ought I to be to Providence for the wonderful blessings I have received! How ungrateful must I be not to endeavour to resign those withdrawn from me, as I ought to do!"

Right Hon. Frederick Montagu to Mrs. Delany.

Papplewick, Sept. 24th, 1785.

MY DEAR MADAM,

Nothing can give me greater pleasure than the account of your very pleasant and very honourable situation at Windsor, and I am very much obliged to Miss Port for her relation.

Your Royal friends have combined *private regard* and *affection* with princely munificence—and I *will say*, tho' *you are the grandaughter of Sr Bevil Granville*, that none of the Stuarts, male or female, would have done so well! There is now nothing left but to pray for your health, and that the King and Queen may long enjoy the prospect of their good deeds.

As to Miss Port, (if I was *her uncle Lansdown*) I would compare her to *Myra*, and talk of her graces, &c., and if I was your old *crabbed* friend Swift, I would scold her and tell her that she should write slower, and not let her letters run into one another, and that as her

sense is *excellent*, there would be no harm if her writing was *as good*.[1] Now I have that opinion of her that I think she will like me the better in the character of Swift than in that of Lord Lansdown. I am here looking over my work, and shall return to Melton the middle of next month to meet the Wilsons, who will come there on their way to their winter residence in the West. Mr. Wilson is almost well, Mrs. Wilson rather better, and all the rest of the family perfectly well. My best comp^{s} to Miss Port, if she will accept them, and I am,

With the greatest regards,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

F. MONTAGUE.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, 25th Sept., 1785.

I felt myself exceedingly obliged to you, my dear friend, for giving me any of your precious moments; they are, however, well bestow'd. Miss Sayer did not fail to boast of that she had given herself in waiting upon you, (I cou'd have found in my heart to envy her,) nor delay a moment to impart to me the good news of your being in good health and spirits on Tuesday ye 13th. I am sure your foe Apollo has not visited your royal

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[1] Miss Port wrote a running hand at this time. Queen Charlotte one day gave her something to write out for her, and afterwards criticized the handwriting. 'The Queen wrote a beautiful distinct hand, then called "an Italian hand," which though small was so distinct that any one letter might have been recognized if cut out of the word. Mrs. Delany begged her niece to take the Queen's handwriting for a model, and the result was that the pupil at last far excelled her royal mistress, and wrote a hand which for clearness, compactness, and legibility exceeded any writing the Editor ever saw. She also wrote very rapidly.

retreat, nor given you any disturbance, nothing but *rain, rain*. I appeal to "*the walking lady*;" if she retains that name she has been caught in many a shower; but she stays at home with you, who want no brighter beams than those which shine upon you daily. It is impossible to express how much one admires their benign influence. *Let it have the effect they wish*, my dear friend, *I know you endeavour it shou'd*, but "time (you say) *is necessary*." I must allow it, for I know it but too well, and have too often experienc'd it.

My great desire is that you shou'd enjoy health of body, now that the mind has such a wound as cannot immediately be heal'd; if it cou'd *such cordials* administer'd by *such hands* wou'd surely do it.

I was glad to hear their Majesties were at Oxford, a place so worthy of their presence. My friend, the keeper of the Bodleian library, had the honour to show it, and to kiss their Majesty's hands. I was in hopes he would have been here, as he has been summons'd to meet me. I should have ask'd him many questions, but I doubt he can't come.

Had it not been vacation, my amiable grandsons would have had the advantage of T. M's notice, by being in their college. They are here, and a very agreeable part of our society. Their dear mother is perfectly recover'd, I thank God, has enquir'd anxiously after y^r^ health, and wou'd send you her best respects if she knew I was writing to you, but she probably concludes me asleep, as it is near midnight.

This is the third letter I have wrote to Windsor,[1] but

[1] A letter from Horace Walpole to the Countess of Ossory, dated Sept. 17th, 1785, mentions Mrs. Delany's arrival at Windsor.

the post is a little disorder'd at present, so you may not have receiv'd them, wch is, however, no loss at all. I never know any news, and if I did, you wou'd not care about it; the best I can tell you is that the Duke of Beaufort has finish'd a most beautiful parish church, a very noble structure indeed, wch only waits for a bishop to dedicate to its sacred purpose. I was in hopes to have assisted at this solemnity, but I doubt I shall not have that pleasure; it was a real one to see so great and noble a work completed.

Adieu, my dear friend; give my kind complm^ts^ to y^r^ secretary. I do not doubt her savoir faire, and propriety upon all occasions, for is she *not your niece?* but she *must* be *my correspondent*, or I shall complain, wch I know she will not give me cause to do, because she knows how truly

I am her dear aunt's very affectionate servant,

F. BOSCAWEN.

Mrs. Leveson did not come here, on account of Mr. Leveson's return home.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Waldershare, Oct. 14th, 1785.

MADAM,

Your being convinced my reasons were good for denying myself the pleasure of waiting on you gave me great satisfaction, and I feel myself much obliged to you for permitting me to trouble you with an account of my journey. I found very dirty roads, and travelled with a heavy heart, but arrived here in very tolerable health,

tho' I cannot but say the agitation of my spirits has affected it in some degree. Her Majesty, who is always gracious, was so good as to give a favourable account of your health, *knowing* she could no way give me *greater* pleasure. She spoke of you with *great tenderness* and esteem, and mentioned some instances of kind attentions which had been shown you by the King and herself, which manifest the greatest goodness of heart imaginable, but it was *no more* than *I should have expected* from *either of them*. That the King has one of the best hearts in the world, I *have known* from *his birth*, and I *have known* the same *to be in the Queen* ever since I had the honour of conversing with her *out* of a drawing-room. *You*, who know them *so well*, will believe that it *is not* as King and Queen *only* that I love and respect them, but as *two* of *the best persons I know in the world!* I am sure the Q. has compassion for me in my present situation. I took very kindly of her that she would *not* give me pain *by naming it*. She was so good also as to commend Miss Port, which *she knew* would *give me pleasure*, and you may tell it to her, (if you think proper,) with my best compliments. You are very good in desiring me to mention Lord and Lady Willoughby, who, with reason, have heavy hearts on their own account as well as mine. Sickness at Compton and its neighbourhood has made them afraid to go there. They went from me to Lord Dartmouth's, where they found a sorrowfull house. Poor Coll. Legge growing every day worse, and Lord and Lady Dartmouth propose going to him to Pingmouth. These things add to the dejection of my spirits, but we must consider that the hand which directs them is the perfection of wisdom and goodness, and trust that

we shall be enabled to bear them with Christian resignation. Lord and Lady Willoughby are at present at Lord Bagot's, where their many friends and relations are very kind to them. I hope, by their letters, that they are pretty well in health, and I am sure I shall please them much by mentioning your very kind enquiry after them. I fear I have trespassed too much upon the permission you gave me of troubling you with a letter. I beg pardon, and that you will believe me, with the most sincere esteem and regard, madam,

Your most obedient and obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

My goods are not unpacked, and my writing-tackle in so bad order that I fear you can hardly read my letter.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham Massey, Oct. ye 15th, 1785.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Pray believe me truly sensible of your kindness in letting me hear from you, and for wishing to conceal from me what you knew must give me pain. As you would not tell me you were well when you realy were *not* so, I feel the greater pleasure and confidence in the assurance you give me of the amendment in your health, which I earnestly hope may continue, and that it may please the Almighty to enable you to enjoy the many blessings and comforts with which you are surrounded, and in which I most sincerely share with my *ever dear* and *valued* friend.

Before I name any of my family I must wish you joy of

our dear Lady St. Asaph's being happily brought to bed of a son.[1] I hope she will go on as well as can be wished. The little gentleman will not fail of being a most welcome guest to all his family. I will *now* add that I am *most thankful* to you for the account you sent me of my dear brother and his good Duchess. She *is indeed* a very valuable woman. I can with pleasure assure you that all those *most dear* to me are as well as I can wish. The time now begins to approach when I must give up *one* whose happiness is so deeply concerned in our separation, that I can *with truth* declare that I shall *most willingly*, and *with joy*, resign her into the hands of a man whom I think worthy of every blessing in this life; and I earnestly pray to God that she may prove everything to him that his fond and affectionate heart makes him now think her. When their union has taken place I shall not fail to inform my dear Mrs. Delany.

I am much obliged to you for so kindly communicating to me your manner of passing your time. It is impossible not to take an interest in every circumstance that relates to those one loves, and you don't know how sensibly I feel this mark of your attention, as it convinces me, beyond all possibility of doubt, that you are persuaded of my sincere affection for you.

I can easily imagine the comfort you must have in the company of good L^y^ Louisa Clayton,[2] she is a most sensible, worthy woman. I formerly had the pleasure of

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[1] Lady Sophia Thynne, third daughter of Thomas, 1st Marquis of Bath, married, Aug. 28th, 1784, George Ashburnham, Lord St. Asaph, afterwards 3rd Earl of Ashburnham.

[2] Lady Louisa Clayton, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Pomfret, and third wife of William, second son of Sir William Clayton, Bart.

being intimately acquainted with her, but a variety of circumstances have separated us; however, my esteem for her is *not lessen'd*, and she is always so good to me that I have the vanity to hope she has still a regard for me. *Will you* be so kind to mention me to her in the kindest manner.

My Lord and all my children desire to be most kindly and affectionately remembered to you. Our best love waits on Miss Port. Adieu, my dearest friend. Believe me, with the most sincere regard,

Your ever affectionate and grateful,

H. C. STAMFORD.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 18th Oct., 85.

"Modesty becometh a maiden," and my "fair walking lady" has so much of that excellent quality, that one must touch her as gently as one wou'd a sensitive plant: not that I *repent* of the liberty I took, as I am sure it will be beneficial to herself, as well as to me, and I hope we shall soon become correspondents again; and that I shall read as glibly as she will write intelligibly. I was at Ken Wood last week, and had the honour and pleasure to spend near an hour with Ld Mansfield; he was well, but had been indispos'd, and I cannot say that he look'd so well as when I saw him at Lady Smythe's. We talk'd of you, and I gave his lordship and Miss Murrays satisfaction, by relating my pleasant visit at Windsor. My journey from you was certainly fort triste; torrents of rain descended and kept me company till I got to Miss Sayer's, whose affectionate reception serv'd to comfort me. She is here now, and begs me to

present her best respects to you. We are much entertained with Mr. Boswell's tour to the Hebrides ;[1] if your knotting is ever at leisure to be read to, I think you will be amus'd with this book, which will not require so much attention as lectures on higher subjects, and thus may be proper for an evening hour.

My dearest madam, I am very glad that the event you announce to me, *is accomplish'd.* It is an honour that *did not* use to be accompany'd with *any pain,* but *now, alass!* I was sure *it wou'd,* and yet *how kind* were the *attentions,* and if I may so speak *inventions* to lessen it![2]

My dear madam, I was very glad to hear of Lady St. Asaph's son and heir, but not of her tedious suffering. I hope she is now recover'd.

I am glad you see Major Master; for he is a very worthy man, and a great favourite of mine. Adieu, my dear friend. I am going this minute to visit Lady Frances Burgoyne, and as it is by appointm[t] I must not scribble any longer.

Mrs. Williams is not quite well, and the loss of S[r] John Cullum[4] will not revive her. Pray give my kind love to Miss Port, and believe me, with the highest esteem, respect, and affection,

Yours ever,

F. Boscawen.

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[1] James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was born in 1740, died 1795. He wrote "The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson," the second edition of which was published in 1785.

[2] This *event* must have alluded to Mrs. Delany's spending an evening at the Queen's Lodge for the *first* time after the Duchess of Portland's death.

[3] Eldest daughter of George Montagu, Earl of Halifax, and wife of Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart. She died July 24th, 1788.

[4] The Rev. Sir John Cullum, Bart., Rector of Hawstead and Great Thurlow, died in 1785.

The Hon. Anne Murray[1] *to Miss Port.*

Kenwood, Oct. 26th, 1785.

On the other side, my dear Miss Port, you will find some verses, which I think your dear aunt will approve of, and am sure you will read in such a way as to set off to the best advantage. Don't imagine, my dear, because I have been several days in your debt, that I was *offended* at your silence; I was, indeed, anxious for a good acc^{t} of our valuable friend, and feared my own letter had miscarried. Ld Mansfield is, thank God, quite well; he was honour'd with a long conversation on Thursday last with Her Majesty, when Mrs. Delany was not forgotten, and *justice was done—on both sides!* It gave us the sincerest pleasure to hear your good aunt keeps well, her being now and then low in spirits *must be expected*, for, though the manner in which she has supported herself, is *truly wonderful*, her affectionate heart and tender feelings can never vary. I am prevented adding anything more, my dear Miss Port, but our most cordial wishes, which I beg you to accept yourself, make acceptable to our dear friend, and believe me,

Very sincerely and affectionately yours,

A. MURRAY.

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[1] Anne, eldest daughter of David, 6th Viscount Stormont, the elder brother of the Earl of Mansfield.

The following verses were with this correspondence, and were doubtless those inclosed by Miss Murray with the above letter.

TO THE EARL OF MANSFIELD ON HIS LEAVING TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

(Oct. 3rd, 1785. Written by Mrs. Burrell.)

The Muse, quite desponding, and almost in tears,
Like a tragedy queen, on the pantiles appears;
For Mansfield she mourns, on those comfortless walks,
Of Mansfield she thinks, and of Mansfield she talks.
Whilst a circle of friends who their grief cannot smother,
Are *rivals* no more, but condole with each other;
And since the contention of *pleasing* is o'er,
Their general loss, they unite to deplore.
Fair Marg'ret looks grave, Lady Anne is grown sad,
As for me (but my face in a veil should be clad);
Neither pencil nor pen can attain to the art
Of painting those feelings that *glow in the heart!*
And the painter, who knew Agamemnon's distress,
Cast a veil o'er the sorrows he *could not express.*
Since, therefore, to talk of my grief wou'd be vain,
Let me try my affectionate hopes to explain,
Let me speak of unanimous wishes sincere
That Mansfield again at the Well may appear.
In his absence *wit, genius,* and *science decay,*
Mirth spreads her light wings, and is vanish'd away!
The Virtues, the Graces, the Muses complain
For want of the Sage who enliven'd their train;
And *Friendship* laments, (while she touches *my* pen,)
The kindest of *friends* and *the wisest of men.*

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham Massey, Oct. ye 28th, 1785.
Friday.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Agreable to your kind request, and my own inclination, I am set down to inform you of the marriage of my dearest Harriet.[1] The *awful* ceremony was performed in our own chapel on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock,

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[1] Lady Henrietta Grey, eldest daughter of George Harry, 5th Earl of Stamford, married, 26th Oct., 1785, Sir John Chetwode, Bart.

and as soon as it was over, they set out for Sir John Chetwode's house in Staffordshire,[1] where they arrived the same evening. I cannot describe to you the happy countenance of the dear bridegroom, but my dearest child's heart was too full to express any joy. Tho' I can with truth say that we parted with her entirely to our own, and her satisfaction, and that we have given her to a man, who we are fully persuaded is most worthy of her, yet the scene was a most trying one. We have had the happiness of hearing they got home very safe and were very well. Sir John, who possesses a heart which abounds with every tender feeling, was so good to send a serv^t here yesterday to give us this pleasing intelligence. We have promised to go to them on Tuesday next, and to stay there till Saturday, on which day, we shall go to Envil for the remainder of the winter.

I flatter myself you will have the goodness to let me hear from you soon after I get there. I am anxious to hear how you do, and if you have had the same severe weather that we have had here, how it agrees with you. I thank God we are all well.

My dear lord, and all my dear children that are now at home, desire me to offer every affectionate regard to you. The girls beg their love to Miss Port.

I can write *at present* on no other subjects but *my own* concerns, and therefore I will stop my pen, as soon as I have assured my ever dear Mrs. Delany of the sincere esteem and affection of her

Ever obliged and faithful,

H. C. STAMFORD.

[1] Oakley, near Market Drayton, Staffordshire, one of the seats of the Chetwode family.

The following postscript, written by Mrs. Delany to her nephew, Mr. J. Dewes, at Calwich, is all that remains of the letter, but it is probably all that appertained to the subject of his taking the name of Granville, being not only the son of Ann Granville, and consequently the great-grandson of Sir Bevil Granville, but the heir of his uncle Bernard Granville (his mother's brother), who was also the heir of his uncle, George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.

P.S. Time runs on, and our glass is spent before we are *aware* of it, *even in old age,* it is prudent in me not to suppress what has been for some time on my mind,

I have always thought, that it was laudable, and proper, that names of respectable families shou'd be kept up; especially by a *direct* descendant of so *worthy* and so *great* a man, as Sr Bevil Granville, (*who died for his King and country*), and *not* let *his name* sink in oblivion. I some time ago mention'd this; you apprehended it was not particularly my brother's desire you shou'd take his name, but such reasons *have started since* as I am sure wou'd have convinced my brother Granville, that it *ought* to be done. These *urgent reasons,* which I cannot explain *in a letter,* and must be quite between ourselves, are relating to Earl Temple's family, and tho' it may be a matter of indifference to yourself, it may prove of consequence to your descendants. Upon the birth of your son, I thought it more incumbent for you to take it into consideration. The Dss of Portland, Lord Guilford, Mr. F. Montagu, and many other friends, by all means think it a very becoming step for you to take, and this has been often urged to me, without my leading them at all into the subject; which is a sanction to my own *opinion,* and I shall be happy if it agrees with *yours.*

I have said nothing to any of your family about this affair, only have always in general terms, wish'd it.

Court Dewes, Esq., to the Rev. J. Dewes, at Calwich.

DEAR BROTHER *Granville*, Windsor, Oct 29th, 1785.

For, after having received *his Majesty's commands* to call you so for ye future, I don't know whether it would not be a misdeameanor in me to do otherwise! To be serious, I think from ye time you receive this letter you may assume the name. The King was here last night, he called me to him, he said he heard y^t^ Mrs. Delany and y^r^ family wished you s^d^ take ye name of Granville, and y^t^ you desired it y^r^self. Y^e^ King said *he* "thought it very proper," and bid me for ye future call you "*Granville*," and ye Queen, in a conversation afterwards with Mrs. Delany about your family, called y^r^ wife "*Mrs. Granville*," and I will, if you think proper, write to Pardon to prepare ye instrument, and get it sealed and registered.

I have been here since Tuesday. Their Majesties have spent two afternoons here, I have had a good deal of conversation, with ye King. I defer particulars till we meet, wch I hope will be early in the winter. I return home on Monday ye 7th. Mrs. Delany is wonderfully well, Mary Ann quite so; we all join in kind love and congratulations to y^r^self and Mrs. Granville. I hope a second visit to Buxton has had a good effect upon Miss De la Bere. For myself, I think I mend, but not quite so quick as I could wish. I am, always,

Yours affectionately,

C. DEWES.

The following Diary appears to have been written to Mrs. Delany's dictation by Mrs. Astley, her waiting-woman.

October 29, 1785.—The King, in the most gracious manner, told Mr. Dewes that he was informed that his youngest brother Mr. J. Dewes and the rest of the family were desirous that he should take the name of Granville, and that His Majesty was very well pleased it should be so *immediately*.

The Earl of Guilford to Court Dewes, Esq.

Waldershare, Oct. 30th, 1785.

DEAR S^R^,

I return you a great many thanks for your very obliging letter, and account of Mrs. Delany's health, in which I, among the rest of her friends, feel myself deeply interested. I take a sincere share in the comfort she receives from her royal neighbours, they give themselves pleasure in administering it; and at the same time, do themselves credit. The change of weather to severe cold was so sudden, that it is a happiness that Mrs. Delany did not suffer more than she seems to have done. I hope there may be still some fine weather to set her right. I have had a little gout in my foot without much pain. It obliged me to wear a great laced shoe for some days, and I have still some flannel in my own shoes. I think it has been a great relief to my nerves and spirits, which stood very much in need of it, and I am, thank God, pure well. *Affliction* will *make itself felt*, (be the resistance made to it ever so great); but it is a lesson to teach us submission to the Divine will, and *indulging or encouraging* we may defeat the good in-

tended us by it. Poor Lord Dartmouth makes a very proper reflection upon his misfortune;[1] that "the blessing he has lost must not make him forget those which are continued to him." Mrs. Delany will be glad to hear he and his family are as well in health as one could possibly expect: and so I hear are L^d^ and L^y^ Willoughby. I beg the favour of you to present my compliments and best wishes to Mrs. Delany and Miss Port, and be assured that I am, with great regard, dear s^r^,

Your obedient and obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Saturday morning, Oct. 29th.—Went with Mr. Dewes to Mr. Bryant; found the Bishop of Chester and Mrs. Porteous there.

Evening.—Mrs. Egerton, Miss Egerton.

Sunday morning, 30th.—Went to the Cathedral church to hear the Bishop of Chester preach, who made a most excellent sermon. Met the King and Queen in the cloisters, who commanded me to attend them in the evening at the Lodge. Mr. Mordant from Eaton School dined here; at 7 went to the Lodge. Mr. Dewes and Miss Port spent the evening at Lady Louisa Claytons.

Monday morning.—Mr. Dewes gone to London; at 12 o'clock the Queen came, and staid till 2. Mr. Dewes returned from London at 4; at 5 Miss Goldsworthy brought a message from their Majesties, that I, Mr.

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[1] The Hon. William Legge, second son of the Earl of Dartmouth, died 15th Oct., 1785, aged 19.

Dewes, and Miss Port should go to the Lodge; we went a little before 8; found the Queen at work, some of the princesses working, and others drawing; a very fine concert, that lasted from 8 till 10.

Tuesday, November 1.—Miss Clayton and Miss Emily called.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 5th Nov., 1785.

I cannot allow myself to write very frequently to my dear friend, because I cannot suppose that my letters are worth their postage, but now that I have a kind one of hers to acknowledge, and also two subjects of congratulation, I take up one of my bad pens without scruple. The newspapers tell me dear Lady Harriet Gray is marry'd, to whom I wish all happiness; and the day before yesterday Miss Murray was so good to send me a kind note, to acquaint me with their satisfaction in Miss Elizabeth Murray's intended marriage to Mr. Hatton.[1] I am sure it must be a great one to my old acquaintance, Mrs. Hatton,[2] to receive such a treasure into her family; for such I have always consider'd this young lady, and I do not believe that you who know her still better will contradict me. What a school of sense and virtue has she not been bred in, under good Lady

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[1] Elizabeth Mary, daughter of David, 7th Viscount Stormont, by his first wife, Henrietta Frederica, daughter of Henry, Count Bunau, married, Dec. 10th, 1785, George Finch Hatton, Esq., of Eastwell Park. Their son, George William Finch Hatton, became 9th Earl of Winchelsea.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of Sir Thomas Palmer, Bart., of Wingham, Kent, and widow of the Hon. Edward Finch Hatton, fifth son of Daniel, 2nd Earl of Nottingham.

Mansfield, and her own excellent aunt's, *added* to *wisdom personnify'd.*[1]

This morning in my airing, I met Mr. and Mrs. Cole marching to London. I cou'd not persuade them to turn about and follow me, they pleaded an expectation of Mr. Symonds from the Continent: they seem'd very well, and told me our good friends Mr. and Mrs Jenyns were perfectly so. I am at present in profound solitude, that is of an evening, for in the morning not only I take long airings, but I gossip with my neighbours at Totteridge, or Hadley. Mrs. Chapone is still further off, so that I have not yet been to visit her, but intend it soon. My daughters and their family are well; I shall always rejoice to hear you are so, my dear friend, and hope you will give me that pleasure from time to time. My love to "*the walking lady.*"

Ever yours, most gratefully,

F. BOSCAWEN.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Tuesday, 7th Nov.—Had a better night than for some time past: Mr. Lightfoot, and his daughter.

Evening.—The Queen to tea—a little after the King; they staid till near 9.

Wednesday, 8th.—A very good night.

Evening.—Miss Port went to Lady Louisa Clayton to sit with Miss Emily; Lady L. C. came to me.

Thursday, 9th.—A very poor night. To Eaton, paid the Provost a visit.

Evening.—3 princesses to tea, attended by Miss Goldsworthy.

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[1] "Wisdom personified."—Lord Mansfield.

The Rev. William Gilpin to Mrs. Delany, St. Alban's Street, Windsor.

Vicar's Hill, Nov. 9th, 85.

DEAR MADAM,

You have *highly gratifyed* me, by telling me ye Queen has approved my book.[1] I can now with some confidence present it to her. How much I rejoice, dear mad^m^, in their Majesties behaviour to you! I hear of it from all hands, and you are ye instrument of discovering virtues in y^m^, w^h^ people *could not* believe dwelt in kings and queens. Kings and queens have *often* done *generous* things: but to shew y^s^ *kindness, attention* and *concern*, seems to indicate feelings w^h^ one would have thought *could* have fallen in *their way!* For myself, I verily believe, *if I had been* a Jacobite, their behaviour to you would have made a convert of me. But now, madam, I must tell you, that you have offended me, beyond all ideas of forgiveness, by returning my books. They will probably not come abroad these several months, and when they do appear, you cannot taste (*if* there *be anything* to taste) any part of them, but what I sent; for my prints, I fear, will be on too small a scale for y^r^ eyes: and

[1] The 1st work published by the Rev. W. Gilpin, on "Picturesque Beauty," appeared in 1782, entitled "Observations on the River Wye and several parts of South Wales, &c." In 1787 Gilpin published "Observations on several parts of England, particularly the Mountains and Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, &c." This work remained in manuscript 15 years. His friends were anxious that he should publish by subscription, and the Dowager Duchess of Portland sent him a donation of 100*l*. He, however, would not accept of her Grace's kindness, as he was "still afraid of an engagement with the public." Gray saw the work and alluded to it in some of his publications, which at length *obliged* Mr. Gilpin to publish it. It will be observed, in the course of Mr. Gilpin's letters, that he was not free from the fault of *presumption*, (a fault much more common in the present day,) and that the notice and encouragement justly awarded to his talents made him sometimes forget his own position or that of those he addressed. The above letter is an instance of this.

now, when I was pleasing myself with ye thoughts of renewing your ideas of a book, you had *once* so *much favoured*, by shewing it to you in a more perfect state, you have destroyed all my pleasure at once, by sending my book back! When I write to Blamire next, I will desire him to send it again; and I hope you will not mortify me a second time. It is an awkward thing, when a man is obliged to put a value on his presents; but you must know, mad^m^, it pleased me to send it to you *so many* months *before* ye public w^d^ have it. I have paid ye complim^ts^ *only* to two or three of my critics, &c., who *assisted* me in my labours. The same post w^h^ brought me your letter, brought me one also from Ld Dartmouth. He is a good man, and bears y^t^ last stroke with that fortitude and resignation you w^d^ suppose. What a change (as he himself observes) have these years made in his family! I am sorry to hear you say ye winter has already begun to take hold of you. You will soon, I suppose, hasten to town; and I hope ye warmth of a London climate will be more congenial.

Believe me, dear madam,

Your most sincere, and obed^t^ ser^t^,

W. GILPIN.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Granville, at Calwich.

St. Alban's Street, Windsor.
Nov. 9th, 1785.

I must congratulate you, my dear nephew and niece *Granville*, on the permission you have received for *taking* that name, which I hope you will enjoy many years, with as much *honour* as your *ancestors have done*, and I can

make no doubt of it. It has been granted you in so gracious a manner that it requires a personal acknowledgment, as soon as you can make it. It cannot be done in due form without your going to London to be presented; but as that may be attended with some inconvenience to you *now*, I think I can obviate that difficulty by your coming here, which will give me an opportunity of presenting you to the King; whose goodness will accept of the offer of your duty in that manner. You and your dear wife will make me most happy by the visit; and if you can bring little Johnny with you, tho' I can't lodge him, he may be with the Provost of Eton, who will be delighted to give him a lodging. If you agree with me in this proposal, which I hope you will do, I suppose you will call at Welsbourn in your way, and the sooner you put it in execution the better. I hope you will contrive to spend a week with me; to be here by the 20th, wou'd be a very convenient time to me. But sooner, rather than later, as I expect your brother Bernard the end of this month. Your niece is overjoyed in the hopes that this plan will take effect. On recollection, and on all accounts, it will be better for you to be at Windsor by the 18th, and if I can't be so happy as to have your wife too—you must come without her.

On the 9th of November Mrs. Delany thus writes to Mrs. Frances Hamilton—

"I have been several evenings at the Queen's Lodge, with no other company but their own most lovely family. They sit round a large table, on which are books, work, pencils, and paper. The Queen has the goodness to

make me sit down next to her; and delights me with her conversation, which is informing, elegant, and pleasing, beyond description; whilst the younger part of the family are drawing and working, &c. &c., the beautiful babe, Princess Amelia, bearing her part in the entertainment; sometimes in one of her sister's laps; sometimes playing with the King on the carpet; which, altogether, exhibits such a delightful scene, as would require an Addison's pen, or a Vandyke's pencil, to do justice to it. In the *next* room is the band of music, which plays from eight o'clock till ten. The King generally directs them what pieces of music to play, chiefly Handel. Here I must stop, and return to my house. Mr. Dewes came here on the 25th of October; on the 28th their Majesties, the five princesses, and the youngest prince, came at seven o'clock in the evening to drink tea with me. All the princesses and princes had a commerce table,—Miss Emily Clayton, daughter to Lady Louisa Clayton, and Miss Port, did the honours of it. It gave me a pleasant opportunity of presenting Mr. Dewes to their Majesties; the King took gracious notice of him; and having heard that his youngest brother wished to take the name of Granville, said to Mr. Dewes, that he "desired he might, *from that time,* be called by that name," and gave orders that his sign manual should be prepared for that purpose, which has accordingly been done. I hear Mr. Edward Hamilton is in England. I hope, if he makes a visit to his friend Lord Harcourt, I may have a chance of seeing him.

"Miss Port is *very well,* and *very happy,* I am much flattered by the approbation she meets with."

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Friday evening, 10th.—The King, the Queen, and three princesses drank tea.

Saturday morning and evening.—Mrs. and Miss Egerton.

Sunday morning.—Went to church to the cathedral. Mr. Majendy[1] preached an excellent sermon.

Evening.—Went to the Queen's Lodge, came home at half an hour after ten.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, Envil, Nov. 11th, 1785.

Pray accept the united thanks of all your friends here for your friendly congratulations. Believe me, we are truly sensible of the affectionate share you are so good to take in our present happiness. I wish you could have taken a peep at us a few days since, when we had the felicity to make our dearest Harriet, and her most amiable husband, our first visit. I cannot describe to you our mutual joy, nor the feelings of a parent's heart, on seeing a beloved child settled in the most comfortable manner, and with the most reasonable prospect of lasting happiness. *Good sense, religion,* and a most *angelic temper*, are *three* most desirable qualities; and most likely to constitute, as well as to procure, happiness. *These,* I am happy to say, I think Sir John Chetwode possesses in a high degree. I will not fail to do every justice in my power to the kind wishes you make for them, and I

[1] The Rev. Henry William Majendie, Canon-residentiary of St. Paul's, made Bishop of Chester in 1800, translated to Bangor in 1809, died 1830.

am sure they will think themselves greatly obliged to you. Allow me, in their name, to offer you their grateful thanks, and I must add, *my Harriet's* kindest love. My lord and my girls desire me to assure you of theirs, and they desire you will be so good to mention them in the kindest manner to Miss Port.

It gives me *real* pleasure to hear that your new situation agrees with you, and I beg to congratulate you on the gracious manner in which His Majesty has been pleased to call Mr. John Dewes to take the name of *Granville.*

The number of letters with which I have been favor'd on the late happy event, have taken up a good deal of my time, and I am ashamed to say, I am still greatly in arrear. This will, I am sure, plead my excuse for not adding anything more at present, but the assurance of my being, with the warmest regard,

My dearest friend,

Yours most affect^ly^ and sincerely,

H. C. STAMFORD.

P. S. Permit me to trouble you to send the inclosed to L^y^ Louisa Clayton.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Waldershare, Nov. 17th, 1783.

MADAM,

I have been so disconcerted with the misfortunes of Lord and Lady Willoughby's having lost one of their fine boys, of a short and sudden illness, at this place, that I hope you will forgive my having delay'd giving you Her Majesty's answer to my grandson when he pro-

posed to her the endeavouring to get an exchange for her present nomination to the Charter House to secure Mr. George Row Port. Her Majesty expressed a very great *desire* that he should succeed as soon as he was capable of being appointed, and assured my grandson that she would certainly get an exchange which should secure his being admitted at that time; but that she was obliged to fill the present vacancy according to an old promise which she had made to my Lord Delawarr. I therefore look upon Mr. Port's success, as soon as he is capable of being admitted, may be reckon'd *as sure* as one ought to think anything to be in this world. Poor Lord and Lady Willoughby bear their great loss with Christian resignation, and are as well as they could have been expected to be, considering the anxious state they are in, on account of poor Miss Harriett, who, though in some degree mended, is far from being cured. I feel very uneasy so far from poor Lord and Lady Willoughby, and am getting my business over here as fast as I can, in order to get near them, and hope to be in town by the first week in December. I beg the favour of you to present my best respects to the Duchess Dowager of Portland, and believe me with the most sincere esteem and regard,

Madam,

Your most obedient and obliged humble servant,

GUILFORD.

I hope my Lady Duchess[1] and you have both enjoyed your health this fine autumn.

[1] This letter has been misplaced in consequence of the date having been misread for 1785 instead of 1783. The Dowager Duchess of Portland *died* in *July* of *this year*.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Waldershare, Nr. 29th, 1785.

MADAM,

I am extreamly flatter'd by your kind reproach for my not having troubled you more frequently with accounts of myself, for sometime after I came here, they would have been very unpleasant, as I was exceedingly low spirited, and in very indifferent health; but a little gout in one foot, without being any confinement, and composing my mind to whatever pleases God, relieved my spirits; and I have been for some time surprizingly well. The Dean of Rochester, Mrs. Dampier and Miss Shuck passed a week with me; I have since that had the Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North and their eldest daughter (a very sensible, fine girl) with me, near a fortnight; but I must turn them out in a few days, that I may dispatch my necessary business before I set out for London. They desire me to present to you their best compliments. It gives me very great pleasure to hear cold weather does not affect your health, and that it is better than you had reason to expect. I am clearly of opinion that if the Queen wishes you to stay at Windsor as long as she is there, it *would* be right for you to do it, if the coldness of the air *does not* seem to disagree with you; but *if* it appears to do so, I am *sure* she *will not wish you* to remain there. I fear your return to London will affect you; but you must arm yourself against it, and follow the example of Lord Dartmouth, who says, though his losses are very great, they don't make him unmindfull of the comforts which are left to him. The kindness and attentions of those who one

esteems and respects are the greatest comforts one can enjoy in a state of low spirits, and you possess them in the greatest perfection in the honours and favours their Majesties heap upon you; which have certainly contributed much to your health. I dare say they feel as much pleasure in observing how properly their favours are bestowed, as you have in contemplating their great goodness of heart. Lord and Lady Dartmouth, after whom you are so good as to enquire, are come to town, and I hear in as good health as could be expected. They are going to make a visit to Lord Lewisham at a house he has taken near Cobham, and mean when they return to fix in London for the winter. Lord North and his family are well at Bushy Park, where they talk of remaining till late in January. I have had very lately a letter from our friend Fred. Montague, from the Dean of York. He says Mrs. Wilson complains of being very weak, and he is there ready to set out if she should wish him to come to Exeter. Lord and Lady Willoughby are well at Marsh-Gate, and will, I believe, stay there till January. I fear I have lost the pleasure of a letter in which you mentioned the gracious manner in which the King had given your youngest nephew to take the name of Granville. But it does not surprize me, as since the establishment of a mail coach to Dover, there has been innumerable mistakes and a terrible uncertainty in the conveyance of letters. One neither knows when they arrive, nor whether they will arrive at all. My guests leave me on Thursday, and I hope to finish my business in time to get to London the latter end of the next week, or early in the week after; and if I find you don't come to town till January, and the

weather should be favourable, it is not impossible, but I may find an opportunity of making you a visit. But I can't venture to promise it. I hope all your nephews and nieces are well, and beg you to make my best compliments to Miss Port, and tell her I take a very sincere share in her happiness. I flatter myself it is unnecessary for me to repeat that I am always, with the sincerest esteem and regard,

Dear Madam,

Your most obliged and faithfull humble servant,

GUILFORD.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Nov. 30th, 1785.—Continued all day very low. Mrs. Sandford read part of the Memoirs of the Life of Dean Swift. Miss Planta came again in the evening with particular enquiries from the Queen. The pictures were put up in the drawing-room.

Thursday, Dec. 1st.—Mr. Sandford returned to London. I had but an indifferent night. Miss Planta to enquire again after me from the Queen.

Miss Burney writing. Miss Port learning French.

Evening.—The King and Queen.

Princess Elizabeth very ill with an inflammation on her lungs.

Friday morning, 2nd.—Lady Cremorne. A better night.

Princess Elizabeth confined, and Sir George Baker sent for; was bled 5 times in 48 hours.

Miss Emily Clayton dined here; stayed the evening.

I was very indifferent and not able to dine at table.

Princess Elizabeth rather better.

Saturday morning, 3rd.—Had a pretty good night, but grew low and faint after breakfast.

Princess Elizabeth still better.

Evening.—King and Queen to *tea*.

Sunday morning, 4th.—Not well enough to go to church. Much alarmed about Princess Elizabeth, who had had a bad night.

Evening.—Went to the Queen's Lodge.

Monday morning, 5th. — Princess Elizabeth much mended. The Provost of Eaton called. Lady Louisa Clayton.

Evening.—Lady Louisa Clayton to tea. Sent for again to the Lodge. Still greater amendment in Princess Elizabeth. Staid till half past ten.

Tuesday morning, 6th.—Good accounts continued of Princess Elizabeth.

Miss Burney went to Mrs. Walsingham's.

The present period will be a proper time to insert some extracts from letters of the excellent Mrs. Agnew, the waiting-woman of Mrs. Delany, who was a clergyman's daughter, and to whom allusion has been frequently made in this correspondence under the name of Astley, and who married after the death of Mrs. Delany. Mrs. Agnew was alive and residing at Windsor in 1832, and that she was in the full possession of her faculties is proved by her letters, several of which are in the possession of the Editor, in her own handwriting. On the 29th of November, 1832, she thus expresses herself:—"I am grieved to think Madame D'Arblay should have brought forward the name of my beloved mistress in the way she has in her late public work. I am more surprised and vexed than I can express. To Mrs. Delany she was under such *great obligations*, and from that circumstance will enjoy £100 a year for life; but authors and authoresses take great latitude, they make mountains of molehills."

In allusion to the very circumstantial particulars which Madame D'Arblay thought proper to recount for the edification of the public, the following comments were made by Mrs. Delany's faithful attendant, who was also her housekeeper, and who expresses herself naturally and characteristically in *that official capacity!*

"Except a small basket of vegetables once a week, not anything once in a month was ever sent by the Duchess of Portland, who never had company at her own house. She drank tea in St. James's Place all the winter, when Mrs. Delany invited those who the Duchess liked to meet. I had to make tea at many different times (and a pound of fine tea, at 16*s.* a pound, was gone in no time), with cakes, and etcs. As to money, I am certain not even the present of the least trifle did the Duchess ever give Mrs. Delany; but her spending the summer at Bulstrode, and giving her delightful society entirely to herself, so offended her brother, Mr. Granville, when he asked her to meet some particular friends, that upon her refusal he altered his will, and after awarding Mrs. Delany £300 a year for her life if she survived him, he left her nothing. If Madame D'Arblay had mentioned these things as they really were, it might have suited herself quite as well, if not better, and done more credit to herself. At the Duchess of Portland's death her *three* nephews all wrote to say how ready they were in every way to assist in making her *happy*, but the King gave her a house at Windsor and £300 a year, saying, 'they *wished* to have a lady of such distinguished merit *near them*.' As to Madame D'Arblay's looking over Mrs. Delany's letters and papers, I doubt the truth of it, with *good reason*, for more than a fortnight before we left St. James's place I was employed upon them every morning in examining and burning a large box of letters, which grieved me to destroy, as some of them were written by the first people in the world; but *I was obliged to obey*, and observed at the time that the box of letters (containing hundreds) would have been a fortune to anybody were they published. '*That is what I want to prevent*,' was the answer. But if Madame D'A. happened to look

over one letter or MS., that *was enough* for an authoress to *build upon!* As to Mrs. Delany's life, the early part of it *was written by herself*, and she employed *me* to go on with it[1] a short time only, when it was not continued, saying, 'her friends knew her latter years, and therefore would add no more,' so *what* there could be for *Madame D'Arblay* to revise *I know not.* I cannot be certain who Mrs. Delany gave pictures to. The flowers *given to the Queen* may be in possession of Madame Beckendorf."

On the 13th of December Mrs. Agnew wrote:—"Madame D'Arblay has not stuck exactly to truth, and in many respects has taken the advantage of *very little* to *build on.* When she speaks of Mrs. Delany, 'not thinking of discomfitted affairs,' if she means in a *pecuniary* way, they *never were so* during her knowledge of Mrs. Delany.

"It is surprising to me how Madame D'Arblay could mention the two friends in the way she has done; she must fancy she was *writing a novel*, and therefore could embellish her story in any way she liked. Every character she has brought forward tends to raising herself and her family a step and a step higher, from the great connexions (of those persons), who had obtained a name in the world from their great abilities or rank in life.

"As to the papers Madame D'A. speaks of as having examined, they could only be letters just received. I wonder Madame D'A. calls herself the '*robe-keeper*;' it strikes me that appellation was only due to Mrs. Schellenbergen, who had the care of everything belonging to the Queen, and *she* must have been *under* the lady who was mistress of the robes. Her Majesty had two dressers, but there could be but one *keeper* of the robes, which was the head-dresser, Mrs. Schwellenberg. *How angry* would *she* be, was she living, to see her title taken from her! Princess Elizabeth certainly would not have mentioned Her Majesty in any other way *to Dr. Burney* but by the title of 'Queen,' but *to H. M.* I heard her (the Princess E.) say myself 'mamma.' I

[1] This was the dictated fragment published in the 1st vol. of this work, which was in the handwriting of Mrs. Agnew.

attended her R. H. for several weeks once when her dresser was ill. A new pair of stays happened to be brought, the Princess told me the Queen would come in to see if they fitted properly. When her Majesty came in she felt them here and there, saying, 'Elizabeth, they are too tight.' 'Indeed, mamma, they are not,' was the answer. Then turning to me the Queen said, 'What do *you* think?' I said that her R. H. must be the best judge if they did not hurt her, and thus ended the business."

Mrs. Agnew afterwards alluded to a letter which she had received from Madame D'Arblay, which she says, "was certainly a very friendly one, and to give me a set of books is paying me a great compliment; but it *cannot blind me* to praise what I am very much vexed at, and I feel a regret in taking what I really cannot value; *but I must;* but I shall be very careful not to take the least notice of the merits or demerits of the book when I write to Madame D'Arblay. I think Madame D'Arblay has mentioned very few of Mrs. Delany's friends. I recollect Lady Bute, Lady Templeton, Lady Spencer, Lady Charlotte Finch, Lady Louisa Clayton, Lady Juliana Penn, Lady Tweeddale, Lady Stamford, Lady Weymouth, Lady Jerningham, Lady Wallingford, Lady ——, whose title I forget (who was the mother of Miss Howard), also Mrs. Sandford, Mrs. Walsingham, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Chapone, and many others. Of gentlemen I recollect Lord Guilford, Lord Mansfield, Bishop of Exeter, Bishop of Worcester, Mr. Montague, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Smelt. All the above personages I remember calling in the morning, or visiting her in the evening. She had the first interest in the kingdom. During Lord Shelburne's time in office she obtained several good situations for different people. She often wrote to Lord Thurlow in favour of clergymen, and never thought anything of her own trouble when there was a chance of doing good, and was never more happy than when she could bring into notice young artists who promised to excel. Opie and Lawrence owed her much. In short, every one who was eminent in their way had a helping hand from this best of human beings to bring them forward. If Madame D'Arblay

had mentioned something like this, (though in *better language,*) she would have done more credit to herself and justice to her friend; but wishes are vain now to make it otherwise! *You know* all I have said *to be fact,* and you must pardon me for saying so much on one subject, but I am never tired when I am talking (as I think) to you about *my beloved mistress.*"

Mrs. Agnew sums up her opinion of Madame D'Arblay by saying that she really believes that she had a great regard for Mrs. Delany, but that she was so in the habit of "*composing fictions*" in her novels, that she was not to be depended upon where she desired to work up an effect, or *herself* to produce an impression.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 5th Dec., 1785.

I return my dear friend many thanks for her kind present of a pot of lampries, wch as usual was excellent, and which remains to relish many days more; but besides your favour, my dear madam, I have had a mortification; Lady Bute having imparted the unwelcome news of your indisposition, so as to be let blood, which I am afraid implies fever; I must, therefore, intreat the "walking lady" (*now* the *fair writing lady*) to tell me if you are perfectly recovered; to know so much *from her* will be a singular comfort to me. Mr. and Mrs. Jenyns just arrived in perfect preservation. The Bishop of Exeter, who was here the other night and met Mr. and Mrs. Cole, also in the number of enquirers *how* you are.

I cannot convince the Bishop that I borrow'd his sermon (printed) of you last spring; but I did, and return'd it. He thinks it was *not printed* at the time I

pretend to have seen it, and I may not be accurate as to the time. I have no news to tell you but "of offence and trouble," that Lady Mary Cornwallis,[1] a very young lady indeed, is gone off to Scotland with a Mr. Singleton, of the Guards, a younger brother. At least, so I heard last night, and this morning I read that the Countess Dowager of Cornwallis[2] *is dead*, as if she were spared the grief of seeing such an enormity in her family, for I can hardly give it a gentler name—as the young lady is not yet of an age even to be presented to Her Majesty, has had the boldness to commit herself for so many hundred miles, to the care of a young man with whom she can have had but a slight acquaintance; she took no female attendant or cloathes. It must be a great trouble to Mrs. Cornwallis,[3] and a most ungrateful return for all her care and kindness; it was, however, lucky that she did not run from her, but from her father's house in Suffolk, where she was under the care of his sister, Lady Betty Southwell,[4] and she took the opportunity of his lordship's being absent attending upon his dying mother. It seems Captain Singleton's parents are very worthy people, and have a very large estate (in Ireland), but they have an elder son, so the appoint^{mts} of this younger one are probably very inadequate to his own expenses, as

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[1] Debrett's Peerage records that Lady Mary Cornwallis, daughter of Charles, 1st Marquis Cornwallis, married "Mark Singleton, Esq., Principal Storekeeper of the Ordnance."

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, 2nd Viscount Townshend, and widow of Charles, 1st Earl Cornwallis, died Dec. 1st, 1785.

[3] Probably Catherine, daughter of Galfridus Mann, Esq., and wife of the Hon. James Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry in 1781, who became 4th Earl Cornwallis in 1823.

[4] Wife of Bowen Southwell, Esq.

he has the honour (et le malheur) to belong to the Prince of Wales's sett; and is not for that the better qualify'd to marry and settle. Since I wrote this I have seen Mrs. Walsingham, who tells me she is to rob you of Miss Burney to-morrow. She has had a more satisfactory account of her son, who is arriv'd at Hieres, without suffering from the fatigue of so long a journey. Mr. Hatton has taken a house in Upper Harley Street. Mrs. Hatton was here yesterday, and promises herself she shall *now* soon see a delightful daughter-in-law, probably before Lord Mansfield and family remove to Ken Wood for the holidays. Sir Joshua Reynolds[1] has painted *an admirable* portrait of his Lordship. His friends say it is too old, but indeed *it is the truth.*

I am to dine in company with Admiral Campbell[2] to-day, and will enquire after the young sailor Sandford.

F. BOSCAWEN.

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[1] Sir Joshua Reynolds was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, where his father was Master of the Free Grammar School. Lord Mount Edgcumbe was his earliest patron, and introduced him to Admiral Keppel, with whom he went on board the "Centurion" to the Mediterranean. Staying two months at Minorca with General Blakeney, he proceeded from thence by way of Leghorn to Rome. He visited most of the Italian cities, and returned through France to England, having been absent three years and a half. His fame is said to have been first established in London by his full-length portrait of Admiral Keppel standing on the sea-shore. In 1768, on the foundation of the Royal Academy, he was chosen President, and received the honour of Knighthood. His life henceforth was spent in successful devotion to his favourite art. He died Feb. 22nd, 1792, aged 68, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. As a fine artist, a favourite of Lord Mount Edgcumbe's, and a West-countryman, Sir Joshua had a triple claim on Mrs. Boscawen.

[2] Admiral John Campbell, Governor of Newfoundland from 1782 to 1784, died in 1791.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Aud. Str., Saturday, 11th Dec., 1785.

'Last Monday, my dear madam, I dispatch'd a letter to you, just as I was going to the Admiralty to dinner, at ½ past 4. There I met Ad[l] Campbell, and inquir'd earnestly after Mr. Sandford. He told me that he did very well, was a good young man, nor had he ever heard any complaint of him whatever, unless perhaps that "he was not quite careful enough of his things, which wou'd be his mother's loss, not his." I reported to her the good testimony without mentioning this little circumstance, w[ch] with 4 sons, is *probably not new* to her. I think she looks much healthier than usual, has not so many wraps, and no hood upon her head, and is in all respects the better for her airy situation. Her little saylor-son came in, and he is grown fat and very sturdy. I saw Mrs. Chapone also this morning. What a satisfaction wou'd it be to know that the Princess Elizabeth is well advanc'd in her recovery, and that the whooping cough has not spread; for it is a very severe disorder. Miss Port will be so good to tell me, for nobody can be indifferent to anything that affects Her Majisty so much.

L[d] John Russell[1] is marry'd to one of L[d] Torrington's daug[rs]. I do not know when the marriage[2] that interests

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[1] Lord John Russell, second son of Francis Russell, Marquis of Tavistock. He married, first, March 21, 1786, Georgiana Elizabeth, second daughter of George, 4th Viscount Torrington; and second, June 23rd, 1803, Georgiana, daughter of Alexander, Duke of Gordon. Lord John Russell, on the death of his brother, May 2nd, 1802, succeeded to his honours, and became 6th Duke of Bedford.

[2] The Hon. Elizabeth Mary Murray, eldest daughter of David, 7th Viscount Stormont, and great-niece to William, 1st Earl of Mansfield, married, Dec. 10th, 1785, George Finch Hatton, Esq., of Eastwell Park, Kent.

you is to be, but I believe soon. I saw Ld Stormont[1] last night at Lady Charl. Wentworth's, where was also Lady Cecilia Johnston, who shew'd me a letter from L^y^ Mt Edgcumbe, full of joy at my L^ds^ great amendm^t^.

Mrs. Garrick and Mrs. More were here this morning, and enquir'd after you. They are going to Mrs. Walsingham. Ld Cremorne is much better, thank God! Lady Cork[2] will hardly recover.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

Windsor, Dec. 21st, 1785.

MY DEAREST MARY,

As my not having been well, has been mentioned to you, I thought a line, by my own hand, tho' a sad scrawl, would give you some satisfaction, but I find I cannot proceed, and must give my pen and ink into an abler hand.

I received Mr. Port's letters, but it is not in my power to answer them. Tho' I dayly feel a decay of my faculties, there is none in my affection. I shall be happy to hear your health is better, and that you enjoy all your children at this time assembled. My love and best wishes of the season attend you all. This morning Bernard and his very engaging girl left us.

I don't think it likely that G. R. P. will be established in the Charter House before next Easter. Please God,

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[1] David Murray, 7th Viscount Stormont, who succeeded at his uncle's death, in 1793, to the Earldom of Mansfield.

[2] Anne, daughter of Kelland Courtenay, Esq., first wife of Edmund Boyle, 7th Earl of Cork, died Dec. 10th, 1785. Her marriage had been dissolved in 1782.

I hope we shall meet the beginning of next March, and that you will have the satisfaction of seeing him take his place. I can fix no time for my removing from hence, but at soonest I believe it will be the end of Jan^y^, and I have some regulations to make in my house in London, which will hurry me much on my first going to town, which I can ill bear.

Miss Burney[1] is still with me, but leaves me the beginning of January. She is, indeed, a most valuable acquaintance, and on *Mary's account*, as well as my own, I am happy to have as much of her company as I can.

Princess Eliza^th^ is now, I hope, out of danger; but she has given great alarm here.

I must add Mary's duty and love. Believe me, my dearest Mary, unalterably yours

Affectionately,

M. D.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Christmas Eve, 1785.

With or without the favour of a letter from you, my dearest madam, (w^ch^, however, I have just now had to my great contentment,) I resolv'd to scribble my best wishes for your pleasant holydays, and many happy returns of them, in the midst of nephews and nieces, and surrounded by—(I will not pretend to say what, unless I had

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[1] At this period (the previous month) Miss Burney recounts the *delicate dilemma* in which she had *nearly* been involved by her *narrow escape* of *not* seeing the King when he came to see Mrs. Delany alone. The Editor believes the Queen wished Mrs. Delany to ascertain Miss Burney's powers as a *Reader*, with a view to her being employed in that way occasionally if appointed as one.

more time to find *proper terms* to define and admire it!) But the post-bell is apt to tingle, the dinner-bell to ring. Mrs. H. More is sitting by. The Bishop of Exeter was here in the morning; so was Lady Juliana Penn. Else I shou'd have got a letter ready for the early demand of this *new fashion'd post*, wch I don't like one bit. I have spent a pleasant week, which I owe to Her Majesty's bounty, (so extensive is it!) for Mrs. Leveson came up to pay her duty at the drawing-room, Bill Hill (ye old and pleasant Bill Hill) having been honour'd with a Royal visit! Y^r^ assurance of the Princess Elizabeth's recovery is most welcome, God be praised! for I fear'd such repeated discipline might be *too much!* Now, my dearest madam, I must leave you for this same dinner, (upon table,) and cannot say how much I am,

F. B.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Wednesday morning, Dec. 28th.—Miss Egerton; Mrs. Ann Egerton.

Evening.—The King and Queen.

Thursday morning, 29th.—Mrs. Ann Egerton.

Evening.—Dr. Lind.

Friday, 30th.—Miss Egerton.

Evening.—The Queen came at half-past 6 to take me with her to the Lodge; I followed, and staid there till half-past ten; between 9 and 10, Princess Elizabeth had a return of the spasms, which continued very strong all night.

Saturday morning, Dec. 31st.—Princess Elizabeth still very indifferent. Sir George Baker had been with her.

Saturday evening.—The frost extream.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany

Dec. 30th.

MADAM,

I am extreamly sensible of the honor Her Majesty does me, in condescending to take the least notice of the attention which inclination as well as duty, has always prompted me to pay to her. I am *sadly pinched* by the *weather*, but get out a little in my coach, exceedingly wrapped up, in the warmest part of the day; and hope I shall get my self in order to attend Her Majesty at the Queen's House on Wednesday. I am exceedingly glad to hear the Princess Elizabeth goes on so well. Lady Brudenell[1] mends every day; I am very glad the Princess's whooping coughs are abating. If Miss Port gets that disorder, don't let her cough, or breathe, near you, if you have not had it. I shall give your compliments and good wishes to my family; I am sure they concurr with me, in every good wish to you and Miss Port. Believe me, madam,

Your most obedient and obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

Dec. 30th. I sent a servant with your letter. I am glad you name a time for coming to town.

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[1] Anne, eldest daughter of George, Viscount Lewisham, and sister of the Earl of Dartmouth, married, 23rd Nov., 1760, the Hon. James Brudenell, who was created, in 1780, Baron Brudenell, and succeeded to the Earldom of Cardigan on the death of his brother in May, 1790. Lady Brudenell died 12th Jan., 1786.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

1786—1788.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Jan. 1st, 1786. Sunday morning.—Too cold to go to church; Miss Port and Miss Murray went with Madam Lafite to see Mr. Jarvise's painting. Princess Eliz. rather better, tho' the spasms continue.

Evening.—The King and the Queen, and Lady Louisa Clayton.

Monday morning, 2nd.—Intensely cold; Princess Eliz. much the same; Miss Planta to breakfast. Dr Lind.

Evening.—Nobody.

Tuesday morning, 3rd.—A consultation with Mr. Gray; the Queen and Princess Royal; Princess Augusta who came from Princess Eliz., who had had a very severe return of her spasms.

In the evening went to the Lodge. Princess Eliz. continued very indifferent.

From Queen Charlotte to Mrs. Delany.

[In the Queen's own handwriting.]

MY DEAR MRS. DELANY,

According to *my promise* I have the pleasure of acquainting you that dear suffering Elizabeth has had altogether about ten hours very comfortable sleep. Her spassms still continue, but I flatter myself that the intervals are longer. I hope to hear that you, my dear madam, do not suffer by this severe day; it is the most uncomfortable feeling day wee have had yet, and tho in general no change of weather makes me angry, I shall certainly quarrel with it to day if you are unwell.

Your very affectionnate friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Q. L., the 4th of January, 1786.

I should have wrote sooner, but was prevented by going early to the Lower Lodge.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

London, Jan. 4th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your kind note by the coach; it was of great use, by giving me an idea that the Queen would not come to town to-day; tho' the weather is so severe, I don't think I should have dared to attend her, and am afraid I must ask leave to send my deputy to-morrow. I am very much concerned to hear no better account of the Princess Elizabeth, and for the anxiety you are all under upon her account, and take a most sincere share in it. The weather I fear has

affected poor Lady Brudenell, who has had an increase of fever, been *bloodied again, is to be blistered* and to take *James's Powder*, and I am very uneasy about her.[1] Thank God you keep well! Believe me, dear madam,

Your obedient, and much obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

My best compliments wait on Miss Port.

The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delany.

London, Jan. 4th, 1786.

How do you find yourself, my dear madam, in this bitter cold weather? I am almost froze by the fireside, and heartily wish your house at Windsor may be so warm and comfortable, you may not feel the inclemency of the season; but fear you have at present a very painful scene before you, tho', as report always exaggerates, I flatter myself the Pss Elizabeth is not so ill as she is represented to be. I feel much for all the Royal family, and I am sure you do so to.

I am very glad you have had the pleasure of seeing your nephew and neices; and hope you have good accounts of those you have not seen, as I wish *you may* enjoy every comfort and happiness! these are the usual compts of the season, but at all seasons they are mine towards my dear friend.

London continues very empty, and I suppose will not fill till the Parliament meets; I'm afraid you will also remain at Windsor longer than was intended, but while

[1] Lady Brudenell died eight days afterwards in *due course of treatment*.

you are well there, I will not repine, notwithstanding it is so great a loss to

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

M. W. BUTE.

Louisa's[1] kindest compliments, with both our good wishes, to Miss Port.

The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delany.

London, Jan. 7th, 1786.

Our writing the same day, my dear madam, is a proof we thought of one another, and I am now to thank you for your kind remembrance, and the good account you have given me of yourself. I hope this sudden change of weather will not be the cause of your having any complaint, and flatter myself it will be favourable to the Princess Elizabeth. What you say of her comforts me very much, for since the spasms have not affected her head, I think they may easily be accounted for from great weakness, and I have frequently known young people get the better of similar disorders. I shall be much obliged to my dear friend, if you will desire Mrs. Astley to write me one line, to let me know how she goes on, being *anxiously concerned* for the King and Queen! I do not wonder to hear you are a great comfort to them, and I cannot wish you shou'd deprive them of your company. I am very glad to hear Miss Port's cough is better, and hope this mild weather will quick cure it.

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[1] Lady Louisa Stuart, who died, unmarried, in her house, 108, Gloucester Place, 1851.

Mrs. Boscawen came in while I was writing, and I have the pleasure to tell you she is perfectly well, desires her love, and will write to you soon. She had just seen Mrs. Chapone in good health.

Louisa's best wishes attend you, with those of (my dear friend)

Your ever affectionate,

M. W. Bute.

Our best comp^{t} to Miss Port.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Envil, Jan. ye 10th, 1786.

My dearest Friend,

I confess I stand reproved, and I read your kind letter, which I received yesterday, with gratitude and *shame*. You are very good to me, and, therefore, I shall rely on your mercy to pardon my long silence, and to hear with patience what I have to plead in excuse for it. Since the fourteenth of December, I have been surrounded with *all* my dear children, and as many other guests as our house would hold. My time has been so fully employ'd that I realy have had few moments in a day at my own disposal; and yet I can with truth assure you that I am angry with myself, for even appearing to have been negligent towards my dearest Mrs. Delany, for whom I ever must feel a most sincere affection. If I had not had frequent opportunities of hearing of you, I could not have remained without making my inquiries after you. It makes me truly happy to hear that you are tolerably well, that your health has not suffer'd materially from the anxiety of mind which you have undergone on account of the dangerous situation of the Pss Elizabeth,

and the share you have taken in the grief and anxiety of their Majesties. I most sincerely rejoice in the prospect of the Pss Elizabeth's recovery, and I trust in God, that their Majesties will not have any farther cause for alarm upon her account. The newspapers mention that Prince Augustus[1] is dangerously ill, but I flatter myself, there is no foundation for such a report. I bless God, all those most near and dear to me are as well as I can wish them; and we have the greatest reason to offer up our daily thanks and praises to the Almighty for the great blessings we enjoy in all our dear children, who are all at present, everything that we can wish them. My dearest Harriet and her amiable husband are now with us; and we have the comfort to see them both perfectly happy. *She* begs me to assure you of her most affectionate love. My Lord and Lord Grey desire me to offer their very kind compts to you. My dear girls unite in best love to you and Miss Port, who we hope is as well in every respect as you can wish. We do not yet talk of moving from hence. I sincerely hope when you do that you will have a good journey. That every good may ever attend on my dearest Mrs. Delany, and all those whom she loves, not only at the present season but every other, is the warmest wish of her friends at Envil, but more particularly of her, who is happy to subscribe herself, her

Ever affectionate and sincere friend,

H. C. STAMFORD.

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[1] Prince Augustus Frederic, born 27th Jan., 1773; created, 7th Nov., 1801, Duke of Sussex.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 13th Jan., 1786.

Lady Bute has been so good to impart *a secret* to me, which I *have* and *will* keep inviolably, and much comfort it ministers unto me.

I have not wrote to you lately, my dearest madam, not that I examined whether I had wrote last, but indeed because I had no pleasant subject to write upon. Fears for the lovely princess, which I trust in God are now groundless;—concern for poor Lady Brudenell,[1] whom you and many sincerely lament;—the sad tragedy of the Halsewell Indiaman,[2] wch even strangers can hardly read with dry eyes: all these are sad subjects for a letter, and I think I had nothing pleasant to balance them with. Lord Dacre[3] is dead this morning. He spent yesterday evening more cheerfully than usual, but was seized in the night and soon dy'd. I have long been acquainted with his very excellent lady, to whom I am sure he ow'd (in his melancholy state) every outward comfort he enjoyed. I hope therefore he has given her every testimony of his affection and gratitude.

My dear madam, I went yesterday to Ken Wood to visit Miss Murrays, and found them well (Miss Mary

[1] Anne, eldest daughter of George, Viscount Lewisham, and first wife of James, Baron Brudenell, afterwards 5th Earl of Cardigan. She died Jan. 12, 1786, leaving no children.

[2] The "Halsewell" East Indiaman was wrecked on the 6th of Jan., 1786, at Seacombe, in the Isle of Purbeck; 74 seamen and soldiers escaped out of 240, the number of the crew and passengers.

[3] Thomas Barrett Lennard, 17th Lord Dacre, died Jan. 12th, 1786. His widow, Anna Maria, daughter of Sir John Pratt, the Lord Chief Justice, was inconsolable for his loss, and from the day of his interment never failed to pay a daily visit to his grave until her own death in 1808.

had been otherwise, but is pretty well recovered). Lady Charlotte Wentworth was with them; Lord Mansfield was gone to London, where every morning he makes visits to his friends, and returns to dine with these amiable ladies. Lady Charlotte told me that Lady Fitzwilliam had bore her journey to London well. You know her ladyship promises an heir to the Wentworth family after 16 years marriage.[1]

I have been interrupted by agreeable visitors this morning—Mrs. Carter (with her long stick), Mrs. Iremonger—who inquired much after dear Mrs. Delany—and now Mrs. Leveson, who is very much her humble servant, as is (with a thousand good wishes) her truly affectionate friend,

F. BOSCAWEN.

My kind compliments to "the walking lady." Here is fine weather for her, after very bad. Mrs. Walsingham is come to town in good health. Her son is in a fair way of recovery.

The Viscountess Weymouth to Mrs. Delany.

Longleat, Jan. 14th, 1786.

DEAR MRS. DELANY,

I am most exceedingly obliged to you for sending me an account of Pss Elizabeth's great amendment. I hope H. R. H. will not have any returns, and that their Majesties will not suffer from their great anxiety. I am

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[1] Charlotte, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Bessborough, married William, 4th Earl Fitzwilliam, July 11th, 1770. Their only child, Charles William Wentworth, the 5th Earl, was born May 4th, 1786.

very glad Prince Augustus is so well recovered, and the younger Princess's, and flatter myself I shall have the comfort of finding all the Royal family well the week after this. Ld W. is allways so unwilling to leave this place, and as the birthday was postpon'd, I imagin'd the Queen wou'd not be in town till the Parliament, and have wrote to my friend L^y^ Egremont[1] to procure me a change with some one of the ladies in London, if the Queen has a drawing-room on Thursday.

I hope I shall see you, my dear friend, tolerably well. The weather is very uncomfortable; the ground is *all cover'd wth snow;* but that is not any inconvenience to you, as you have so many warm cloaks, &c., to preserve you when you do go out, which I suppose is *only* to the Queen's Lodge. I hope we shall not have a deep snow to shut up the road; the gentlemen greatly lament the present.

I hope Miss Port has quite lost her cough. Best love attend you from all y^r^ friends. Believe me

Ever y^r^ affec^te^,

E. C. WEYMOUTH.

Extract from a Letter of Miss Port's to her Mother, dated St. Alban's Street (Windsor), *19th Jan.*, 1786.

The two Princesses and the Queen came here on Tuesday, and Princess Augusta said she "wanted to see you." Princess Elizabeth and Prince Augustus are much better. Poor Princess Elizabeth has suffered extreamly, and does

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[1] Alicia Maria, daughter of George, 2nd Lord Carpenter, and widow of Charles, 1st Earl of Egremont.

now, tho' not in so great a degree as she did. We don't go so soon as I thought we should to town, as Her Majesty is anxious to keep my aunt Delany as long as she and the King stay here.

Mr. John Sandford is so altered that I should hardly have known him. He is much grown, and we quarrel about which is the tallest; we are so near of a height. I am very sorry to make you pay for this letter, but Sir George Howard[1] and Colonel Goldsworthy (my two *freers*) are in London. The little Princess's hooping cough continues bad. I think I remember hearing you say "*I* never had it, nor has A.D." The poor little Princess *takes emeticks every other day*, (as Sir George Baker thinks it's the *best thing* they can take,) and they have their back bones rubbed with musk. We have not seen them this month for fear of catching the disorder. We have been reading Gilpin's Lives of the Reformers,[2] which are very entertaining; the Queen lent us the book. I am working myself an apron, and a long piece of work it is, but I have resolved to finish it before I leave Windsor, and have worked above half of it.

Poor Lady Willoughby is in great distress, as Lady Brudenel[3] has an inflamation on her lungs,) and they despair of her recovering. She has been ill some time.

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[1] Sir George Howard, K.B., Field Marshal and Governor of Chelsea Hospital. He married, first, Lady Lucy Wentworth, sister and coheiress of William, Earl of Strafford; and secondly, Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Beckford, Esq., and widow of Thomas, 2nd Earl of Effingham.

[2] Life of John Wickliff and of the most eminent of his disciples, Lord Cobham, John Huss, Jerome of Prague, and Zisca, with other Reformers, by William Gilpin, M.A.

[3] Anne, eldest daughter of George, Viscount Lewisham, and wife of James, Baron Brudenell, died 12th Jan., 1786.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

London, Jan. 19th, 1786.

MADAM,

Tho' I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you very soon, I cannot delay returning my best thanks for your kind enquiry after a truly afflicted family, who (tho' very sensible of the resignation with which it is their duty to submit to the decrees of a wise and merciful providence) cannot help feeling acutely, when a link fails in that chain of comfortable friendship which has held us together for a long course of years, and as you know the value of our loss, you will not blame us. I hope we bear our misfortunes as we ought, and am sure I shall convey comfort, when I communicate your very kind enquiry and concern for us, and as we have been so long acquainted, I flatter myself you will have no doubt of our most sincere esteem and regard for you. Lord Dartmouth, Lady Willoughby, and Mrs. Keene, have colds added to their low spirits, but they are mending. Poor Lord Brudenell is as well in health as one could expect him to be; but his nerves and spirits are very much agitated. Lord Ailesbury, Mr. Bowlby, and Lady Mary Bowlby,[1] have shown the most affectionate care and attention to him, and all our part of the family give our assistance towards administering comfort as far as we are able. I have had so much experience of their Majesties good hearts, that I am persuaded they feel for us, and I have been in a course of taking a very sincere share in the joys and sorrows of the Royal

[1] Lady Mary Boulby, sister of the 1st Duke of Montagu of the second creation, and wife of Thomas Boulby, Esq.

family, for two generations. I therefore, most sincerely rejoice to hear your good account of the Princess Elizabeth, and that Prince Augustus is better. I am very sorry to hear you have not been well, but, hope you will be perfectly recover'd before you set out. I make no doubt but your house in town will be well air'd; but you must wrap yourself very warm for your journey. I who only go out in a morning when the sun shines, in a rugg great coat, and boot-stockings, and with a thick rugg at the bottom of my coach, feel the cold very piercing. Adieu, my dear madam! forgive my having taken up so much of your time, and believe me with great esteem and gratitude,

Your most obedient and obliged
Humble servant,
GUILFORD.

I beg Miss Port to accept my best compliments. Our poor friend Fred. Montague, is staying as long as he can to comfort the poor family at Melton;[1] but I believe he will be in town in about a fortnight. Lord North and the Bishop of Winchester, and their families, who share deeply in our affliction, are still in the country.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicars Hill, Jan. 25th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

I am writing to Mrs. Leveson, and as I have heard nothing from you, since the severity of the winter,

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[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Fountayne by his third wife, Anne Montague, and wife of Richard Wilson, son of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Bristol, died 10th Jan., 1786.

I have asked that lady, when she calls upon you, to make inquiry in my name. I beg you will not trouble yourself with writing; as I know it is so inconvenient to you. Mrs. Leveson will be so good as give me the intelligence I desire.

I yet see no prospect of my book, about which, madam, you are so kindly interested. Naturalists tell us, that the noblest animals are the longest in gestation. If the analogy hold in books, I think I am highly politic in endeavouring to keep up the attention of the public so long. At the same time, you know, madam, there is an ugly fable *against me*, about a *mountain* and a mouse. The late frosts, I am told, are what have chiefly retarded our affairs; as that weather is bad for copper-plate printing. Believe me, dear madam, with truest respect, and esteem

Your obliged, and
Most obedient Servt
WILL. GILPIN.

MRS. DELANY'S DIARY—*continued.*

Feb. 1786. — Finished with Mr. Webb, paid him £3 3*s.*

Saturday morning.—Miss Planta from the Queen, to inform me that Princess Eliz. continued very well. We left Windsor at 11 o'clock, a fine soft day after the severe frost, got to London at half past 2 o'clock, not so much fatigued as I expected.

Evening.—Lady Bute, Mrs. Boscawen. A brace of partridges from Dr. Wharton.

Sunday morning.—Prayers at home, had a bad night.

Miss Port's cough almost well. Lord Guilford, Lord Dartmouth, Mr. Shields.

Miss Port went to see Mrs. Sandford. Mr. Sandford, and Mr. William Sandford dined here. Mrs. Boscawen, Miss Egerton, and Mrs. Anne Egerton in the evening.

Monday morning.—An indifferent night. Altered my pictures. Went to Mrs. Sandford's—Lady Juliana Penn, Miss Burney.

Evening.—Mr. Young called; begun Don Quixote.

Tuesday morning.—Settled the Queen's work *with Miss Lane*, to be done for 3 guineas a chair.[1] Dr. Wharton, Miss Murrys, Lady Weymouth, Lord Dartmouth, and Lady Charlotte called.

Evening.—Lady Bute, Mr. Walpole.

Wednesday morning.—Mr. Cambridge, Lady Weymouth, Bishop of Chester, Bishop of Exeter, Mrs. Carter, Dr. Wharton, Mr. John Sandford, Mr. Lightfoot, and Lady Spencer. To dinner, Mr. Lightfoot and Mr. Dewes.

Evening.—Lady and Miss Yates, and Mrs. Walsingham.

Thursday morning.—Very much out of order; did not get up till ten o'clock. Called—Mrs. Rich, Miss Bowdler, and Lord Dartmouth.

Extract from Letter of Court Dewes, Esq., to Mrs. Granville, dated from Mrs. Delany's, St. James's Place, Feb. 18th, 1786.

London is very barren of news at present. Y^e^ Prince of Wales's match engrosses most of ye conversations; it is generally believed some ceremony has passed between

[1] Mrs. Delany made the *designs* for a whole set of furniture for the Queen, at Windsor, of leaves in various shades of brown, cut out in satin, and shaded with embroidery on a dark-blue ground.

y^m^ to satisfie ye lady's scruples, but a *marriage* it *can't be* as there is an Act of Parliament in ye way.

Mrs. Delany has been very indifferent lately.

Mr. W. Mills's match to Miss Eliza Digby[1] is now old news to you.

And now for a story, wch you may depend upon, for besides ye gen^tn^ I had it from, Miss Burney heard it f^m^ Lady Rothes[2] (Sir Lucas Pepys's wife). Mr. and Mrs. Lawrell spent part of last autumn at Brighton; ye Prince of Wales was much in their company, doubtless on account of Mr. Lawrell's agreeable conversation; it happened, however, one afternoon y^t^ Mrs. L. alone was of a party wth ye P. of W. L^y^ Beauchamp[3], and some other fine people. Mrs. L. like a good wife, about 9 o'clock, said she must go home to her husband. The Prince said he and ye party w^d^ come and sup wth y^m^; ye lady received ye gracious intimation wth all ye respect y^t^ became her, and hasten'd home to acquaint her husband, and make preparation. Whether Mr. L. was more or less sensible of ye honour, y^t^ was designed him than his wife I don't know; but he s^d^ he sh^d^ not come if he c^d^ help it, and if he did come, he sh^d^ have nothing to eat; it was in vain Mrs. L. remonstrated, he continued inflexible, and she had nothing for it, but to put him to

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[1] W. Mills, Esq., married, 6th April, 1786, Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. Wriothesley Digby.

[2] Lady Jane Elizabeth Leslie succeeded, on the death of her brother, John, 9th Earl, as Countess of Rothes. Her first husband was George Raymond Evelyn, Esq., brother of the Hon. Mrs. Boscawen. The Countess of Rothes m., 2nd, in 1772, Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart.

[3] "Lady Beauchamp."—Isabella Anne Ingram Shepherd, eldest daughter and coheiress of Charles Ingram, 9th Viscount Irvine, and second wife of Francis, Lord Beauchamp, afterwards 2nd Marquis of Hertford.

bed, and write a note to Ld Beauchamp, informing her y^t^ Mr. L. was taken suddenly ill, and begging she w^d^ entertain ye P. in her stead. Between one and two o'clock in ye morning w^n^ ye company were pretty merry, ye Prince, whether he guessed at ye reason or was concerned for ye indisposition of his friend, said it was a pity poor Lawrell should die for want of help, and they immediately set about writing notes to all ye physicians, surgeons, and apoths they c^d^ think of in ye place, informing y^m^ as from Mr. L. that he was taken suddenly ill, and begged their immediate assistance; these notes very soon set ye medical body in motion towards Mr. L's doors; a few of the *most alert apoths* came first, but they were got rid of by ye serv^ts^, who assured y^m^ it was a mistake, y^t^ their master and mistress were well and alseep, and y^t^ they did not care to wake y^m^. Soon after came Sir Lucas Pepys, who declaring y^t^ "*nobody w^d^ presume to impose upon a person of his character*," insisted on seeing Mr. L. and was pressing by ye maid towards his bed-chamber; she was then forced to waken her mistress, and Mr. L. being very drowsy and disinclined to rise, his lady, was obliged to appear in great dishabille, and wth y^e^ *utmost difficulty* persuaded Sir Lucas he *was* imposed upon, and prevailed wth him to retire. During their dispute the staircase *was filled* wth ye rest of ye faculty arriving in shoals!

From the following letter, in the handwriting of Queen Charlotte, to Lady Weymouth, it appears that some individual of Mrs. Delany's household at Windsor was very ill, and that Lady Weymouth had suggested to the Queen that it would be beneficial to Mrs. Delany if she removed to another house; upon

which, with the unvarying kindness which characterized every action of the King and Queen towards her, another house was instantly placed at her disposition.

From Queen Charlotte to Lady Weymouth.

MY DEAR LADY WEYMOUTH,

I am very much obliged to you for putting it in my power to give any relief to dear Mrs. Delany in her present distress. Mrs. Hudworth's house is ready to receive her to-morrow, or any other day she pleases, and I shall *immediately* send for her own servant to go there, and see that everything may be placed for her convenience.

I am glad to find that my friend Sr George Baker is called in. His advice, I am sure, will be that of a sensible and a feeling man.

Miss Port is happy in staying with her aunt. May she *make use* of this *providential advantage* to herself, and prove a comfort to Mrs. Delany.

I beg my compliments to all the young ladys, and am, my dear Lady Weymouth,

Your very affectionate friend,

CHARLOTTE.

Windsor.
The 4th Aprill, 1786.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street,
Thursday afternoon, 13th April, 1786.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

I am just returned from Marsh Gate, and a visit of a few days to your favourite Miss Sayer. I was able to give a pretty good account of you, Lady Bute having

been so good to impart to me her intelligence of your being refresh'd by your change of situation. Now I am much better pleased with the very kind letter I found upon my table, and I return many thanks to my dear friend for being so kind to remember me. Neither solitude, nor the *highest company*, can make you *forget your friends*. I wou'd not allow myself to write to you for fear of being troublesome, knowing that Lady Bute would tell me whenever she heard from you. I heard also from Lady Andover, whom I waited upon last Sunday, that you had born ye journey well. Coming out of Richmond church to-day I met y^r^ friend and cousine Lady Tweedale. I was surpris'd at her being so little alter'd, as it is so long ago since I saw her, and that she has endured *so many afflictions* and losses since that time. She knew me, too, and we had a conference in the churchyard. I have not as yet seen either of my good daughters since I return'd to town (indeed I know Mrs. Leveson was at the Drawing-room, where, however, the Duchess of Beaufort cannot go for want of being able to stand.) I have therefore no history to tell you but my own.

You know that Lord Thanet[1] is dead abroad. I understand he has appointed Mr. Leveson a trustee and guardian to his children, and as there are *seven*, and that the other trustee, the Duke of Dorset,[2] is necessarily absent, it will be a *weighty charge*, I think.

Adieu, my dear friend. Pray give my kind love to Miss Port. I am glad she resumes her title of "the walking lady," for I promise myself the good air of

[1] Sackville, 8th Earl of Thanet, died April 10th, 1786.

[2] John Frederick, son of Lord John Philip Sackville, succeeded as 3rd Duke of Dorset on the death of his uncle Charles, 2nd Duke, in Jan., 1769.

Windsor will restore her health, wch I heartily wish, as I do to you; my ever dear friend, everything that is good and desirable, and remain most truly and

Most affectionately yours,

F. B.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Cheam, April 24th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

The very great delay of the artists engaged in ornamenting my book hath induced me to make a journey to town—I hope in some degree, at least, will answer my intention. I think I have put them into a little quicker motion, and by the end of May I hope they will *produce me!* for the meantime I cannot think of returning into Hampshire without seeing you. As I am disappointed of that pleasure in London, shall I trespass upon you if I take Windsor in my way home, and spend half an hour with you about Thursday or Friday se'nnight? I know you are plagued with company, and the time I mention *may* be very inconvenient. A line dictated to me at *Mr. Blamire's in the Strand* will find me, wherever I happen to be. If a *half hour's* call would *not* be inconvenient, may I ask the farther favour, that you wou'd be so good as have one of your delightful volumes of plants on a table, that Mrs. Gilpin (who travels with me) *may have it to say* she "*has looked into them.*" The only amusement in which she indulges herself is *plants*, of which she is enthusiastically fond.

Believe me, dear madam, with the greatest esteem and respect,

Your very sincere, and most obed^t^ humble ser^t^,

WILL. GILPIN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 26th April, 1786.

Tho' I love at all times to converse with my dear friend, yet it is particularly pleasant when I have a pleasant subject. I know you will agree with me that the birth of a *Lord Guernsey* is so, as I shall with you, to be glad of everything that gives pleasure to Lady Weymouth.[1] I hear mother and child are as well as she can wish.

Yesterday evening I pass'd chiefly with Lord Mansfield; sat on the sopha by him, and had much discourse. I lik'd his looks and his spirits, but he complain'd of pain in his arm and hand, and was to have gone to Ken Wood to-day for change of air, by order of Dr. Turton, but the unremitting rain which now happily falls, giving us peas and beans, corn and grass, and all manner of good things, may not so exactly suit his lordship's purpose, and he may postpone his removal for a day or two, for I believe the Term does not begin yet. His excellent ladies were well, and Miss May had recover'd her voice, which last week was in a degree lost. They do not purpose to stay in the country above 4 or 5 days.

Yesterday morning Mr. Sandford (the seaman) made me a visit, and received my congratulations on his good luck, for he has got an excellent birth (difficult as it is at this time), with an excellent captain, and *the favourite*

[1] Heneage Finch, 4th Earl of Aylesford, married Louisa, daughter of Thomas Thynne, 1st Marquis of Bath, and grand-daughter to Margaret Cavendish Harley, Duchess of Portland. Lady Aylesford's eldest son had died an infant in 1784. Heneage, Lord Guernsey, afterwards 5th Earl of Aylesford, was born April 24th, 1786.

voyage (viz., Newfoundland,) so that Mrs. Sandford will have the pleasure to see him return to her early in November; and accordingly she seem'd much pleas'd when she announced this fortunate arrangement to me in a short visit I made her one day last week, when I thought her in better health than I have seen her in for years.

As I am a very bad newsmonger, I think, I will send you, instead of news, an epitaph upon Dr. Johnson,[1] wch my good neighbour Mr. Jenyns sent me written with his own hand, and therefore, I suspect, of his own composing.

Adieu, my dear madam. Give my kind compliments to Miss Port. I do not call her the *walking lady* today, for I think she cannot stir from the chair, and I wish to profit by that sedentary posture, and beg a few lines of her to tell me how the dearest of aunts and best of friends does. A good account will be most welcome to her ever affectionate faithful serv^t^,

F. Boscawen.

My family well, I thank God.

"Here lies poor Johnson—Reader, have a care,
Tread lightly, lest you rouse a sleeping *bear!*
Religious, moral, gen'rous and *humane*
He was—but self-sufficient, rude and vain;
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute,
A *scholar* and a *Christian, yet* a *brute.*
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy,
Boswell and *Thrale*, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he *wrote* and *talk'd*, and cough'd and spit!"

Mrs. Delany never associated with Mrs. Thrale or Dr. Johnson, having a disinclination to make the acquaintance of the one and a *horror* of the occasional bursts of rudeness of the other; though as a moralist she honoured Dr. Johnson.

[1] Dr. Johnson died Decr. 13, 1784.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicars Hill, May 8th, 1786.

Indeed, dear madam, you were very kind to us on Thursday. Nothing allayed my pleasure but the distress of my wife, who, in the perplexity of a thousand niceties and delicacies (with which she is more troubled than any person I know), was under continual apprehension of trespassing upon you; and the more she is pleased the more she is irritated with these delicate feelings, which you, who must have seen many of the amiable weaknesses of a delicate mind, can easily, I doubt not, account for. I mention these things, however, only in *apology*, lest you should think she was *not* so delighted as she *really was*. Indeed, dear madam, you made us both *very happy*. You not only gave us *present* pleasure, but you furnished us with an agreeable topic of conversation during the afternoon, and *strewed flowers* in our way over the barren scenes of Bagshot Heath. Among other remarks I could not forbear making one, at the expense of an exhibition I had just seen—that of Sir A. Lever. He has *endeavoured* to array his birds to the best advantage by placing them in *white* boxes round his rooms, and when you enter you are presented with a succession of rooms, still multiplied by a mirror at the end, everywhere invested with these little white apartments. I know not how this general appearance affected your eye, but mine it *greatly disgusted*. Nothing can be *meaner* and *poorer* than the general effect, and more opposite to what (we painters) call "*rich*." He would say, I doubt not, that he spread a white ground behind his birds to show their colours more advantageously, but in that I think *he is*

deceived. His rooms are *so light* that his birds would detach themselves from any ground; and what a gorgeous display of birds would some of those little splendid touches of Nature's pencil exhibit if they were set off by some *deep shadow behind?* Not that I should array a room full of birds (as you do the flowers) *in black,* tho' I am *now fully* convinced that black is the best ground you could have chosen; and as your flowers are exhibited one after another, the ground on which you place them cannot injure the eye; yet I doubt whether it would not appear too dismal if they were spread like Lever's *boxes* over the *whole superficies* of *a room*—The substance of what I have been observing is just this—In such an exhibition as Lever's I think regard should be had to the *general effect,* as well as to the advantageous position of the *parts.* The *former* he has certainly *neglected,* and I *doubt much* whether he has attained the latter. Some years ago I saw his collection in Lancashire, before he made a public exhibition of it. It contained little variety then compared with its present state, but as I remember, it was arranged in a much more beautiful manner. The conclusion, madam, from the whole is, that you have arranged your flowers with infinitely more taste than he has arranged his birds; and for *the truth* of this *conclusion* I hope you will forgive the tediousness of the premises. With Mrs. Gilpin's very respectful compliments, believe me to be, dear madam,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient servant,

WILL. GILPIN.

Our compliments to Miss Port.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

19th May, 1876.

I return you many thanks, my dear friend, for Mrs. Astley's most acceptable visit, and I shou'd have endeavour'd to have obtain'd a second conference with her, but that I have been at Glan Villa since I saw her, where I have much business with certain workmen who require a good deal of inspection. It was pleasant while I was there, but I heard no nightingales, only the cuckow. When I hear that my dear friend *has thoughts* of coming up to the musick at the Abby, I must flatter myself that she feels herself able, both in health and spirits, for such an undertaking; and this idea gives me very sincere pleasure beside. I saw a letter from Mr. Gilpin to Mrs. Leveson, boasting of a most pleasant two hours he had had the satisfaction to spend with you, and of your good looks, good spirits, and good health. This I reported to your Lady Clive,[1] knowing it wou'd give her pleasure, for which purpose I took the liberty to accost her Ladyship at Lady Bathurst's[2] one night this week.

I have been lately at Mrs. Vesey's, where I received much satisfaction, for I met Mr. Walpole, who told me Lady Fitzwilliam[3] was much better, whereas I had *just heard* that she was dead! She has since appear'd to be

[1] Margaret, daughter of Edmund Maskelyne, of Purton, Esq., Wiltshire, and widow of Robert, 1st Lord Clive.

[2] Tryphena, daughter of Thomas Scawen, Esq., became, in June, 1759, the second wife of Henry, 2nd Earl Bathurst.

[3] Lady Charlotte Ponsonby, youngest daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Bessborough, married, July 11th, 1770, William Wentworth, 4th Earl Fitzwilliam. Their only child, Charles William, afterwards 5th Earl, was born May 4th, 1786. The Countess lived until 1822.

greatly amended, and has given everybody sanguine hopes, especially yesterday evening, but Miss May Murray tells me she has had a very bad night, and seems now once more to despair. Everybody is exceedingly interested in this ladies recovery, whose husband and father are so wrap'd up, as it were, in her life; but, alas, I fear they must endure the great affliction of losing her.

Lord Mansfield is at Ken Wood, and Miss Murray with him; he goes every evening to sleep there, and comes back generally in the daytime, but is not return'd to-day, I believe, and is far less well than you and I wish him, but I do not find any other complaint than want of sleep —at least that is the chief.

I call'd upon my honour'd and beloved neighbour, Lady Bute, this morning, but had not the good luck to find her.

Lord Cork, you hear, is going to be marry'd to Miss Monckton,[1] and soon. The writings are drawing, and she is to have £2000 jointure.

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 23rd May, 1786.

MY DEAREST MADAM,

I long to know your opinion of Dr. Burney's success, which I am sure has your good wishes, for the love you bear to his amiable daughter. I heard they were both at Windsor last Sunday, and I have great hopes that His Majesty *will* think him worthy to succeed the late Mr. Stanley. I wish I could meet Miss

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[1] Edmund, 7th Earl of Cork, married his second wife, Mary Monckton, youngest daughter of John, 1st Viscount Galway, June 17th, 1786.

Burney to-day, for I hear she is return'd, and I long to know whether she is entirely satisfy'd with the degree of health and spirits she found you in. I hope you enjoy this lovely weather daily in "thy forests Windsor, and thy green retreats;" and wish I cou'd have the happiness to partake one of your airings; but of that I must not indulge a hope at present. The Duchess of Beaufort now approaches so near the painfull hour,[1] that as the Duke has put off his excursion into the country, so I never undertake one that is to last more than four or five hours. Yesterday I was sent for to my poor villa, where a horrid breach had been made; the shutters of my pleasant bow-window torn from their hinge, a bureau in the little book-room broken open, and all the papers it contained thrown about. There I found heaps, one entitled From the Camp at Boston, another, After the Battle of Bunker's Hill, in short, a great number of such obsolete collections, which it is no wonder the wretches left behind; nor did they take anything that I can perceive. I had a dairymaid in the house, also a man servant—her father. Both were found fast asleep in their separate dormitorys, when a neighbour, whose house was also broke open, came in pursuit of his enemies. As it was not quite four in the morning he was at a loss to know which way to direct his pursuit, till *the rooks* in my garden (behind your favourite bower) were so noisy, cawing and flying about in the greatest disorder, that they served for an alarm, like the geese at the Capitol. He took their advice, came to my garden, and found one of the windows open. He awoke my

[1] The Duchess of Beaufort was confined of a daughter, 30th May, 1786.

next neighbour; they came in and found the bureau in the disorder that I tell you, but nobody in the house except the *sleeping guardians* thereof. I have lost nothing; indeed there was nothing to take but books and cushions in the only room they appear to have inspected; but it seems they went afterwards to a clock-maker at Whetstone, broke open his shop, and took his till with shillings and halfpence in abundance.

My dear madam, I am interrupted, and I end abruptly, but very affectionately yours,

F. BOSCAWEN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 27th May, 1786.

After I had written to you the other day, dear madam, I received the favour of your kind letter, for which I am impatient to thank you, tho' 'tis hardly allowable, perhaps, to trouble you again so soon; at least I think Miss Port may be tempted to say, "Here is *another letter* from Mrs. Boscawen." Pray tell her I thought of her at Miss Boyle's annual ball on the 24th. I will not say that I wished her there, because I think she is so much more pleasantly situated where she is. My granddaughter (for whose sake I had the favour of an invitation) cou'd not go on account of a bloodshot eye that came only that morning. It was unluckily tim'd. My chief satisfaction there was conversing with dear Lady Stamford, who was so good to fetch me to sit by her.

29th.

I had written so far on Saturday when my son call'd me to go to the rehearsal at Westminster Abbey, where I was well entertain'd till past 4, but *much spent*

(as it were), so one always feels after being affected with such fine musick.

This evening I saw Mrs. Chapone at Mr. Pepys'; she inquir'd much after you, and I was happy to be able to give her a very good account of y^r^ health, having receiv'd one from *undoubted authority*, viz., your friend (*alias son*) Mr. Montague; not that I had had the pleasure to see him, but Lady Stamford, who was so kind as to honour me with a farewell visit, gave me this pleasant intelligence. Miss Burney I saw also this evening. She promises herself the pleasure to wait on you soon. I shall envy her. I am sure you regret with me that *Lord Salisbury* had *a favourite* amongst the musical people, so as not to prefer *the most worthy*, and Dr. Burney is thus esteemed by so many people that I do not wonder they have given him the name of "the hare with many friends."

Glan Villa, Monday morning.

It is so very hot that I hope you sit quite still in your cool room. I have walk'd till I am *as red fac'd* as a *personage* I was in company with last night, who was no other than *Madam D'Eon*, or *Monsieur*[1] (whichever you please), for certainly there is more of a grenadier

[1] Charles Genevieve Louise Auguste D'Eon de Beaumont, Chevalier D'Eon, was born at Tonnerre, in France, in the year 1728. This person was an Equerry to Louis XV., and filled several military and diplomatic posts with remarkable ability. He was Secretary of Legation, in London, to the French Ambassador, the Duke of Nivernois, and subsequently was Minister Plenipotentiary. Being dismissed from his employment, he resided in London as a private gentleman for fourteen years. Wagers having been laid that the Chevalier was a woman, a cause relating to some of those wagers was tried, in 1777, before Lord Mansfield, after which the Chevalier D'Eon occasionally wore female attire.

than a lady in her appearance. She was very easy in her conversation, and I was much entertain'd. I saw her at Mrs. Swinburne's, where there were several foreigners. You will have heard news very painfull to your cousin Lady Dowager Spencer; and which one cannot but regret. The *parents* of the young lady are much more pity'd than her husband, as you will easily account for.

Lord Cowper, you hear, is *at last* arrived, and a very great stranger, no doubt, in his native land and to it.[1]

Past five.—I am returned to London; a hot ride, but have found Miss More come in to dinner. She desires her best respects.

F. BOSCAWEN.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dickenson.

Windsor, May 29th, 1786.

How much am I obliged to my dear and kind friends, for their mutual letter and flattering proposal of making me a visit at Windsor any time before the 16th; but what is my mortification, that I cannot avail myself of it. I am obliged to go to town for some days, the time not yet fix'd, and the remaining part of June is already engaged to my dear and worthy friends Lady Bute, Mrs. Sandford, and Mrs. Boscawen, in succession, (if my health and spirits will allow of my enjoying so much comfort.) I have but one spare room for a friend, and indeed if I had more, I am at present in too low a state to admit of more than that will contain; but what is

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[1] George Nassau, 3rd Earl Cowper. He had resided for many years at Florence, where he married, in 1775, Anne, youngest daughter and coheiress of Charles Gore, Esq., and where all his children were born.

defer'd I trust will not be entirely lost, but that some lucky opportunity may make amends for this unavoidable delay. Mr. Dewes, who is with me at present, (with Miss Port,) desires his best comp^ts. He leaves me to-morrow, and looks forward with pleasure to the 16th of June, after which day he hopes to have the honour and pleasure of seeing you and Mr. Dickenson at Welsbourne; any time after that day it will be convenient to him. Be so good as to make my comp^ts and best thanks to Lady Wake,[1] for her kind attention to me, and I sincerely pity her for the loss she will soon have of your company. Every wish for yours and Mr. Dickenson's health and happiness sincerely attend you, my dear friend. From

Your most affectionate and obliged,

M. DELANY.

From Dr. Porteus, Bishop of Chester, to Mrs. Delany.

London, June 1786.

MADAM,

Agreeably to my promise, I have sent by one of the coaches a copy of Dr. Butler's little book, and as it is particularly intended for young persons may I beg the favour of you to present it in my name to Miss Port; she has, I hope perfectly recovered herself from the consequences of her late indisposition.

If you have not yet performed the pilgrimage you talked of to Mr. Gray's tomb, the effect it had on me, will not I fear much encourage you to undertake it. But so it was: the solemn scenery of the place, combined

[1] Mary, only daughter and heiress of Richard Fenton, Esq., and wife of Sir William Wake, Bart.

with the recollection of its having given birth to the Churchyard Elegy, and above all the circumstance of the author being buried among the rustics, whose "simple annals" *he* had celebrated, without any the least notice taken of *him*, *not even "His name, his years spelt by th' unlettered muse,"* all these ideas struck my fancy so forcibly as to produce (in my way home) the few lines I here venture to enclose to you. You see by this how much I reckon on your indulgence to me for such verses, (if they deserve that name.) They are evidently fit only for the eye of a friend, and a very partial one too. My poor muse has been asleep these thirty years, during which time I have been very *unpoetically*, though *I hope* not very unprofitably, employed! And you will probably think it would have been full as well if the good lady had gone quietly sleeping on; and to say the truth, I am myself pretty much of that opinion. Indeed, it is far from being clear that she is yet quite awake. But her dreams, (for they are no better,) amused me for half an hour in my post-chaise, and if they help to compose you for the same time in your armed-chair after dinner, they will answer as valuable a purpose as I have any reason to expect from them.

We go to Hunton on Tuesday next, where we hope to spend three or four quiet months, and afterwards as many very busy ones at Chester. In every place we shall be happy to hear of your health, which is of *so much* importance to all your friends, and for which you will always have the wishes and prayers of,

Madam, your most faithfull
And obedient servant,
B. CHESTER.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

1786.

You may be sure, my dear madam, that I obey'd y^r^ commands most punctually, and imparted to Lady Louisa Stuart the very pleasant news you communicated to me; Lady Bute and her^r^ lady^p^ both express'd their satisfaction that Miss Burney had met with the good fortune she seems so much to deserve;[1] I transcribe Lady Louisa's own words, and it is with great pleasure I add the following also. She returns Mrs. Boscawen thanks for the good acc^t^ she has sent her of Mrs. Delany, and has the pleasure to assure Mrs. B. in return, that Lady Bute recovers as fast as possible, goes out an airing, and is in every respect but strength (w^h^ she has not entirely regain'd) very well.

This good intelligence being a week old, perhaps you may have had later accounts of dear Lady Bute. My poor friends at Hadley are under the deep affliction of having lost their father, their guide and guardian, Mr. Burrows.[2] What a loss he is to the 3 families, whose children have all been admirably train'd by him, Mrs. Chapone alone can tell you; and at the closing scene (for he has been given over some time), his example was a great lesson, and he shew'd the power of religion to smooth the bed of death; his sufferings were conceal'd, but his resignation was very conspicuous. His age only 52 or 3.

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[1] The event here alluded to was the appointment of Miss Burney to be one of Queen Charlotte's Dressers.

[2] The Rev. Dr. Burrows, Rector of St. Clement Danes, died at Hadleigh, Middlesex, July 1st, 1786.

Your friends have had accidents that a little abate the pleasure of their summer; Mrs. Leveson had the mortification *to see* the gravel walk on her terras *fall in*, stones, and steps, and all! It seems an area had surrounded the house, wch being now cover'd when Ld Gower made the new buildings, had been done without examining the wall of the area, wch yielding to the weight of gravel in the extreme heavy rain, fell in: upon a surveyor being call'd, other capital repairs are found necessary to be immediately attended to, so that the poor lady of the mansion must I fear quit it for the summer; for if she stays, it will be very uncomfortable indeed, and like being *encamp'd!* I don't know what resolution she has taken, but workmen of all sorts were to begin to-day. My grievance is mixed with a blessing, for I never heard some vilains that got into my house last Friday night, and took only *cloaks* and hankf^s out of the book-room, and breaking open Keeble's room and cupboard, found 4 tea-spoons. They did not come up stairs, and *no one* heard them! I had 3 *men-servants* lay *in* ye house, and *the coachman over the stables!* I have now established a *watchman* in my garden! but *it is unpleasant.* Adieu, dear madam. My kind comp^ts to Miss Port, and sincere congratulations to *the happy* Miss Burney!

F. B.

King George III. and Queen Charlotte wished to make Dr. Burney some amends for the disappointment of Lord Salisbury's not having appointed him Master of the Queen's band, which they considered he had a claim to expect. Mr. Smelt suggested the possibility of benefiting Dr. Burney *through his daughter.* The Queen *consulted* Mrs. Delany, who had only known Miss Burney about three years, and was naturally pre-

possessed in her favour by her talents, the unvarying respect and attention of her manner, combined with great apparent timidity and humility, and the sincere gratitude she appeared to feel for her notice. Mrs. Delany was also interested and amused by her conversational powers, but had not seen enough of her to be aware how utterly unfit she was for any place requiring punctuality, neatness, and *manual dexterity*;[1] and that she had not sufficient sound sense, judgment, or discrimination to preserve *her own equilibrium*, if placed in a sphere so different to that in which she had been brought up. The Queen was persuaded to appoint Miss Burney, Mrs. Delany and Mr. Smelt having deceived themselves into believing her capable of adapting herself to her place, and of performing her new duties satisfactorily; their earnest desire to insure Miss Burney a certain salary instead of the precarious income arising from her works, having blinded their better judgment. Miss Burney was elated to such a degree by the appointment that she gradually lost all consciousness of her actual or relative position. She lived in an ideal world of which she was, in her own imagination, the centre. She believed herself possessed of a spell which fascinated all those she approached. She became convinced that all the equerries were in love with her, although she was continually the object of their ridicule, as they discovered her weaknesses and played upon her credulity for their own amusement. Many entertaining anecdotes might be collected of the ludicrous effect produced by Miss Burney's far-fetched expressions when she desired to be especially eloquent, and *particularly courtly*.

On one occasion when she had been laid up by violent headache, to which she was often subject, one of the attendants told her that His Majesty had asked if she was better, or how she was. "Give my duty to His Majesty," said Miss Burney, "and *tell him the little machine has not yet quite ceased to vibrate.*" Miss Burney's situation certainly was anomalous, for though as a dresser she *had* a *fixed* (though subordinate) position, as a suc-

[1] Queen Charlotte used to complain to Mrs. Delany that Miss Burney could not learn to tie the bow of her necklace on Court days without giving her pain by getting the hair at the back of the neck tied in with it.

cessful novel-writer she had an undefined sort of celebrity won by her talents; and though as the daughter of a music-master she had previously *no individual* position whatever, there was in her case more personal interest manifested on account of her being the daughter of so excellent a man as Dr. Burney, who was much respected, and it required a much better understanding than she ever possessed to discriminate between all these various bearings. She had a *particularly* large share of *vanity*, a *particularly* lively *imagination*, and between both, she made numerous mistakes in the course of her various representations of her *four characters*, —of the *timid* nobody; the wonderful *girl* who had written 'Evelina;" the Queen's dresser; and the *amiable* and *devoted daughter*, "Fanny Burney."

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicars Hill, July 3rd, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

Ever since my acquaintance with you (which I esteem among the fortunate events of my life), you have taught me to expect some little answer to my letters. I have always remonstrated agst your giving y^{r}self any trouble on that head: but, notwithstanding that, y^{r} kind civility never ceased; till by degrees (thank y^{r}self, dear madam, for it), a sort of claim, like *other saucy claims* under ye name of prescription, began to be established. On this ground, then, madam, I beg you to consider what *injustice* you have done me, by keeping a letter of mine in y^{r} hands, of w^{h} you have not deigned to take ye least notice, ever since I returned home last from Windsor.[1] And yet, madam, I believe I sh^{d} not have written on this matter, if I had not been

[1] This sentence, indeed the whole letter, is another instance of Gilpin's irritable and unbecoming pride—as while he declares his fear of having given offence he impertinently shows he is offended.

under *some* apprehension of having *given you offence* by my abrupt departure? While I was putting up those two little drawings w^h I told you were ambitious of having a place in ye closet you shewed me, ye chaise not only was made ready; but, without my knowledge, went and brought Mrs. Gilpin from y^r house to ye inn. As y^t was the case I thought it wrong, for ye sake of a ceremonious moment, to give you any farther trouble, after having given you so much. All this, or something like it, I said in a note w^h I left with ye innkeeper to be delivered to you, with my 2 little drawings, after I was gone. And after I got home I wrote you a letter containing my kindest thanks for ye civilities and the *high entertainment* you had shewn and given us. Now, my dear madam, tho' I think it is impossible you could have taken any offence; yet I must beg a few lines from y^r *secretary* to assure me of it. Mrs. Gilpin desires her most respectful compliments, and often speaks of ye morning she spent with you at Windsor, as one of ye most agreeable of her life. I am, dear mad^m, with ye truest respect and esteem,

Y^r most sincere and most obliged
Humble servant,
WILL. GILPIN.

We join in compliments to Miss Port.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. Frances Hamilton from Windsor, July 3rd, 1786:—

"My health, in the main, holds out wonderfully in the midst of many trying circumstances; but I endeavour to look forward with hope and comfort to that place where 'the weary will be at rest,' and enjoy the many

undeserved blessings still held out to me, and praying for assistance to support me under those trials Providence thinks fit to lay upon me.[1]

"I must wave what has passed during the greatest part of my silence, as my memory will not serve me to recollect, or my head able to dictate *as circumstantially as formerly*. During my short stay in London in the winter *many* alterations were made in my house here which my Royal benefactors thought would make it more commodious to me; and it is now a most complete, elegant, comfortable dwelling, and I am hourly receiving marks of attention and kindness that cannot be expressed. The constant course of my life at present, from which I vary very little, is as follows: I seldom miss going to early prayers at the King's Chapel, at eight o'clock, where I never fail to see their Majesties and all the royal family. The common way of going up the chapel is through the *great entrance* into the Castle, which is a large room with stone pillars, at the corner of which is a narrow winding staircase, which leads to the chapel; but their Majesties, with their usual goodness and indulgence, have ordered that I should be admitted through the *great staircase*, which is a *very easy* ascent. When chapel is over, all the congregation make a line in the great portico till their Majesties have passed; for they *always walk* to chapel and back again, and speak to every body of consequence as they pass: and it is indeed a delightful sight to see so much beauty, dignity, and condescension, united as they are in this royal family. I come home

[1] The trials alluded to were *relative*, as they affected some of her connections to whom she was much attached.

to breakfast generally about nine o'clock, and if I (and the weather) are well enough, I take the air for two hours. The rest of the morning is devoted to business, and the company of my *particular* friends; but I admit no formal visitors, as I really have not time or spirits for it, but every body here is very civil and very considerate. My afternoons I keep *entirely to myself*, that I may have no interruption whenever my royal neighbours condescend to visit me: their usual time of coming is between six and seven o'clock, and they generally stay till between eight and nine. They *always* drink tea here, and my niece has the honour of giving it about to all the royal family, as they will not suffer me to do it (though it is my place). The Queen always places me on the sofa by her, and the King, when he sits down (which is seldom) sits next the sofa. Indeed their visits are not limited to the afternoons, for T. M.'s often call on me in the morning, and *take* me *as they find me*, not suffering any body to give me notice of their being come. I went to town at the anniversary of the Abbey music: the King gave me tickets, and Miss Port tickets. Though I suspected my own ability of being able to make use of them, I could not deprive Miss Port of the opportunity of going, but she was (I may say, happily) prevented, by falling ill of the measles, which, I thank God, she has *now passed through* as well as can be wished. I enjoyed one performance of the music, and we returned to Windsor on the 16th of June.

"An event has taken place lately which gives me great satisfaction. I am sure you are acquainted with the novel entitled Cecilia, much admired for its good

sense, variety of character, delicacy of sentiment, &c. &c. There is nothing good, amiable, and agreeable mentioned in the book that is not possessed by the author of it, Miss Burney. I have now been acquainted with her three years: her *extreme diffidence of herself*, notwithstanding her great genius and the applause she has met with, adds lustre to all her excellences, and all improve on acquaintance. In the course of *this last year* she has been so good as to pass a few weeks with me at Windsor,[1] which gave the Queen an opportunity of seeing and speaking to her, which Her Majesty was so gracious to admit of. One of the principal ladies that attends the Queen's person as dresser is going to retire into her own country, being in too bad a state of health to continue her honourable and delightful employment (for such it must be near such a Queen). Miss Burney is to be the happy successor, chosen by the Queen without any particular recommendation from any body.[2] I believe she comes into waiting next week.

"I had the pleasure, before I came out of town, of seeing Governor Hamilton in good health and spirits. He and I sometimes quarrel about his talking of *her beauty* to her face. I trust she will be *good* and agreeable. The way to have her so is to keep her *out of the line of vanity*."

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[1] Miss Burney's visit to Mrs. Delany at Windsor, on the occasion here alluded to, was of course arranged by the Queen with Mrs. Delany, with a view to her appointment as a Dresser.

[2] "*Without any particular recommendation from anybody.*"—The place was not *asked for* by any person, but the appointment was made in consequence of Mrs. Delany's opinion, given in reply to the Queen's personal inquiries, in consequence of Mr. Smelt's suggestion to the King when he asked "What could be done for Dr. Burney?"

Mrs. Chapone to Mrs. Delany, Windsor.

July 11th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

You will receive satisfaction *now* from hearing that my afflicted friends have been mercifully supported under their grievous loss, and that their piety, their thorough conviction of the blessedness of the dear object they have lost, and the gratification they receive from the sympathy and esteem of all that knew him, afford them all the comfort their situation admits of. Next to his nearest connections, no one can feel the loss of Mr. Burrows more deeply than myself, to whom he was one of the *best* and *most faithful of friends* for near thirty years past! But I feel ashamed to lament for myself, whilst I see such patterns of resignation and meek submission in his wife and sister. Mr. Smith[1] was so kind to fetch me to his house at Hadley the third day after the death of my dear friend. I am much better in health and much less unhappy here than I could be anywhere else, flattering myself with the thought that my true affection and sympathy affords some little gratification to those I so much wish to comfort.

I wish much to hear that you, my dear madam, are in good health, and that your spirits are more at ease than when I saw you last. I particularly wish to hear that your sweet companion, Miss Port, is return'd to you. I am sure it must have been a painful duty that parted her from you.

I shall be much obliged if you will convey my sin-

[1] Culling Smith, Esq., married Mary, sister of the Rev. Dr. Burrows, Rector of Hadley and St. Clement Danes. Mr. Smith was created a Baronet, 22nd Dec., 1802, and was grandfather to Sir Culling Eardley. (1861.)

cere congratulations to dear Miss Burney: I feel much interested in her happiness, which I hope will be promoted by the favour with which the Queen has distinguish'd her, particularly as it brings her so near the person of her most amiable mistress. I own I feel a selfish regret in the apprehension that it will take her a good deal out of the societies to which she was so great an ornament. What a pleasure must it have been to *you*, my dear madam, to have been *the means* of introducing her to the honours she so well deserves! I imagine she has now so little time that I would not intrude upon her with a letter; but whatever kind hand you employ to give me the pleasure of hearing of you, will, I hope, tell me all they can about her. I know you *will* have the goodness to indulge me with the intelligence I wish for, and that you will believe me, with the highest esteem and respect, dear madam,

Your ever obliged and aff^te^

H. CHAPONE.

Culling Smith's, Esq.
Hadley, Barnet, July 11th.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 12th July, 86.

I am very thankful, my dear madam, for the favour of y^r^ letter, and the kind sympathy you express for me. I have coquetted with several villas in the West of London, yet have I never seen one so pleasant, so retir'd, so much the country, or indeed so comodious (because of the offices) as *this* rural guinguette is; therefore perceiving that I was fix'd for the remainder of my short days, I proceeded this spring to give it a

thorough repair, new roof, &c. But you will ask if I can sleep under my new roof *in company with the housebreakers*, only a few stairs between? I answer, Certainly *no!* and therefore I have at once got and instituted a watch in my garden, so that if I had now the pleasure to possess you in the dormitory you have honour'd, you wou'd hear "*Past twelve o'clock and a moonlight morning*," just as if you were in St. James's Place. With this precaution I trust I shall have no more nightly visitors, not forgetting, however, that "except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."

As to giving myself the pleasure to make you a visit, my dear madam, that is for the present out of the question, as I have got, beside my friend and y^r^ favourite Miss Sayer, two of my grandsons (pretty rogues), one of wch has had the measles at Dr. Goodenough's school, and the other here with me. Both now recover'd, I thank God! and every other day the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort come and dine with me, and see their fine boys; but this is now over, and I expect them to-day for the last time, as they have staid for the purpose of paying their duties to their Majesties at the drawing-room to-morrow, so that the next day they set out with their family for Badminton, and I shall keep my pretty boys a little longer to *take their physick*[1] (Miss Port

[1] Richard Lovell Edgeworth, in his Autobiographical Memoirs, gives the following account of the treatment to which he was subjected when a child—"At this time, the humoral pathology was the creed of physicians, and of those *well-meaning ladies* who watch over the constitutions of their children, and endeavour, by continual preventives, to avert every approach of disease! I was naturally strong and active, but I was obliged to take *a course of physic* twice a-year, every *Spring* and *Autumn*, with nine days' potions of *small beer and rhubarb*, to '*fortify the stomach*' and to 'kill (imaginary) *worms*,'" &c. &c.

knows it is given with *no sparing hand after the measles*), and then carry them back to school, where Ld Wm Bentinck had it at the same time as Ld Arthur Somerset (one of my guests).

I shall mention to my afflicted friends at Hadley the kind part you take in their loss. Mrs. Chapone is with them, and I waited on her, but she was gone to Dr. Beauvoir's, whose dau^r^ had taken herself away that morning to St. James's church, where she was marry'd to Mr. de Chere,[1] son of Dr. de Chere, without the knowledge of her father, for whom she left a letter—perhaps in the stile of y^r^ friend Dean Swift, viz.:

> "She valu'd *not* what *others* thought her,
> And was his *most obedient daughter*."

I am scribbling on without measure, but Miss Port may read it half *over night* and the rest *next morning*, for I have a great deal more to say; and to tell you of a noble friend of yours, Lord Mansfield. He look'd well, but complained of a violent pain in his arm, wch he said made him so restless that he should walk more than sit, wch he did, but convers'd with great cheerfulness. Lady Mount Edgcumbe happen'd to be here with me. She too departs for Mount Edgcumbe after the drawing-room to-morrow. Miss M. Murray came with Ld Mansfield, and to day I sent to enquire after his lord^p^. He sent me word that he had had an exceeding good night, and was quite well to-day. I saw Lady Bute well last Thursday. I fancy she sets out for Yorkshire next week.

I am very glad you have had the pleasure to see

[1] Isabella, youngest daughter of Osmund Beauvoir, D.D., married, 10th July, 1786, Blackett de Chair, Esq.

your good and agreeable "*son*". Mr. Montagu; Ld Guilford, you know, is a great gr'father, and Mr. North has a son.

What a *charming breakfast* you had last Monday, my dear friend! A circle *not to be match'd* indeed, as you justly observe. "May their circle of blessings be equally uncommon."

With this loyal and very sincere wish I take my leave of you, my dear madam.

F. B.

The Rev. W. Gilpin to Mrs. Delany.

Vicars Hill, July 18th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

Your kind, obliging letter, which I have just received, both *gratifyed* and *hurt* me, for tho' I so often beg you not to trouble yourself with answering my letters, yet, as I know your kindness and civility, I could not help in this *particular case* fearing something was the matter. Oh! Madam, I hoped *your latter days* would have been *skreened* from *all affliction;* but Kings and Queens *cannot* give that, when heaven thinks affliction necessary! Yet I am grieved to hear you say, your poor shattered spirits, instead of being revived, were at a very low ebb. But I hope such oppressions are unusual with you, and that, in a little time, you can summon to your relief a thousand considerations to oppose them. I think, dear madam, it was a bold experiment to go in quest of better spirits in the hurry of London. I am sure it is an experiment that would fail with me. I spent only four days there, and the bustle of it almost turned my head; I found all people inex-

pressibly busy, and I hope they were all well employed. I called upon 30 or 40 of my friends, but I had not the pleasure of finding above 3 or 4; all were abroad, in quest of something that was not to be found at home. I met with one of my friends, however, Col. Milford, who sweetened my disappointment by walking about the streets with me a whole morning. We travelled amicably, arm in arm, resolving not to separate unless I should happen to be admitted where he was unacquainted, but we had not one occasion to unlink. The next day I made my peregrination alone; but with the same success. In revenge on seeing the innumerable carriages which were disturbing the quiet of the streets, I amused myself with supposing what curious employment I should have if the legislature should have empowered me to stop every carriage I met, to inquire its course, and send it home, if I was not satisfyed with the reason given. If I *had* met you hurrying *to Westminster*, I will not absolutely say whether I should not have turned to your coachman, and given him orders to carry you imediately *back to Windsor*. I believe, however, I should have let you pass, just to try the experiment, but I know not whether I might not have given you a gentle reprimand! Among the friends whom I was disappointed in not seeing, *Mr. Walpole* was particularly one; as I heard he had been so good as to take some pains to find me.

But the bustle of London follows us even here. This place is *much more public* than I could wish; unless I had the same legislative power of furnishing it with such inhabitants as I thought proper. Yet sometimes it brings in my way characters I esteem. Lady Jul.

Penn *is one.* Her character I always esteemed; but *never so much* as *since* the American troubles! But she has been confined, poor lady! ever *since* she came (by Miss Baker's having the measles). I had a visit also from Lord Gower and Lady Sutherland,[1] who drank tea with me. They had been rambling about the Isle of White. I feel myself much interested in the happiness of that young couple, who will, I hope, by their prudence set an example to the young nobility. Lady Sutherland, I think, is *a wonderful woman* in having preserved such *simplicity of manners* amidst the great attention that has been paid her.

Believe me, dear madam, with all respect,

Yours,

W. GILPIN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 23rd July, 1786.

I have no need to trouble Mrs. Astley often, as I hear of my dear friend frequently by Mrs. Cole thro' Mrs. Leveson. There is no comparison between the cheerfulness of pretty Glan Villa and my present abode. In the latter I have a fine large drawing-room, above 30 feet long, in which I sit proud and melancholy, like Master Stephen in the play. Yesterday it was enliven'd

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[1] George Granville, Lord Gower, married, 4th Sept., 1785, Elizabeth, Countess of Sutherland and Baroness of Strathnaver in her own right. Lord Gower succeeded, on the death of his father in 1803, to the Marquisate of Stafford; was created Duke of Sutherland 14th Jan., 1833; and died 19th July of the same year.

by the good company of Mr. Walpole, who made me a visit in the evening. To-day I am come to London upon various business, which the sale of one house and the purchase of another occasions. My new one is accounted very cheap, but then I have a great deal to expend upon it, such as entire new paling everywhere, and *gates and pumps*, all being *gone to ruin* in the 2 years it has stood empty; and rather than have an auction in ye house I took the furniture as it stood, in which I find *a parcel of rags*, tho' some is good, as it ought, for I have paid £540 for it. What must pay me for the great trouble, indeed pain, of taking myself up by the roots at my age. Natural indolence, and love of quiet, is the security I hope to find against the *nightly ruffian* who visited *three times* the dwelling I have quitted, and *twice enter'd it!*

I have had the pleasure of the Duke of Beaufort's company in my new mansion, who came from *Monmouth* to the *Old Bailey!* to appear ag^st^ *Gentleman Harry*, but the latter was able to get his tryal put off to the next sessions, so that his Grace had his journey for nothing, and I alone profited, as he staid a day and a night with me. The Duchess comes up next month to lye-in; meantime I purpose to make Mr. Leveson a visit at Bill Hill, as she will also to me if Mrs. Leveson shou'd go to Portsmouth, as we have expected.

I have waited on your cousin the Marchioness (of Tweeddale) to return the honour of her visit. We talk'd much of you, dear madam, and I saw a picture of *your painting*, wch was a pleasant sight to me. Lady

Joanna Thornhill,[1] I think, is the name, but the portrait you have also in y^r^ parlor in London.

I have not heard anything of Mrs. Walsingham since my removal. Poor Mrs. Vesey is still in London, Mr. Walpole tells me.

F. BOSCAWEN.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

(Query) (?) July, 1786.

How kind is my dear friend to tell me such good news as she knew I shou'd be delighted to hear, and how thankfull I am for it.

I rejoyce extremely, and send my sincere congratulations to y^r^ young friend; but I have a great mind to pity Dr. Burney, who looses his beloved daughter, and yet must rejoyce over his loss.

I am heartily glad to hear you sleep better, my dear madam; and now that y^r^ foe Apollo has withdrawn himself, he leaves you to enjoy the day. All the fields are adorned with haycocks, which look as if they had had their full share of wet, and wanted to get dry and go home. I never go into the morning bower without thinking of you, my dear madam. It is very sweet just now, with a fine orange tree in full bloom, and a jewel of a blackbird has fix'd his station pretty near it, so that it wants only the mower whetting his scythe, and the milk-maid turn'd haymaker, singing blythe, and these will be added in a few days, I trow.

I don't know if ever I carry'd you to General Prevo's in this neighbourhood. Him we have lost, and there

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[1] Lady Joanna Thornhill, a daughter of Sir Bevil Granville's. Painted more than once by Mrs. Delany.

is come into his house an acquaintance of yours, Mrs. Blair, that was a Miss Johnson; a foreigner, I believe. Pray tell me *who is Mr. Blair?* They have a very large family, I am told. I shall wait on her, because she is an acquaintance of yours.

The Edgcumbe family have promis'd to spend a day with me, but could not name it, because of the House of Commons, wch the young gentleman attends most assiduously. My nursery in Grov. Square goes on well, I thank God, or rather is almost over. Your late noble friend, Lady Anne Coventry,[1] *is remember'd* in the child's name, w^ch^ *for her sake* is *Anne.*[2] *Happy* if it cou'd *also* take *her* virtues! *I hope it will!* The Countess Dow^r^ of Suffolk,[3] Countess of Sefton,[4] and Earl of Huntingdon,[5] are sponsors. Adieu, my dear madam.

The Earl of Guilford to Mrs. Delany.

Wroxton, Aug. 5th, 1786.

MADAM,

I was exceedingly shocked to see in my newspaper yesterday an account of a most wicked attempt upon the King's person. 'Tis to be hoped the woman will be found to be insane, for 'tis shocking to conceive any person in their senses could be capable of attempting to perpetrate so horrid a crime. His Majesty has

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[1] Lady Anne Coventry, widow of Thomas, 2nd Earl of Coventry.

[2] Lady Anne Elizabeth Somerset, daughter of Henry, 5th Duke of Somerset, and grand-daughter of Mrs. Boscawen, b. 1786.

[3] Elizabeth, d. of William Kingscote, Esq., and widow of Thomas Howard, 4th Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, d. June 23rd, 1789.

[4] Lady Isabella Stanhope, daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, m. Charles William Molyneux, 1st Earl of Sefton.

[5] Francis Hastings, 10th Earl of Huntingdon, died Oct. 2nd, 1789.

had a marvellous escape, and manifested his being under the immediate protection of Divine Providence, for which we cannot be too thankfull. I hope the Queen had no unreasonable allarm before she saw the King returned safe and well; but the idea of such a horrid attempt haveing been made must have greatly agitated her spirits, and I am anxious to hear from you, who I know will have been well informed, that she has not suffered in her health. I feel very sensibly everything that affects Her Majesty, and am sure, from the effect it has had upon my nerves, that she must have sufferd a good deal from the surprise. I think the same with regard to you, and am anxious to know also how you do after such an agitation of spirits. I hear the King's behaviour was *great*, *composed*, and *generous*, in desiring in the moment of the horrid attempt that care should be taken of the woman, who appear'd to be insane. I hope effectual care will be taken that the woman is *closely confined* during her life. Our laws are, in my opinion, *very deficient* in not taking care of the confinement of persons insane. I meet two frequently in my garden whom the people who ought to confine them at home let them go about where they please.—They appear at present very innoffensive.—But when the senses are disorderd *nobody can tell* what a sudden phrensy may put into their heads? I expect in a day or two our friends Mr. Frederick Montagu and Lord and Lady Willoughby and their children, and I am sure they will be very anxious for an answer to this letter. I am, thank God, pretty well, but travelling does not always agree with me. The weather changed from hot to cold just upon my arrival here, and I can't say I have yet

quite recover'd the jumbling of my journey. Believe me, with great truth, dear madam,

Your most obedient,

And obliged humble servant,

GUILFORD.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 4th Aug.,[1] (1786?)

I cannot forbear inquiring after your health, my dear friend, even tho' I had the satisfaction to hear a good account of it lately, by Mrs. Chapone, who was so kind to spend a few days with me here, but is now return'd to Hadley; and as we were going thither we met the postman of this place, who, coming up to the chaize to deliver me my letters, told me of an attempt on the most precious of all lives, and told it me in so abrupt a manner, that we were greatly alarm'd indeed, and if you had the ill-luck to hear it with as little precaution, it is no wonder that I enquire how you do. I have been in care too for Her Most Gracious Majesty; I hope nobody told it to her but the King himself, and then she will not think of this wretched lunatic, so as to give her a moment's anxiety, for the horrid attempt itself sufficiently shews (had we ever doubted it), how precious His Majesty's life is, and how very dear to all his subjects, so that "*Long live the King*," has been echo'd from every corner of his dominions. *His* coat of mail is the *heart* of all those that can approach him, and well might His Majesty say (with that magnanimity that

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[1] On the 2nd of Aug., 1786, Margaret Nicholson attempted to assassinate King George III.

belongs to him), "*She is a lunatick, do not hurt her,*" for no one in their senses could have lifted a hand but in prayer for his safety.

I trust therefore, my dear friend, this amazing event has not disturb'd your mind, for you see 'twas the species of frenzy that this wretch is visited with, that cou'd alone occasion an attempt that ends in proving that of all sovereigns, ours may most justly be hailed "*Le bien aime.*"

I have lately seen two ladies of your acquaintance, who enquir'd much after you; one was our amiable Mrs. Mellish, with whom I din'd at Bush Hill to meet Mr. and Madame de Pinto (the Portugese ambassador). They have since been on a visit to Mrs. Blair, who is the other lady that wish'd to hear of y^r^ health. Madame de Pinto told us that a priest in her father's house, a very learned and sensible man, was on a sudden seiz'd with a frenzy, that made him *think* that he was *elected pope!* so that going into the chapel to preach on some high festival, he took his master aside to tell him that he doubted if it was of his dignity to preach, now that he was exalted to the papacy! As a great congregation was assembled, the Count had the presence of mind to tell him that as his *exaltation* was as yet *a secret*, it wou'd be proper to keep it so, wch nothing cou'd do so effectually as his preaching as usual. He entered into this reasoning, mounted the pulpit, and preach'd incomparably. Adieu, my dear madam. I have *seen* those who *saw you* last Sunday *sitting at a window in the Castle*, and looking very well.—I heard also of Miss Port's *good looks* at the speeches at Eton!

F. Boscawen.

Miss Emelia Clayton[1] *to Miss Port.*

(Query) Aug. 1786.

I cannot let Mrs. Hawkins go to Windsor without writing one word to my dear Georgiana, to thank her for her company at breakfast, and to repeat to her how very very happy it made me, which I have been reproaching myself with not having expressed half *kindly* enough. Mama desires I would send you her kind love, and tell you how much she is obliged to you for coming to me.

If you see Lady Charlotte let her know we are all well, and give every thing proper and affec^ate^ from us to dear A. D. I hardly know how to send you such a scrawl, but hope you will forgive it, and attribute it to my wish tho' hurried to death, of expressing to you the sincere and faithful affection of your

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

Dr. Warton to Mrs. Delany.

Winton, Aug. 25th, 1786.

DEAR MADAM,

I should not have delay'd a moment to return you my best thanks for your kindnesses and attention to me at Windsor, and full pleasures I received from making you a visit, if I could have met with a frank, in which I could have convey'd the enclosed curiosity

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1. Emelia, only d. of Lady Louisa Clayton, 4th d. of the 1st Earl Pomfret, sister of Lady Charlotte Finch, governess to the Princesses, of Lady Sophia Fermor, 2nd wife of Earl Granville, and of Lady Anne Dawson, 1st wife of Thomas Dawson, Esq., created Baron Dartrey in 1770, and Viscount Cremorne in 1785. Lady Louisa Clayton was 3rd wife of W. H. Clayton, 2nd son of Sir William Clayton, Bt.

of which I spoke to you, and which I thought you would like to see. The paper from Mr. Rooke will give you the history of this valuable seal.[1]

I know I have so great a share in your kind wishes that I may one day be able to retire from my very laborious employment, that I cannot forbear hinting to you, that I have some prospects of preferment, by my friend and relation, Lord Shannon's[2] application for me to Mr. Pitt. Lord Shannon is a man, who from his own character, connexions, and situation, may be thought to have weight; and I well enough *know*, that *if* on any occasion my name *is mentioned*, you would say something kind and partial of me. I must beg my best compliments to your fair (I mean to say) *very fair* neice, Miss Port; and to your very amiable neighbour, Miss Burney. My wife desires to add her best comp^ts^.

I am, dear madam, with the greatest truth and respect,

Your much obliged and
Most obedient faithfull ser^vt^,
JOS. WARTON.[3]

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[1] The impression of this seal is still preserved in the letter carefully enveloped. It bears the following:—1st and 4th, three fleurs-de-lis (1st and 4th); and three lions (2nd and 3rd); 2nd, the Irish harp; 3rd, the lion of Scotland. The whole surmounted by a queen's crown, and the initials M. R., one letter on each side. The seal is lozenge-shaped; Mr. Rooke's paper has not been found.

[2] Richard, 2nd Earl of Shannon, b. 30th Jan., 1727, and d. in 1807. This nobleman filled several high political offices, and married, in 1763, Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. Speaker Ponsonby, of the Irish House of Commons.

[3] Dr. Joseph Warton, born 1722, was head master of Winchester School from 1766 to 1793, when he retired to his rectory of Wickham, and died in 1800.

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port.

Aug. 29th, 1786.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

I would certainly have wrote to you yesterday to let you know the happy event that happened here, did I not know you would hear it from Lady Charlotte, and therefore stopped to give you a second account, which, thank God, is a very good one. Mrs. Clayton has had a great deal of sleep in the night, and seems as well as we can expect; the little dear boy is very like my brother,[1] and has more countenance than I thought was possible to be seen in so young a child. My dear mother has quite recovered the fatigue she underwent; so much so, that she means to walk up to-day to Mrs. Morton's, which is a mile and half from here. I should go with her, but that I have got my old friend, a stiff neck, and it won't let me go out; you cannot think how proud my br is of his *son*; I think it would please you to hear him talk of him; he says he thinks he has a *good voice* for *hunting*, and proposes himself much pleasure in hearing him hollow to the dogs. You must excuse me for talking so long about him, but I am like an old nurse about him, and can hardly think of anything else. How very happy I am dear Princess Elizabeth is so much recovered; I hope Her Royal Highness will continue mending, and that when I come to Windsor I shall have the happiness of hearing she

[1] William, eldest son of William Clayton, Esq., by his second wife, Caroline Mary, daughter of Rice Lloyd, of Allt y Cadno, Esq. He married, 16th July, 1786, Mary, only daughter of Sir William East, Bart.; and on the death of his cousin, Sir Robert Clayton, in 1799, he succeeded to the Baronetcy. Their eldest son, William Robert, was born 28th Aug., 1786.

is quite well. I trust that time is not far off now, but I cannot say when exactly, as it so much depends upon how Mrs. Clayton goes on. I believe I need not say how much I wish to be there to see you all again.

I have walked out a great deal since I have been here, and have been to all the places where I spent thirteen years in such perfect happiness! You cannot imagine *how pretty* the *grotto* that you have heard me speak of is. I set there almost every day, and often wish for you, and long to shew you all this place. I think you would enjoy the beauties of it. My brother and I are very much upon the water, which I am vastly fond of, tho' I believe I am obliged to it for the many stiff necks I have had since I have been here, for we generally stay till it is quite dark, and so damp, that my cloaths are quite wet, which you know is very *wise*, but now I am an aunt, I intend to behave better.

I hope dear Mrs. Delany is pretty well, and that you are not quite froze, tho' I think the extreme cold of the weather may have some chance, but I trust that wadded cloaks will just keep you alive till I come home.

My nephew is making such a noise I must go and see what's the matter.

I am quite hurt you should have waited so long for a letter from me, which I realy only put off till this child was born. I feel how ungrateful and wrong it was in me, and you cannot think how unhappy I am at having been so negligent, but I hope you will excuse me, and believe it was quite forgetfulness.

I am quite sorry, to hear we have simpathized in having stiff necks, but pray comfort yourself by thinking it is a good thing to have any thing so slight, and I find my pain decrease, by thinking how *much more* many

poor creatures suffer constantly, and how *little* reason I have even to think mine pain, when I recollect what poor Mrs. Clayton suffered the day before yesterday.

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

The Viscountess Weymouth to Mrs. Delany.

Sept. 9th, 1786.

DEAR MRS. DELANY,

I am very much obliged to you for your kind and long letter, and am very happy you were able to enjoy the amusements of the Castle. The musick I don't doubt was vastly fine.

I have the happiness of hearing constant good accounts of dear Sophia; she has recover'd vastly well, and has not suffered by being informed of the melancholy event, as Lord St Asaph took so much care of having it conceal'd from her till she was recovered. I am very sorry to hear Mrs. Mills has been so ill, I hope as she has lasted so long she will recover. The Dss of Portland has allways bad spirits, I hope she will not be alarm'd. I heard she intended to suckle, but I think it is rather too late in life to commence a wet nurse, and so nervous a constitution will make a very bad one.

I am sorry you have not succeeded quite, as you wish'd wth the Chancellor. When I see him I will tell him what you desire; and when Lord Weymouth's turn at the Charter. House comes he will be inform'd, and I don't doubt he will name Master Port.

Have you heard lately from Lady Bute? I suppose this is near the time of her going to Bath. Best comp^{ts} attend you from all here. Believe me, dear Mrs. Delany,

Most affec. y^{rs},

E. C. WEYMOUTH.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Badminton, Sept. 11th, 1786.

My wandering season began much about the time I receiv'd your most agreeable, most welcome epistle, and as I was going to Lady Smythe's, near Tunbridge, I promis'd myself I would write from thence, where I was sure to see Lord Mansfield, and was in great hope I might have the satisfaction to report to you his better health. I did see him several times, but I cannot say that there was any improvement in his health. Still that severe pain in his arm, which causes sleepless nights, but too often. After I return'd from Kent, I saw Miss Murrays, but their accounts did not differ from those I brought them. I imagine, however, his lordship's state, is rather a suffering than a dangerous one. I hope to find him at Ken Wood, when I return. Before I went into Kent, I had the great good luck to spend an afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Jenyns, who had seen my dear Mrs. Delany in the morning. If you kindly say why did not you come and see? I shall answer that I could not, because my journey hither was post—in one day. Mrs. Leveson of the party, whose furlow being short she could not afford to spend any of it in an inn. Mr. Leveson could not quit his attendance at the Admiralty, where he spends 4 days in the week; so she is here with the only one of y^{r} cousins, that is not at school. Boys I mean; for there are two little girls left at Bill Hill, who are *great praters*, and will, therefore, be pleasant companions to their father from Friday till Tuesday. I had the peculiar pleasure to dine with 8 grandchildren yesterday. To-

day I believe the lesser ones will not be admitted, because we have company, Lord and Lady Ducie,[1] &c.; but happily there is not just now any company in the house. The Du^ss^ of Beaufort inquires after you, dear madam, and Mrs. Leveson ventures to answer her, having constantly heard of you by Mrs. Cole. But I desire you will entrust me to give undoubted intelligence of you to both these ladies.

F. BOSCAWEN.

Commend me kindly to Miss Port, her friend Lady Eliz. Somerset[2] has had the jaundice, but is now recover'd, I thank God; but it has left her languid, and very thin. Be pleas'd to direct to the Duke of Beaufort, Badminton, (Dunkirk bag.)

Miss Port to John Port, of Ilam, Esq.

Windsor, 10th Sept, 1786.

MY DEAREST PAPA,

I am happy to find I could afford my dear mamma or you the least amusement. The Arch Duke and Duchess of Milan[3] have been presented to their Majesties in private, as had they appeared in state they must have gone through many ceremonies which

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[1] Thomas Reynolds Moreton, 2nd Baron Ducie, of Tortworth, married, Feb. 20th, 1774, Margaret, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, Bart.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Somerset, daughter of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort. She married, in 1796, the very Rev. Charles Talbot, D.D., Dean of Sarum, and died in 1836.

[3] H. R. H. Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, Governor of Milan, with his consort, H. R. H. Beatrix of Este, Princess of Modena, and their suite, arrived in London on the 3rd of Sept., 1786. "On Friday, the 8th of Sept., a royal breakfast was prepared for them, of coffee, tea and chocolate, with soups, fowls of all kinds, both wild and tame, and other meats."

they now avoid. They breakfasted with the King and Queen at Kew, and T. M's had a cold collation prepared for them after they had walked about the gardens; but unfortunately it, being Friday, was a fast day, and to the utter astonishment of our King and Queen, (who *never recollected the fast,*) the Arch Duke and Duchess refused to *eat anything!* It was an unlucky mistake, as they might take it as an affront. The King and Queen have offered them apartments *here* for as long a time as they chuse, but they refuse lying out of their own house (a custom among them). They talk German remarkably well, but not a word of English. The Duchess is very agreable, and the Duke is *a good sort of man;* but not as bright as his wife. The yare to come and see Windsor.

We had the three youngest Princesses to breakfast with us during their Majesties absence last week; and I entreated Princess Mary[1] to play a lesson of Handel's that *mama does.*—I gave her that as my reason for asking for it; and *then* she with all the sweetness in the world, played it *twice.* When Princess Mary finished Princess Sophia said, "Now I will play to you if you like it," and immediately played the Hallejuah Chorus in the Messiah; and she and Princess Mary sung it. Princess Mary has realy a *fine voice,* and Princess Sophia a weak but sweet one. So between them both I was highly gratified, and I wished for mama to *hear* and *see* them, for they looked like little angels! They are *very very* fair, fine blue eyes, and hair exactly like

[1] Princess Mary, daughter of King George III., born 25th April, 1776. She married, 22nd July, 1816, her cousin, H.R.H. the late Duke of Gloucester, and died 30th April, 1857.

Fanny's[1] which they have a vast deal of, and which curls all down their backs; they go without caps, and are so engaging in their behaviour, that every body must love them, and admire those who made them what they are. I must tell you a trait of Princess Mary; she told me she had brought me her new watch to look at, which the Queen gave her on her birthday. I told her she was very good to me, and returned the watch when I had looked at it. "Now," said she, "I will do you a favor. I have done none in bringing the watch, but I *will* do *a great one* by showing you the letter the Queen writ me with it," which she did. I admired the pocket book she took the letter out of, she said, "it was pretty but that she had prettier, tho' she valued *that* the most, for (said she) *this* contains *all* the letters the Queen has writ to me." I thought it was so pretty in her to make this speech—and showed so much heart in her.

Love to George,[2] who I desire will not ride my mare hard, who I hope is quite well. Lady Effingham[3] and her daughter Lady Frances Howard[4] have just been here;

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[1] Frances Port, of Ilam, afterwards Mrs. Ram.

[2] George Port, of Ilam, whom Mrs. Delany used to call her "*little Vandyke*," to whom Queen Charlotte gave a presentation to the Charter House, and whose graceful manner of kneeling down to kiss the Queen's hand, combined with his remarkable beauty, produced such a lasting impression on Lady Effingham and Lady F. Howard. He died June 20th, 1794, at Antigua, of yellow fever, 2nd lieut. on board H.M.S. the "Reprisal," in his 20th year.

[3] "*Lady Effingham.*"—Elizabeth, daughter of Peter Beckford, Esq., married, 1744-5, Thomas, 2nd Earl of Effingham, who died in 1763. She married, secondly, in 1776, Sir George Howard. Lady Effingham was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Queen.

[4] Lady Frances Herring Howard, fourth daughter of Thomas, 2nd Earl of Effingham. She died June 16th, 1796.

and Lady Frances desired I would tell George she "hoped he remembered her, for she did him, and was *quite in love with him.*" George saw her when he saw the Queen and Princess, as she attended them. George must send some answer to this message, as I shall see her soon again, and I know she will ask after him.

GEORGIANA M. A. PORT.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Dunham Massey, Sept. 24th, 1786.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

Your kindness in thinking of me upon every occasion wherein you know I am interested, demands my sincerest acknowledgement. I realy feel very happy that our dear Lady S[t] Asaph is safe in her bed, and I trust in God that she and her little girl [1] will continue as well as can possibly be wished. A thousand thanks to you, my dearest madam, for your kind congratulations upon this event; and also for your kind enquiry after my dear Harriet, and the precious little babe. They are both, I thank God, as well as I can wish. We are to have the felicity to pay them a visit to-morrow, and shall stay there a few days. It is a comfortable circumstance that we can be with her in six hours, from either this place, or Envil; for Sir John Chetwode's house is just halfway between our two houses. All the rest of my dear flock are very well. I rejoice with you, my dear friend, in the calm that reigns at Ilam, and sincerely

[1] Sophia, third daughter of Thomas, Viscount Weymouth, married, 28th Aug., 1784, George, Viscount St. Asaph. Lady St. Asaph died in 1791, leaving an only surviving daughter, Elizabeth Sophia.

wish it may continue. I thank you very much for imparting to me such welcome intelligence; for you well know how much my heart sympathizes with yours, either in its *joys* or *griefs*; upon the subject of the latter I felt very much for you, upon the late very melancholy event of Mrs. Fountayne's death,[1] and am truly concerned for all her family; but I hope it will please God to support them under their great affliction. I am happy to hear that you are better, and that your dear niece Miss Port is quite well. I don't doubt she was very happy at the Maidenhead races, for I am well acquainted with the joys of her age! My dear girls have had a large portion of amusement the last week. We attended the Musical Festival at Chester, where they were very much entertained, and escaped with less fatigue than I expected.

I am much obliged to you for the news you sent me. I have so sincere a regard for L^y^ Louisa Clayton[2] that I share in any event that can add to her happiness, tho' I am a stranger to both the parties. Your account of your *great* and *good* neighbours cannot fail to afford to me most heartfelt satisfaction. I hope the Pss Elizabeth continues quite well; any relapse, tho' ever so slight, cannot fail to give great alarm after what she went through the last winter. My girls request me to offer their best love to you and Miss Port, who I hope will

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[1] Mrs. Fountayne, wife of the Dean of York, and sister of Frederic Montagu, Esq., died 10th Sept., 1786.

[2] The event alluded to was the marriage of Mary Anne Clayton, stepdaughter to Lady Louisa Clayton, to Gen. the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, son of Henry Fox, 1st Lord Holland, and brother to the Hon. Charles James Fox.

accept mine. My Lord and Lord Grey desire me to present their best respects to you. Believe me, my dearest friend, with sincere esteem,

Your most affectionate and faithful,

H. C. STAMFORD.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton, from Windsor, Sept. 24th, 1786, as follows—

"Time and absence, I think, rather increase than diminish affection, when we from time to time communicate that mutual remembrance and regard which *has lasted so many years!*

"Your charming account of my amiable old friend, Mrs. Clements, gives me cordial comfort, and is a strong testimony what an excellent preservative is sweetness of disposition, and a conscious reflection of her having done her duty in every state of life! How desirable it is to imitate such an example!

"Miss Port, I thank God, is now very well; much grown, much improved, and I am much flattered by the approbation she meets with, as she has good sense, and her principles, I trust, well founded. *I hope she will prove a reasonable creature*, and be able to stem the torrent of folly and indiscretion which her youth, and the world may subject her to!

"My own health is very tolerable, though subject to attacks of faintness and nervous disorders, that sometimes, I fear, may alarm my friends; I would fain lessen their anxiety, and leave them to think calmly of *that hour*, which, I thank God, appears to me without terror! The deprivation of the friends we have loved best, and

the falling off of many for whom we have a great regard, casts such a melancholy gloom as to make one long for eternity; humbly beseeching the Almighty to make me fit for the change; but there are times, I assure you, when that gloom is dispelled, and my heart is relieved and warmed by the very kind attention of my friends of *all degrees*; but my greatest distress is, that I feel such an overflowing of gratitude as cannot be expressed!

"It is impossible for me to enumerate the daily instances I receive from my royal friends; who seem unwearied in the persuit of making me as happy as they can. I am sure you must be very sensible how thankful I am to providence for the late wonderful escape of His Majesty from the stroke of assassination; indeed the horror that there was a possibility that such an attempt would be made, shocked me so much at first, that I could hardly enjoy the blessings of such a preservation. The King would not suffer any body to inform the Queen of that event, till he could show himself in person to her. He returned to Windsor as soon as the Council was over. When His Majesty entered the Queen's dressing-room, he found her with the two eldest Princesses; and entering in an *animated manner*, said, 'Here I am, safe and well!' The Queen suspected from this saying, that some accident had happened; on which he informed her of the whole affair. The Queen stood struck and motionless for some time, till the Princesses burst into tears, on which she immediately found relief. Joy soon succeeded this agitation of mind, on the assurance that the person *was insane*, which took off all aggravating suspicion; and it

has been the means of showing the whole kingdom, that the King has the hearts of his subjects. I must tell you a particular gracious attention to me on this occasion. Their Majesties sent immediately to my house to give orders I should '*not* be told of it till the next morning, for fear the agitation should give me a bad night.' The Dowager Lady Spencer was *in the house with me*, and went with me to early prayers next morning at eight o'clock; and after chapel was over she separated herself from me, and had a long conference with the King and Queen. When we returned to breakfast I taxed her with her having robbed me of an opportunity of hearing what their Majesties said to her, by standing at such a distance; she told me it '*was a secret*,' but she had now their permission to tell me what it was, and she then informed me of the whole affair. I was commanded in the evening to attend them at the Lodge, where I spent the evening; the happiness of being with them was not a little increased by seeing the fulness of joy that appeared in every countenance. This important affair has taken up so much of my paper, as well as my thoughts, that I can add but little more to it. I thank God, Princess Eliz. seems now restored to that health which every one who knows her must wish on her account (as well as many others) to possess; but she is still delicate, and does not attend them at the drawing-room when they go to town. Last Friday evening she had the goodness to permit me and Miss Port to spend the evening with her; nothing can be more amiable or more engaging than she is.

"Continue, my dear friend, your kind representations of me to all my dear friends in Ireland."

On the 3rd of October, Miss Seward, in writing to Mrs. Granville, from Lichfield, says—"I have had another and quite a long letter from Mr. Harding. He says, '*Boothby* was always a first rate favourite of mine, but I have seen nothing of him since he sunk into his very unpoetic union.' Mr. Harding tells me he has been straining every nerve to get the amiable Helen Williams a little place at Court of the *same nature* as Miss Burney's, but as yet he has not succeeded; however, he avows a resolution not to rest till he does something materially and permanently conducive to her interest. This does not look like the selfish, cold-hearted being we heard him represented."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 3rd Oct., 1786.

Much was I pleas'd, my dearest madam, with your kind and agreeable, and apt quotation from Gellert.[1] Admiring, too, the unknown elegant hand, that transcribed it: but pleasure is short, and when I proceeded farther in my dear friend's letter, and came to the sudden death of one, whose loss is so afflictive to her good son, and therefore sincerely felt by herself, I was much troubled. I had not heard this affecting news till I receiv'd your kind letter, my dear madam. I have since heard all the particulars from my neighbour Lady F. Burgoyne,[2] who is much concern'd for Mr. Montagu;

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[1] Christian Fürchtegott Gellert was born near Freiberg, in Saxony, July 4th, 1715, and died, Dec. 13th, 1769. He was a Professor of Philosophy at Leipzig. His Fables, Tales, and Hymns were celebrated in their day, and many of his works were translated into various European languages. A compendious account of him and of them may be found in Metcalfe's History of German Literature.

[2] Lady Frances Montagu, eldest daughter of George, Earl of Halifax, married, in 1739, Sir Roger Burgoyne, Bart., of Sutton Park, Bedfordshire.

and no wonder, for many an affliction of this bitter kind has he felt within the space of a few years. Many have mourn'd with him lately, the young and the prosperous have been suddenly snatch'd away. I have been particularly, and very sincerely, concern'd for one, whose mother has been my friend these forty years—poor Lady Chatham![1] one daughter, her eldest child,[2] and a very amiable one, she had before lost in child-bed, and now, this (so prosperous) was her last! I did not fail to write my congratulations to my friend on her daughter's[3] safety—Alass! how short was that suppos'd safety; and I wrote no more: yet this day I have received a letter from Mrs. Stapleton, who knowing how truly concern'd I should be for my friend, most kindly gives me more consolation than she thinks I could have hop'd for, even from her fortitude and exemplary resignation, so often try'd. She tells me she weeps unconstrain'd, and speaks continually of this beloved daughter, and by this vent of her sorrow and humble submission to the divine will, her friend hopes she will not find her feeble state of health much impair'd. I am sure she has an excellent cordial in the friendship and affection of Mrs. Stapleton. I heard this sad news, the day I was near enough to you to see the stately towers of Windsor. I reserve myself (I trust) for some more favourite opportunity; for indeed I want to see you. I am now settled here in my little Villa during

[1] Hester Grenville, sister to Richard, Earl Temple, and wife of William Pitt, 1st Earl of Chatham.

[2] Lady Hester Pitt, wife of Charles, Viscount Mahon, afterwards 3rd Earl Stanhope, died July 18th, 1780.

[3] Lady Harriet Pitt, wife of the Hon. Edward James Elliott, died Sept. 24th, 1786.

this month of October. I have nobody with me, but a young granddaughter, Lady Harriet Somerset,[1] her sweet sister Eliz.,[2] being gone to the sea coast for the air, and her careful mother with her; also Lady Frances,[3] for company to the invalid. I have the satisfaction to tell you that they expect Lord Mansfield home next Monday, and are assur'd he is considerably better. Mrs. Finch Hatton they visited yesterday. She is well, but in near expectation of being otherwise. Success attend her! Sweet Lady St. Asaph is hitherto kept ignorant of the sad loss her lord has sustained.[4] By Nov. *those ever-greens* the Coles will be thinking of their winter quarters. How pretty it was of them to come flying upon the wings of zeal, and affection to their gracious Master! They return'd the day after you saw them.

I had a letter to-day from my good friend the Dean of Gloster, but with no good account of his health. I wish for a continuance of yours, my dear friend, with more affection than words can express, and do believe you have not need of many to convince you, that I am most truly and faithfully yours.

F. Boscawen.

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[1] Lady Harriet Isabella Somerset, daughter of Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort. She married, in 1804, Colonel Mitchell, and died his widow, 1st June, 1855.

[2] Lady Elizabeth Somerset married, in 1796, the very Rev. Charles Talbot, D.D., Dean of Sarum. She died in 1836.

[3] Lady Frances Elizabeth Somerset died 27th May, 1841.

[4] Jemima Elizabeth, Marchioness of Graham, third daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, died 17th Sept., 1786. She was *sister* to George, Lord St. Asaph.

The Countess of Bute to Mrs. Delany.

Highcliff, Oct. 11th, 1786.

Your letter, my dear friend gave me great pleasure, as it gave me reason to think you are in tolerable health. Tho' I am very sorry to find your spirits are so much affected by the loss you have sustained in Mrs. Fountain, and your concern for Mr. Montague, whom I most sincerely pity. I do not chose to trouble him with a letter of condolence on this occasion, but should be much obliged if you wou'd mention the part I take in his severe affliction when you write to him.

I am glad to find the Princess Elizabeth's illness is not alarming; she is by all accounts so *extremely amiable*, that everybody is interested in her recovery, for her own sake, and doubly so for her beloved parents, whose kindness to you, my dear friend, I *am not* surprised at; as your merit being known to them, must engage their esteem and highest regard.

We have, indeed, had very violent storms here; but fine weather at intervals, which we have made great use of, having made several jaunts to see places. The roads all over this country are so fine, there are no difficulties to encounter, and tempt one to go about. Wilton [1] and Longford [2] (Lord Radnor's) are both magnificently fine; but I was most pleased with Beaulieu [3] Abbey, where *nature only* is to be admired; the house is an ancient small building, but placed on the side of a large beautiful river, which winds under a bank of

[1] Wilton House, Wilts, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke.
[2] Longford Castle, Wilts, the seat of the Earl of Radnor.
[3] Beaulieu, in Hampshire, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch.

wood extending several miles, and *growing down to the edge of the water*; on the opposite side are a range of meadows, as green as the plains of Arcadia, forming altogether (really) a *pastoral scene*, such as Mr. Brown[1] *has attempted* to make in many places at the expense of half the owner's fortune.

I mean to set out for Bath next Monday, but do not take London in my way, it being but little more than sixty miles from hence, and a good road cross the country. I can, therefore, have no opportunity of seeing my dear friend at this time. Be assured I long very much for that pleasure, which I hope to attain in my way from Bath to London. I must beg you to direct your next to Bath, which I hope you will do soon, as an account of my dear Mrs. Delany is always the greatest satisfaction to

Your ever faithful and affectionate,

M. W. Bute.

Louisa is ever much yours, and we both beg our best compliments to Miss Port. A thousand thanks for your goodness to little Charles.[2] I hope Mrs. Stuart will very soon be in England, and I'm sure will be very grateful for your kindness to her son.

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[1] The landscape gardener.

[2] Afterwards General Sir Charles Stuart, K.C.B., who was in 1828 created Baron Stuart de Rothesay. He was the eldest son of Lord Charles, fourth son of the Earl and Countess of Bute, and of Anne Louisa, daughter and coheiress of Lord Vere Bertie.

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Audley End, Oct. 13th, 1786.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

Being set down to my comfortable table, I cannot refrain from the pleasure of employing this half hour before chapell in writing to you. I hope you received my letter from London, which was wrote in a great hurry, and I believe quite nonsensical, but my brain had been worried all the evening, and my heart all the morning, so that I was not in a very good situation for writing. We arrived here Wednesday evening at 7, and found Lord[1] and Lady Howard quite well, and only Mr. Arnott, Clerk of the House of Lords, with them. He is remarkably agreable. Yesterday, most part of the morning was employed in going over this beautiful house, which is so much beautified and compleated since we were here last it is quite astonishing. I think the state apartment is as perfect as anything can be. It consists of a bed-chamber, two dressing-rooms, two powdering-closets, an antechamber, and a servant's room. The bed-chamber, gentleman's dressing-room, and antechamber are hung with grey water tabby, ornamented with crimson and gold. In the dressing-room are the pictures of this present King, (which is so like and so expressive of that sweet benevolence shown in all his actions, that I could hardly persuade myself it was not himself,) the late King, and Prince Ferdinand. All the tables and chairs, &c., are suitably beautiful

[1] Sir John Griffin Whitwell, 4th Baron Howard de Walden, who was created, 5th Sept., 1788, Baron Braybrooke. He married Catherine, daughter of William Clayton, Esq., by his first wife, Mary, daughter of John Wardle, of Squerries, Esq., co. Kent. Lady Howard de Walden was consequently, half-sister to Miss Emily Clayton, the writer of this letter.

The bed is grey, embroidered most beautifully, and made up with the greatest taste I ever saw. The posts are white and gold. The lady's dressing-room is hung with some very fine modern tapestry; the chairs and tables inlaid, and Rebecca's[1] paintings. I think this house *is now* the most comfortable, magnificent, and elegant one that it is possible to imagine, but I own, my dear Georgiana, I could not help feeling, whilst I was walking over it, I was very glad it did *not* belong to my mother, for I think there is *so much* state necessary to be preserved that I should never feel so *snug* and warm as I do in my dear little plain room at Windsor, not being afraid of spoiling everything one touched.

We are just come in from a long walk about these fine grounds, which realy are delightfull, and vastly improved since we were here.

My dear Marianne, who is now writing by me, desires I would give you her best love, and tell you she hopes you received a note from her in answer to yours, for by your letter (that I received to-day, and return you many thousand thanks for,) you do not name it; but as you wrote in so great a hurry you might have forgot it. *She* is dearer to me every moment! in short, in my opinion, she is quite perfection.—What, then, must be my feelings at thinking I am so near parting with her? tho' what Mme de Sevigné experienced at Mme Grignan's marriage must, I suppose, have been

[1] "*Rebecca.*" The Editor's mother often spoke of the wonderful *imitations* by this painter, and of the trick played upon Lady Howard de Walden, (who was particularly precise,) by her believing she saw a black kettle placed upon a white satin chair when she entered her drawing-room. Also of his painting *Buns*, which carried round on a tray deceived everybody's eyes.

greatly sharper. I cannot express how much more I pity her now when I am reading her delightful letters than I ever did, and how wrong I feel it in myself to have even a thought that is not joyful on this occasion, but I find it is impossible to struggle against those sensations; but I only hope I shall ever have a right sence of the happiness I enjoy in possessing *such a mother*, and in knowing the person next dearest to my heart is enjoying such lasting comfort as I'm sure there is every reason to expect. Col. Fox mentions (in a letter to her to-day), with the greatest gratitude, the King's goodness to him the other day, and says nothing could equal the many gracious and *kind* (if one may be allowed to use the word) expressions he used to him. I believe I need not add how much Marianne is flattered by them, for *you who know* how *we all love him* can imagine what pleasure it must give *her!*

I mean to teaze you very often with my letters, for it is such a pleasure to me to write to somebody who *knows them both*, or will indulge me by letting me express all my thoughts about them.

We are to have a Mr. and Mrs. Bramston here next week, (he is member for Essex,) and I fancy shall be very little if at all alone whilst we are here. Our best love to dear Mrs. Delany. How much I love you my pen cannot inform you, but whilst you are imagining it remember not to forget the word *sincere*.

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

M. says I have not said anything pretty from her to you for your kind message; but as the half hour has struck, and *we move by clock-work here*, you must, if you please, conceive it.

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Oct., 1786, (qy.)

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

I was just going to write to you when I received your dear kind letter, for which I return you many thanks. We are all much hurt at the bad account of poor Princess Emily.[1] My dear mother was quite affected at it, tho' she feels satisfaction in the resigned state of her mind, and those charming feelings you describe, and which she *has ever* had reason to believe she possesses in a supreme degree. She was (when in her service) a kind and affectionate mistress to her, and has since ever shewed her so much goodness that it is not to be wondered at she should feel the loss of one who she has so much reason to love. I suppose before you receive this her trial will be over. Let us know, my dear Georgiana (if it is not), what the accounts are of her, and pray *don't forget* always to name dear Princess Elizabeth—Words cannot express how anxious we are about her! The other Princesses, I hope, are all well. Pray, when you have the opportunity always present my most affectionate duty to them, and tell me if they ever do me the honor to name me, for *you know* what a delight it is to me to *hear that* when I am at Windsor, and what, then, must it be when separated 64 miles from them? My mother and Marianne go to town on Thursday for two nights, and return here on Saturday with Col. Fox. Pray think

[1] The Princess Amelia Sophia Eleonora, second daughter of George II., died 31st Oct., 1786. Lady Louisa Clayton was one of her Ladies of the Bedchamber.

of her the next day, which is her birthday. Believe me most truly and tenderly yours,

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Glan Villa, 28th Oct., 1786.

I am indebted to my dear friend for a most charming letter. I *delight* in the *prose*, I *subscribe* to *the verse*, and I pity Miss Port that she was not all this while promoted to the honour and pleasure of being your secretary. I beg Mrs. Astley's pardon, but I should certainly endeavour to supplant her if I were within reach of exercising a function that *pays* by *the inch*. When you say you have "no particular complaint," I say to myself *that* is very *like health*. I wish I cou'd tell you the same of one who will always interest you—your friend at Ken Wood. He honour'd me with a visit here yesterday, and staid above an hour, but was in pain all the while he staid, which, however, one shou'd not have guess'd by his conversation. Better to-day. They remove to London next week. Mrs. Finch Hatton is not yet put to bed, and Miss May Murray is not quite well, which as you know is too common with her.

The Duchess of Beaufort has had all imaginable success, I thank God, in her pilgrimage to the ocean. Her sweet daughter is quite recover'd, and I hope to see them next Tuesday, when they will be in London, in their way to *Cornbury*, by which name *you know* the seat in Oxfordshire, now pretty much *in ruins* (compar'd to its *ancient state*), and inhabited by the Duke of Beaufort in autumn for hunting. I have obtain'd

leave to keep my young lady a little longer. They can hardly miss one, being so entirely occupy'd with two of their fine family, Lord Worcester and Lord Charles, who set out for the continent as soon as they have paid their duty at St. James's. This is a *bitter event* to the Duke and Duchess, to whom they are most agreeable companions. I hope you have got Mrs. Sandford, as you propos'd. What a holiday it must be to her, to pass whole days (tho' but few) with her honour'd and beloved friend. I hope she is tolerably well. Not so poor Mrs. Chapone. I went to Hadley this morning on purpose to meet her, for she is in this country at Dr. Beauvoir's; but when I came there Mrs. Burrows told me that she almost kept her bed with a violent pain in her face. I hope dear Lady Bute's journey to Bath is rather precaution than anything else, and that I shall have the pleasure to see her arrive in her winter quarters by the time I get there, for which I am never in a hurry. You know my faithfull attachment to Apollo, and when once I am in London *I see no more of him!* The *same* reason, bright rays that *warm and cheer*, will keep you at Windsor. Thank God, your beloved Princess Elizabeth is recovering at Kew; at least so we flatter ourselves, and so I hope you know. The *ancient* Princess[1] will soon put us in mourning, and many indeed, rich and poor, *will truly mourn her loss!*

The excellent stanza you sent me I had not seen, otherwise than in the addresses[2] of *all England*, of

[1] The Princess Amelia, daughter of King George II. and aunt to King George III., died, unmarried, Oct. 31st, 1786, aged 75 years.

[2] This passage alludes to verses, sent by Mrs. Delany, upon the escape

which it is the *quintessence* and *marrow*. I have *said it*, and *wrote it* in *prose*, but I suppose it is *you*, my dear madam, that put it into verse? If so, Mr. Jenyns may be jealous. He is in perfect health, Mr. Cole tells me, who has been to visit him in Cambridgeshire, and "*playfull as a kitten*" was, I think, his phrase in describing him.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Daniel Sandford,[1] *Christ Church, Oxford.*

Windsor, Oct. 29th, 1786.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your letter, and shall take the first opportunity of communicating to Her Majesty your most proper and gratefull acknowledgements. She seems much pleased at your undertaking the task, and hopes you will write your sentiments about the manuscript when you have read it. I am pretty well. Mary is very well, and sends her best comp^ts^. I am afraid I must give up all thoughts of seeing your dear mother at Windsor. I hope to catch her for an hour at Salt Hill in her way to London. I am just going to church, and can only add that I am

Your most affectionate friend, &c.,

M. D.

This letter goes with the books and manuscripts from the Crown in Slough by one of the Oxford coaches. I don't pay the carriage, but shall remain indebted to you, for they say it is more likely to be delivered safe.

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of the King from the attempt at his assassination by Margaret Nicholson. These verses have not been found.

[1] Rev. Daniel Sandford, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Audley End, Oct. 31st, 1786.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

I take the first moment of answering your dear little note about the globes: they are not mama's, but mine, and you are very welcome to them or any thing else of mama's or mine that you chuse to have, *without* sending for leave. I hope you are not again alone, tho' I should gain by your solitude. Mr. and Mrs. Cole are now here, and desire I would give you and Mrs. Delany their very best compliments, and Mr. Cole desires I would tell you "the high *sense he has of your understanding!*" What a pleasant, entertaining man he is! I am quite sorry we are to lose him to-morrow. I cannot tell how I love them both for their admiration of dear Mrs. Delany and her neice! We are sadly hurt about poor Princess Emily, tho' edyfied at her heavenly composure; but tho' certain of her happiness, my dearest mother *feels* the loss of *so beloved a mistress!* I am sure I know what her sensations are, for even when I attended my darling E—, and was witness to her great suffering, which she bore with that Christian resignation as was certain of reaping never-fading happiness, no words can express what sorrow my heart felt when I knew *all hope was gone*, and that I should *never see her more!* And to this moment I never think of her without feeling how great her loss is to me. Forgive me, my dear friend, for conversing so long upon so melancholy a subject.

I must tell you, as I know you feel interested upon everything that is near my heart, that we have had a

letter to-day from *my* George,[1] with an account of his journey to Dresden, where he is not yet arrived;—but what makes it the more acceptable is that we heard last week from Baron de Seckendorff with a *very indifferent* account of his health, which made my mother (and I must own myself) very uneasy about him, but we have the satisfaction of knowing now he cannot be very ill, as he talks with great pleasure of the travelling, and writes in very good spirits.

I will not make excuses for conversing so long upon my own family, as I know it won't *plague* you. I follow your example now in using that word, for since you ordered me not to use it, I have not received one letter from you without it. What would I give you could fly over here when you are left with "*nobody*."

I cannot express how much happier I am since this letter of George's is come; it has made my best of mothers so much easier and more comfortable. We have sad accounts of dear Julia Dawson;[2] poor dear Lady Cremorne writes word every ray of hope is over about her—how shocking it is, and how I do pity her mother! Adieu; I will not detain you any longer than to beg you will name Pss E. in your letters. Mama and Marianne unite with me in every thing affectionate to dear Mrs. Delany and yourself. My mother and Marianne go to town on Thursday, and stay till Saturday, when Col. Fox returns with them; I shall be left here with Lord and Lady Howard. I

[1] Col. George Clayton, son of Mr. William and Lady Louisa Clayton, married Frances Hinchcliffe, daughter of John, Bishop of Peterborough.

[2] Miss Dawson, only daughter of Viscount Cremorne, died June 4th, 1787.

almost feel angry at being robbed of two days and a half of my dear sister's company, but Il faut se soumettre. I realy must beg you would excuse the many mistakes in this letter, but I think you will when you know my Marianne is talking to mama all the time about *her future schemes*, which I cannot help attending to. I have not felt so happy a great while as my dear boy's letter has made mama so perfectly so, and now I will have done.

I have opened my letter again to tell you I have seen Mr. Pennistone, who is certain Lady Louisa is at this present moment at Ickworth near Bury.

Extract of letter from Mrs. Astley to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Kew, Nov. 4th, 1785.

Their Majesties and the Princesses came here this morning; they kindly inquired "how you were to amuse yourself in Mrs. Delany's absince," and upon her telling them that Mrs. Heberdine had offerd to take you to the assembly, but that she had refused, not thinking it proper at this time, "Oh," says Princess Royal, "*let her go*, I will mention it to the Queen," which she did instantly, and you *have* her Majesty's *permission to go;* and the King says "he *knows you will be discreet, and not overheat yourself in dancing.*" Oh how I should like to be a *mouse in a corner* when you are there. I hope poor Susan will be well that she may assist in dressing you for the ball. I am quite uneasy to know how she does.

There is a talk that we dont return till Thursday next, on account of Princess Augusta's birthday, but I

think it not unlikely I may appear before you on Tuesday morning, most likely before you are out of bed. Mrs. Delany has gone to pay a visit to Lady Willoughby de Broke this morning; she is in charming spirits, and has had a very good night. I am just returned from the Lodge, where I have been to inquire after Miss Burney, but found her gone to spend the day with her father. *How good* and kind of the Queen to give her this permission! but I wanted to talk to her about Sally, that I might settle the matter with the poor girl when I go to town on Monday; but I have a great notion she don't mean to change till *her favorite* Nanny is at liberty. The mourning is not to be put on till Friday.

Mrs. Delany is returned from Lady Willoughby, and called on Lady Tweedale; she was airing.

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port.

Audley End, Nov. 10th, 1786.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

Knowing the very kind interest you and dear Mrs. Delany take in all our *joys and griefs*, I cannot but inform you, (that you may think of us at the moment,) that my dear Marianne is certainly to be married on Tuesday next between 8 and 9. I dare not say what I feel at thinking I have but 3 days more with her, tho' I must confess that every moment's knowledge of dear Colonel Fox[1] makes me the more rejoice that she will

[1] Col. the Hon. Henry Edward Fox, third son of Henry Fox, Lord Holland, and brother of the Hon. Charles James Fox, married, 14th Nov., 1786, Marianne, daughter of William Clayton, Esq., by his second wife, Caroline Mary, daughter of Rice Lloyd, Esq., of Allt y Cadno, co. Carmarthen, South Wales.

possess (I really believe) every earthly blessing. I never thought till I knew him, I could ever be satisfied with my Marianne's husband; but indeed I am so now (perfectly,) and I cannot think of a wish to form for her that I am not almost sure she will enjoy. You must excuse my saying so much about them, but my heart is too full of them to think of any thing else! Marianne desires I would assure you how very dearly she loves you, and how happy she shall always be to see you when she comes to Windsor. She *often* talks of you, dearest Georgiana, and joins with me in your praise.

How good the Princesses are! don't forget to present my most affectionate duty to them. I make a visit every day to the King's picture; that is the *only thing* I realy thoroughly envied in my life, but I must own I feel quite *angry* that any body but myself should possess such a treasure. You will allow this to be a VERY *aimiable* sensation! Col. Fox, who is just come in, desires I would not forget to present his compliments to Mrs. Delany and yourself, and to make *you* give him a corner in your heart, I must tell you that he never mentions the name of Mrs. Delany without the greatest admiration and respect.

The next letter you write to me will be to "*Miss Clayton;*" it gives me such a *quirl*, I can hardly hold my pen, but believe, whilst I have the use of my hands, it will ever assure you with great truth of the sincere friendship of

Y^r^ affec^te^ and faithful

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

Can you any how tell me if Mr. and Mrs. Conway are returned, or when they are expected?

Lord and Lady Howard are gone to town this morning for poor Pss Amelia's funeral.[1] *She* is one of the pall-bearers, and (as they never, if possible, separate) we are left in full possession of the house.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port.

Tuesday, 14th Nov., 1786

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

As you insisted upon it, I am set down to give you a full and long account of my dear Marianne's marriage, which was performed this morning at half past 8.

We all were in the Galery at that time, except herself, who Miss Yates and I was to go for, and lead her in. Her dress was a silver muslin night-gown trimmed with white sattin, a very fine sprigged muslin apron, and hankerchief trimmed with beautiful lace, and white and silver shoes; a blue ennamelled beautiful watch, a present of Lady Howard, a pair of bracelets I gave her, and a diamond ring Ld Howard gave her. Colonel Fox was in a dark green coat, with a very pretty waistcoat, (she *net him*). Mama was in a French grey silk, with a white hat, &c. Lady Howard in pale blue with brown ribbans.

Lady Yates in a iron decidé sattin with blue. Mrs. Clayton in a French grey Irish stuff with pink. Miss Yates and I were exactly alike, in white muslins and

[1] The Princess Amelia, second daughter of George II., was buried on the 11th of Nov., 1786, in the royal vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

handkerchiefs trimmed with lace, and blue sattin ribbans. Lord Howard was in dark blue, my br[1] in brown, Mr. Neville[2] in dark blue, and the Bishop, Mr. Hayes, and Mr. Gretton in black.

It is impossible to express what I felt holding her dear trembling hand when I lead her up the gallery. Her heart seemed quite to sink at first, till we reminded her, how *bad a compliment* it would be to him, then she commanded herself vastly well, and was, as *she always* is, just what *she ought to be.* Lord Howard led her into the chapel, Charlotte and I followed, then Mama and Lady Howard, Lady Yates and Mrs. Clayton. How the gentlemen came I don't know. The two bridemaids stood in a line with her, Colonel Fox, and my brother, who gave her away; the rest all stood behind.

What a variety of sensations I felt during the ceremony! surely nothing can be so awfull? sweet angel, God Almighty grant it may be for her eternal happiness! She trembled, and had her eyes quite full, but she did not cry, and I assure you we all behaved vastly well; for there was no crying to be *heard*, tho' I am afraid it might be *seen.* It was serious, but not distressingly so.

He had his eyes quite full also, and looked agitated, which was just what I wished. We were all a little

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[1] William, eldest son of William Clayton, Esq., by his second wife, Caroline Mary, daughter of Rice Lloyd, Esq. He married, in July, 1785, Mary, only daughter of Sir William East, Bart., and succeeded to the Baronetcy on the death of his cousin, Sir Robert Clayton, in 1799.

[2] Richard Aldworth Neville, only son of Richard Neville Aldworth, Esq. Mr. Neville succeeded, in 1797, to the Barony of Braybrooke, on the death of his kinsman, John, 1st Baron of Braybrooke, and 4th Baron Howard de Walden.

overcome when we congratulated, and everybody seemed to have their hearts too full to speak; I thought mine *would have broke*, but I was happy enough to command myself,—much more, indeed, than I expected. She was all affection and tenderness, and yet so perfectly happy, that it prevented her feeling what I do, that of being separated from so angelic a creature. After having signed our names as witnesses, we went to breakfast, which was vastly pretty. She quite recovered her flurry, and was quietly chearful, as were the rest of the party. Mama and I then went with her whilst she undressed and put on a great coat for travelling. At half past ten I parted from the dearest friend and best sister anybody ever was blessed with; 'twas then, and is still, my dearest Georgiana, almost more than I can bear to think of; but think what I have lost, and then tell me if I am unreasonable? She realy was my second self, *she knew every thought* I had, she was interested in all my feelings, helped me out of any little difficultys, and rejoiced in all my pleasures. Her constant angelic temper, good sense, and prudence, made her the most delightful companion and adviser that any idea can form. You will allow it is an irreparable loss, and what I must always feel with some degree of grief. Sweet, sweet soul, but provided she is happy, I think I can even have the courage to be rejoiced; she *is gone* from me, and yet when I think of her never again living with us, Oh! Georgiana, I am almost distracted. I don't know what I write, and I believe I have contradicted myself ten thousand times; my heart is too full to collect any thoughts—do pray excuse it!—I *forgot* to put all the dear Royal Family's presents *in her pockets*, but

she wore Princess Royal's beautiful belt, and Princess Mary's dear necklace.

Adieu! excuse this *Galimathias*; I have not my senses about me. Our kindest, best love to dear Mrs. Delany, and believe me ever

Y^rs^ most faithfully,
EMELIA ANNE CLAYTON.

The Hon. Mrs. Fox to Miss Port.

Nov. 23rd, 1786.

MY DEAR MISS PORT,

Allow me to return you my best thanks for your very kind letter; pray assure dear Mrs. Delany, in Col. Fox's name, as well as mine, how truly grateful we are for the kindness she has shewn us, and for her acceptable congratulations; he desires me also to give you his best comp^ts^.

I flatter myself I may have a little peep of you at Windsor before we go to Exeter for the winter, which I assure you will make me *very happy!* You can say nothing half kind enough for me to Mrs. Delany, and I might say the same for my dear Col. Fox, for if I *could* be jealous of anybody, it would be *of her!* Adieu, my very dear Miss Port. Believe me to be, as I truly am,

Your very affectionate friend,
MARIANNE FOX.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Nov., (qy.) 1786.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

I cannot let my dearest Mrs. Fox write to you from here without inclosing a few lines to you to thank you for your last kind letter and the intelligence you gave me about Mr. and Mrs. Conway, which I beg pardon for troubling you about; but Colonel Fox wanted to know.

I am again happy in my Marianne's company. I have still one very anxious fear about poor dear Mrs. Clayton, who is extreemly ill with spasmodic convulsions on her lungs. My poor brother is almost distracted; indeed I can conceive nothing that would be a greater blow to any body than her death would be to him, but I trust that with care she will recover.

Words can never express half my delight in being again with the best and most aimiable of sisters. I wish you could see her; for I think you would admire her as much in the character of a wife as in that of a daughter, and as he is really the man in the world most calculated to make her happy, and of course to delight her friends, imagine how well *I* must love him, indeed I feel him to be quite a brother.

My dear friend, how happy I shall be to see you again: exclusive of the delight I have always experienced in your conversation, I know you will let me talk to you about the second dearest object of my heart as much as I like, and without being tired of it.

I am very much flattered by Mr. Dewes's remembrance of me. Pray make him my compliments, and

assure him his great complaisance in *giving away his waistcoat* is not lost upon me. I am afraid he will have left you before the 16th of next month, which is the first day we think of being at Windsor,—we leave this place on Fryday with Col. and Mrs. Fox, and spend a fortnight at Bromley, which exactly brings it to that day. I hope, my dear Georgiana, it is not necessary to repeat how happy I shall be to see you, tho' I am so overjoyed with being again with my darling Marianne; but think then of poor "*Meelie*," separated the whole winter near two hundred miles from her! but—*I must not think.*

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mrs. Delany, with the New Edition of his "Anecdotes of Painting."

Berkley Square, London.
Novr 28th, 1786.

Mr. Walpole having been called upon for a new edition of ye Anecdotes on Painting, *cou'd not* in a *history of English arts* resist ye agreable occasion of doing justice to one who has *founded a new branch.* He hopes therefore yt Mrs. Delany will forgive the liberty he has taken of recording her name in vol. 2, p. 242, and yt she will please to consider how cruel it wd have been for him to be denied ye satisfaction of mentioning her *only because* he has ye *honor and happiness of her acquaintance.*

Mrs. Delany to the Hon. Horace Walpole.

Windsor, Novr 30th, 1786.

Mrs. Delany presents her compts to Mr. Walpole, and her acknowledgements for ye very kind and acceptable

present he has made her (wch she received last night) of his New Edition of his Anecdotes on Painting—nor is she insensible of ye honor done her in mentioning her name in so ingenious and valuable a work wth so much delicacy as to *reconcile her* to a publication that w^d have been rather painful from any other hand.

The notice to which Mrs. Delany alludes, in the present letter to Horace Walpole, appeared in his "Anecdotes of Painters," in which he mentions the Duchess of Portland's purchase of the "*exquisite*" picture of Petitot by himself, and says that the Duchess of Portland, at her death in 1785, bequeathed it to her friend, Mrs. Delany, who "was a lady of excellent sense and taste, who painted in oil, and who at the age of 74 *invented* the art of paper mosaic, with which material (coloured) she executed, in eight years, within 20 of 1000 various flowers and flowering shrubs with a *precision and truth unparalleled.*"

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 28th Nov., 1786.

I cou'd not so long have neglected to acknowledge your last kind letter, my dear madam, if I had not been in great distress. When I tell you that I have lost my excellent old servant Keeble, who had lived with me ever since the year 50, you will know I have been in trouble—indeed it was great because of her extreme suffering which no aid from the skilful physician who was used to attend her in these severe seizures could alleviate, and she lay 18 days! I stay'd with her at Glan Villa till her eyes were clos'd for ever, and then I remov'd hastily to these winter quarters, where, however, I am as yet only encamp'd, having left most of

my family behind, so that I am very unsettled as yet, and very uncomfortable, but have now the cordial of my children's company. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort are arrived to present their sons to their Majesties, before they set out on their travels, and will stay the remainder of this week. Mrs. Leveson also comes to day for the winter, and my son we fancy upon the road on account of the decease of the Dowager Lady F.,[1] who departed sitting in her chair last Thursday. Your last bill of health was very satisfactory, and your visit at Kew must have been very pleasant, as you had the comfort to find her Royal Highness so much better, whose health I hope continues and improves daily. I have seen nobody as yet but Lord and Lady Mount Edgecumbe, who are just arrived, and Mr. Cole, who, knowing how great my loss is, came very kindly to sit the evening with me on my arrival. Have you any thoughts of coming among us, my dear madam? Wherever you are, my best wishes are with you. Commend me to the fair niece.

F. B.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 30th Nov., 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I wrote to you lately, and told you the great distress I had been in, from the extreme sufferings of my poor servant, and the great loss I had sustain'd. I do not flatter myself it can be repair'd, but I wish to

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[1] Falmouth.—Hannah Catharina Maria, Dowager Viscountess Falmouth, died Nov. 23rd, 1786.

get a sober, creditable person of good sense, tho' she cannot have the same attachment to me as the poor woman who had liv'd with me from her youth.

I have one who offers herself, who is sister to Mrs. Chambers that was housekeeper at Bulstrode I remember, (many years, I believe,) and tho' sisters *do not always* resemble each other, yet methinks it wou'd be a satisfaction to me to know your opinion of that Mrs. Chambers who had the honour to serve our dear lamented friend. The Mrs. Chambers who offers herself to me is a Scotch woman I perceive by her speech, and says her sister is marry'd in Scotland.

I doubt you are in great care for the Duke of Portland and his family, who seem alass! at the eve of a bitter affliction and loss! But I hope I am misinform'd.

Mrs. Vesey was here yesterday; better, I think, and younger than last year. She told me Mrs. Dickenson wou'd lay in soon. Mrs. Leveson arriv'd yesterday, and I was more surprized than pleas'd to find that she will increase the number of your cousins in the course of the spring. Mr. and Mrs. Jenyns are come, and *ever blooming!* The Bishop of Exeter is also arriv'd; and to day I had the pleasure to see that Lady Bute's *windows were cleaning!* I sent immediately cross the way —and was informed that her ladyship was expected next week.

I do not know any news but that *London hours* are *strange things!* I am now *starving* in expectation of my son to dine with me, for he came last night without his family. However, like a loyal subject as he is, he went to pay his duty at court, and perhaps the Drawing is very full!

F. Boscawen.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, ye 1st Dec., 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

You will be surprised with a *second* visit, following so close on the first from hence, but yesterday very rashly I said something that express'd great alarm for your friends in Burlington House, (which indeed I had heard was troubled,) and *therefore* spoke, (for "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh)" but *how glad I am* to speak quite a different language to-day. I find that the story I heard yesterday was only a very tardy echo; to-day I sent a trusty person to the porter at Burlington House, who said that her Grace had had 3 or 4 very good nights successively, and was almost well; as I was so inconsiderate to repeat (from others) different intelligence. I determin'd to write again more welcome authentic information, that this may be ready for my son when he comes to dinner, wch I *do hope will be soon*, for I am very hungry! I visited Mrs. Chapone this morning, and found her better than usual. I shou'd have proceeded to Mrs. Sandford, but heavy rain said, "*Go home for shame*," and I did, and then Lady Lucan[1] came to see me, and shew'd me an *amazing* copy she had taken of a miniature Sr Joshua had lent her—a Cooper. F. B.

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[1] Margaret, d. and h. of J. Smith, of Canons-Leigh, Esq., Devon, m., 1760, Sir Charles Bingham, 7th Bart., created Baron Lucan in 1776, and Earl of Lucan in 1795. She d. Feb. 27, 1815. Repeated references are made to Lady Lucan in Horace Walpole's Letters. Mrs. Delany used to admire and wonder at her talent for painting, and yet her want of eye for drawing, as she would often totally mistake the distance between one feature and another (till it was pointed out to her), and yet imitate colouring and finishing to perfection.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Bromley House, Dec. 8th, 1786.

The friendship you have ever shewn me, encourages me to hope you will forgive the liberty I take in informing you of the scandalous reports that are spread about you. Never did I hear the like; but as in the whole course of my acquaintance with you, I have never seen a thing that was not as it *ought* to be, I am willing to believe your faults are exagerated! First then, I hear that whilst Mrs. Delany was at Kew, you, instead of staying at home, and taking care of her household effects, went to assembly's, &c.; that you (not contented with that), *wish'd* to go to every card party, (those *chearful agreeable* meetings for *young* people in particular,) and that in spite of your philosophy, you cannot help being *sulky* and *pouting* every Monday night! that you squander away your money in buying ribbans to trim your gowns, and then *slam the doors in the King's face!* in short, I am assured you are an altered person: is it possible? I can hardly believe it. *I* went also to an assembly at Bromley, where I was extreemly entertained, and will own to you, that for a moment, I thought with sorrow, I *should not be allowed* to go to those at Windsor; but that thought was instantly banished by a then much more pleasing one to me—that of spending quiet, domestick evenings with *my once quiet Georgiana*, and talking of, and endeavouring to be like my own Marianne! but this is a pleasure I now find I am *not* to enjoy, as if I am lucky enough *ever* to find *Miss Port disengaged*, I am told she can bear no other conversation but that of *amusements!* It is

not easy to make me believe my friends are in the wrong, and therefore I am still willing to hear and receive your excuses, but without which I must say, my *ever dear* Georgiana is still *the same to Emily!* Now *badinage apart*, I do realy think you are *just the same* as I left you, and let me hear from you immediately, to quite convince me that I am in the right. I must add, that at the same time I heard these *cruel aspersions*, I was told, that you said "you only wanted *me* to make you *quite comfortable*," which did a little melt my hard heart.

And now, having finished my lecture, I must tell you in plain English, I *love you better every moment*, and as an instance of the truth of my good-nature, I have been *enjoying* all the time I wrote this *the fright* the beginning of my letter will have put you in! do let me know if you could imagine, at first, what I was so *angry* about? Pray how does Mrs. Delany do? You are very good about dear Mrs. Clayton: she is better I hope, tho' still very ill; and I hear it is impossible to say how much care is necessary to get her tolerably well. To-morrow dear Col. and Mrs. Fox come, to stay till Monday, (what a treat!) and on Fryday, I hope to be in the same town with my dear, *riotous* Georgiana: need I say how overjoyed I shall be to see her again, tho' so *different a creature!* but I *love* to teaze.

We have had charming accounts of my dear George. He is now at Dresden, which he finds vastly pleasant, and likes a great deal better than Anspach. I hope that your brother behaved as you wished him at Rugby, where I was quite sorry to hear there had been a rebellion.

How do the dear Princesses do? and Windsor and all? you never write me any Windsor news, and yet I like to hear all I can about *that dear place*: and don't pretend to tell me you don't know any, for I know you do. I really take it very unkind, and so I shall write you no more than to assure you, you still have an affectionate and faithful friend commonly called

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

When you see Princess Sophia, tell H. R. H. with my affectionate duty, I hope she received my letter in answer to the very dear and gracious one she did me the honor of writing on Marianne's marriage. Pray also give my affec^te duty to Pss Mary.

The Countess of Stamford to Mrs. Delany.

Envil, Dec. ye 9th, 1786.
Saturday.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I am more obliged to you than I can express for giving me the pleasure of hearing from you, and for the very comfortable account you have been so good to send me of your own health and welfare. They are, and *ever must be*, dear to me, and therefore you will judge of the satisfaction I have received from your letter. Your flights to Kew would hardly have been creditted by me, if they had not come from *your pen*. Indeed, I am very glad you were able to obey the *Royal* and *friendly* command, and I do not doubt that the pleasure you received was of infinite service to you. I

am most sincerely glad to hear that the Princess Elizabeth is so much recovered; I hope she will not have any return of her complaint. I am much pleased with your account of *your dear* Miss Port, but *not surprised in the least*, that a pupil of my ever dear and respected friend, Mrs. Delany, should be "*capable of amusing herself when alone!*" and it is surely one of the greatest blessings to be able to keep the mind constantly employed?

I must now answer your very kind enquiry after *all my dear flock*; but they are so numerous, you will have a long chapter to go through upon their subject. My dear Harriet and her precious child are as well as I can wish, and no mother was ever more happy, I bless God, than she is. It is a lovely infant, and thrives as fast as possible. I wish I could say that our dear Sir John Chetwode was as well as *they* are; but alas! we cannot have complete happiness in this world. His health is extremely delicate, with an unfortunate hereditary right to a consumption, which keeps me in a constant state of anxiety upon his account! but I trust, with great care he may (if it pleases God) in a few years grow stronger, for he is very young, and I must add a very affectionate good creature, as can be. My ever dear Lord Grey is now abroad. The last letters we received from him (which was the other day) were dated from *Rouen*. He was perfectly well, and is much pleased with the country he has seen. We have been particularly fortunate in meeting with a gentleman to accompany him on his travels, who has a most remarkable good character, and is a very sensible worthy man; his name is *Pidou*. He is nephew to the famous Dr.

Tissot.[1] The rest of my dear children (in number *seven*) are now all at home, and making us very happy; my dear boys are just come from school, looking as rosy and as happy as it is possible.

I am extremely glad to hear Mr. Dewes is well, and that your accounts of Mr. Bernard Dewes are satisfactory. I hope he will receive all the benefit that can be wished from the Bath waters. I conclude you have had the pleasure of a visit from our valuable friend, L^y^ Bute, and I flatter myself you found her as much recruited in her health and strength as you could wish. I have had the satisfaction to hear very good accounts of her very lately.

I am realy ashamed of the length of my letter, but my pen and thoughts run on together insensibly, as I am afraid you have often experienced that my tongue has done the same when I have had the happiness of being with you. You are very kind, my dear friend, to wish to meet me in London. I do not imagine that we shall visit the metropolis before the month of February; but this truth let me request you to believe, that wherever I am, my most ardent wishes for your happiness can never fail to attend on you, and all those dear to you. My Lord and my girls unite most cordially with me in these wishes, and beg you will also accept their best respects and love. The girls desire to be kindly

[1] Simon Andrew Tissot, an eminent physician and medical writer, born in the Pays de Vaud in 1728, died at Lausanne in 1797. He was chiefly distinguished by his successful treatment of the confluent small-pox, and wrote several professional works.

remember'd to Miss Port. I am, with the greatest esteem, my dearest friend,

Your ever affectionate and obliged,

H. C. STAMFORD.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, ye 23rd Dec., 1786.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I am much concern'd to find your severe cold has continu'd so long, for I had flatter'd myself, by Lady Bute's report of you, that you had got the better of it long ago. This weather requires care and precaution, and I have the comfort to think that were you inclin'd to be indiscreet, there *are high powers*, from whose kindness, which is *equal* even to *their authority*, there can be no appeal, and they will command you to *take care of yourself*. Thus guarded and protected, I hope you will have a very pleasant Christmas and a very happy New Year. According to my earnest wishes God grant many to those who make yours so!

I had a letter from Miss Sayer just before she left Bath, wch says, "She begs her respects to Mrs. Delany, with many thanks for the honour she did me to mention me to Mrs. Granville,[1] who was so obliging as to visit me this morning. I regret extremely being so little able to profit by her goodness, and Mrs. Delany's very flattering remembrance of me." She has since return'd to Richmond, her father much benefitted by his journey.

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[1] Harriet Joan, daughter of John De la Bere, Esq., and wife of the Rev. John Granville, of Calwich.

I hope Mr. Jerningham[1] has sent you his very pretty lines wrote in the album at Cossey Hall. He has drawn a picture of his mother, wch you will think very like indeed.

F. B.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, from Windsor, Dec. 25th, 1786:—

"I have had a visit from my nephew, Mr. Bernard Dewes, from Bath, where he was ordered for the recovery of his health, and, I thank God, has found great benefit from it. He brought me a letter from Mrs. Preston[2] full of kindness, and wishing to see me. Whatever *interruptions* may have happened in the course of our long acquaintance, I never forget the happiness and cordial love I have *ever* borne to *root* and *branch* of that delightful society.

"When Governor H. Hamilton made me a visit here, he told me there was something in agitation for his establishment, and I hope it is accomplished, though I have heard no particulars about it. I believe (if *report has not done it for me*) you know nothing of my flights to Kew, which is about ten miles from this place. The Royal family once a fortnight take Kew in their way to London. They leave Windsor on Tuesday, and return on Saturday. Their Majesties were so gracious as to hint their wish for my spending some days at Kew when

[1] Edward, second son of Sir George and Lady Jerningham—who was painted spinning by Opie.

[2] Mary, youngest daughter of the Hon. Henry Hamilton, son of Gustavus, Viscount Boyne, m. in 1763 to Rev. Nathaniel Preston.

they were there, and to make it completely agreeable and commodious, engaged Mr. and Mrs. Smelt, who live there, to invite me to *their house*—a pleasure of *itself*, that would have given me wings for the undertaking. I availed myself of the command of the one, and the invitation of the other, and spent part of two weeks there. I think you can hardly be a stranger to the character of Mr. Smelt, a man that has the honour of being *friend to the King*, and who has testified to the world, by his disinterested and steady behaviour, how worthy he is of such a distinction. His character is of the most noble and delicate kind, and deserves the pen of a Clarendon to do justice to it. Mrs. Smelt is a very sensible, friendly, agreeable woman. Their house is convenient and elegant, situated upon the banks of the Thames, open to all its beauties, and guarded from all its inconveniences, and within a short walk from the Royal lodge. They were visited more than once a day by their Majesties or some of the Royal family, which pleasure I had the honour of partaking. We were appointed to dine every day at Miss Burney's table, at the Lodge. It is very magnificent, and the society very agreeable, of about eight or ten persons belonging to their Majesties. Coffee was ready about six o'clock; about seven the King generally walked into the room, addressing everybody, and, after that, commanded me and Mrs. Smelt to follow him to the Queen's apartment, where we drank tea, and stayed till near ten o'clock. Princess Elizabeth, (who, I thank God, is now perfectly restored to health,) was not well enough at that time to make one of that society, so that her sisters took their turns to be with her. Ever since the last excursion I

made there the weather has been too bad for me to venture again.

"I have fixed my time for going to London the 12th of January."

Miss Port to John Port, of Ilam, Esq.

Windsor, Dec. 28th, 1786.

Company coming in prevented my wishing my dear papa and mama, and all the dear inhabitants of Ilam, a merry Christmas (which my heart did) on the *day*, but I hope they will now accept it with my kind love.

Mr. and Mrs. Smelt are here, as is the Bishop of Worcester,[1] who preached an admirable sermon on Christmas day.

Princess Elizabeth, who removes to town for good on New Year's day, is very happy with the thoughts of the Birthday; *doubly so*, for she has obtained Sir George Baker's leave *to dance*. Colon[l] Goldsworthy goes out of waiting on Tuesday, when Col[nl] Grevill comes, who I do not know, as his waiting is chiefly in London; but he is very much liked. We have had *another* running away. A Miss Sabin beg'd leave of her aunt (who is also her guardian) to go to London to see a sick friend, which was agreed upon, but the next night, which was the appointed time for her return, no Miss Sabin appear'd, and the person sent to take care of her returned and said "she had slipt from her;" and it has since proved she has gone off with an officer in the Marines.

The Cathedral opens on Monday, as the middle win-

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[1] Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.

dow and the picture of the Last Supper are put up. Jarvice[1] is now about the side ones. There is an angel, one of the principal figures, that is wonderfull, and seems to me to have the very expression an angel should have. The King is quite delighted with the whole. Mr. West has painted the Last Supper, as well as the design of the window, and has taken it in quite a different way to what it ever was painted before. A. D. has entirely lost her cold, but feels the effects of it by being weaker. She desires her kind love, and says her best wishes attend Ilam at every season.

G. M. A. P.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Audley Street, 28th Dec., 1786.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I appear ungrateful, and have never thank'd you for my excellent pot of lampreys, I may venture to call it so, as it *always* is so, but I have not eat it, because I reserv'd it for this day, that I have a little Christmas feast for the Countess of Rothes, Lord Leslie,[2] and other relatives, for whom I shall open my pot of lampreys, and meantime return you thanks for them. Lady Bute is just gone, looking charming well, Lady Louisa is perfectly so, and my Lord I saw at our

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[1] John Jarvis, born 1749, distinguished for his paintings on glass. His most celebrated performance was the west window of New College, Oxford, from the design of Sir Joshua Reynolds: d. 1804. The middle window at Windsor was painted by Jarvis, from West's picture of the Resurrection.

[2] George William, only child of the Countess of Rothes by her first marriage. In 1810, on his mother's death, he became 10th Earl of Rothes. The Countess m. 2ndly, Sir Lucas Pepys.

chapel last Sunday. On Christmas day I went to the Royal Chapel at St. James's, where I heard a delightful anthem, and some sweet voices. I conclude you are much gratified in that way at Windsor, and often entertain'd with fine musick, as well *sacred* as *royal*, and perhaps you *will hardly* allow these two epithets should ever be parted. Last night I was at Baron Alvenslaben's concert, wch I like very much, it is so early and so quiet. I was in luck too, in hearing my favourite song, "Softly rise O southern breeze, and gently fan my blooming trees." I fancy you must have heard Mr. Harrison[1] sing it, which he does in perfection. Miss Abram[2] sang it last night. Last Saturday I was at a concert at Mrs. Blair's, she sings very agreeably indeed. We had also Mrs. Billington,[3] and a pretty Miss Hamilton[4] dau^r^ to a clergyman I have seen at your house, who is bro^r^ to Sr Wm Hamilton; the young lady has a fine clear strong voice, but I cannot say she pleas'd me so well as Mrs. Blair.

My dear madam, I have at last seen y^r^ worthy friend Mrs. Sandford. I waited on her the day before yesterday, and found her full as well as she ever is, and happy in the good state and condition of all her 4 sons. The sailor is particularly fortunate to have got in this

[1] "Harrison, a celebrated English tenor, the most finished singer of his age in the true *aria cantabile*." He died in 1812.

[2] Miss Abram and her sister Theodosia were first heard in public at the Ancient Concerts in 1776.

[3] Mrs. Elizabeth Billington distinguished herself in childhood as a performer on the pianoforte, and appeared, in 1786, as a captivating singer. Her popularity remained undiminished to the close of her public career in 1809. She died in 1817.

[4] The Rev. Frederick Hamilton, second son of Lord Archibald Hamilton, and brother of Sir William Hamilton, Ambassador at Naples, had an only child and heiress, Elizabeth, who married, in 1777, John, 3rd Earl of Aldborough.

time of peace the best of stations, in the best of ships for a young man, that is a good frigate; and beside, an excellent captain, who had sent him to visit his mother during the holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Leveson are well at the Admiralty, and have let their house in Charles Street, wch my son had left, to very good tenants; viz. to Mr. and Mrs. Finch Hatton. The Duke and Dss of Beaufort are keeping an *ancient* Christmas at Badminton, L^d and L^y Falmouth and their little girl with them, and so I believe are Mr. and Mrs. Richard Master, but the eldest sons of that house will be miss'd when their *Welsh harper strikes up!*[1] They are at Rheims. I saw both Miss Murrays yesterday in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but can give you no good account of Ld Mansfield, who gets no sleep.

F. BOSCAWEN.

Kind complim^ts to the fair niece.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port, at Windsor.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA, March 20th, 1787.

I received your dear little letter last night, when I was rather surprised at not having heard from you. I cannot help feeling sorry you are going to Warwickshire, as it is so far off—but pray tell me how long you stay, and send me your direction to Welsbourn. I can easily imagine, my dear friend, what you must feel at leaving dear Mrs. Delany; parting with those you love is the most painful sensation we can feel, but let the idea of "*whatever is is right*," reconcile you to it. Let me hear often from you, no distance can *realy*

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[1] This proves that Henry, 5th Duke of Beaufort, still retained a Welsh harper in his establishment at Badminton, in continuation of the good old custom of his Welsh ancestors at Raglan Castle.

divide friends, and I shall always feel you are of the dearest. I hope you will write to me very soon after you get to Welsbourn, for I shall long to know how you do. We are very happy to hear so good an account of Mrs. Delany, and hope she will continue well. When does she think of coming to Windsor? Our plan is now quite settled, and we are to meet my dear Marianne at Harleyford the 11th of April, where we stay till the 20th, and then all come to town together. The dear Fox's stay a month, and we shall certainly stay till after the Birthday.

I long to know if you stay long at Welsbourn, or whether I shall see you whilst I am in town. Your dear little canary is very well, and I love it so much I shall hardly know how to give it up; it is so great a comfort to me now, for I feel it belongs to my dear Georgiana, and that you loved it, and have talked to it, and stroked it. Don't forget me, my dear friend, but let me hear very often from you, and let our frequent writing make up as much as possible for our separation; tell me all you do, describe the place to me, and how the rooms are furnished that you sit in; I shall not accept short letters, and en révanche you shall hear everything that I can tell you that is interesting to *either of us,* for I know what *is to me is to you.* I have just received a very kind invitation from Miss Burney, to drink tea with her to-night, which is a great pleasure to me; for they are the sort of quiet sensible evenings that are *still* my favourites. Have you seen anything of the Feildings[1] lately? or of any of my family? I am very

[1] "*The Fieldings.*"—Sophia, daughter of the Hon. William Finch and Lady Charlotte Finch (who was Governess to the Princesses), married Capt.

impatient to see them and you again, for I feel it a great while since.

I never saw such weather, we are now sitting with the window open, and feel quite summery; we went yesterday on the terrace to walk, but felt it so hot, we sat down much the greatest part of the time. Accept my dear mother's kind love, and remember us most affec^tly to dear Mrs. Delany, and believe me

Y^r very affec^te and faithful

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Dickenson.

(St. James's Place.)
March 31st, 1787.

My dear Mrs. Dickenson does me great injury if she thinks negligence has occasioned the silence she complains of. Indeed I am, I thank God, much better than I had reason to expect, yet far from being able to exert myself as I did before this late illness; and have waited till I could assure you with truth of my amendment. I have not been able to dictate a line to Mr. Dewes since he left London a fortnight ago. You make me very happy with the account of my dear and agreable friends at the Bath, to all whom I beg you will do me justice. Next Monday Mr. Bernard Dewes carrys away *my dear girl* to Welsbourn to meet her mother! I have now began a course of taking the air; but more than half-an-hour does not

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Charles Fielding, R.N., grandson of Basil, 4th Earl of Denbigh. She was Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Charlotte, and had three daughters, (here called "*the Feildings.*") The eldest, (Sophia) married Lord Robert Fitzgerald, son of the 1st Duke of Leinster; Matilda died unmarried; and Augusta married George Hicks, Esq., and died in 1858.

yet do with me, and I languish after Windsor, and think I shall be better there. Believe me truly grateful to you and Mr. Dickenson for your kind solicitude about me, and most sincerely wish you many years of happiness, and that your dear child will dayly increase that happiness; being most sincerely

Your affectionate and obliged hum^{bl} s^{t}

M. D.

On the 3rd April, 1787, Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton, from St. James's Place:—

"Before this, my dear friend must have heard of the bad state of health I have been in ever since the beginning of January. I came to town, with a very bad fever upon me the 10th of January, which fasting and twice bleeding did *not* conquer, though it abated enough for me to take the journey. I was then seized with a degree of putrid sore throat, at which I was not so much alarmed as those that were about me. That was succeeded by a violent defluxion, and the fever still continuing for near two months. I am now, though not so well as before this illness, better than I could have expected: I am rather weak than low. I ought not to repine at what I have suffered; it was the will of God it should be so, and I am most truly sensible of many advantages from it, and my heart is full of gratitude—the most delightful of all sensations—for the tender and constant attention of the friends I value, from the highest to the lowest! If I had strength of spirits to communicate to you the unremitting honours and favours I have received from my royal friends it would be a mutual

gratification to us both, but that I do not find myself equal to.

"To *convince you* I am now in a fair way of doing well, I must tell you that Miss Port left me this morning to meet her mother at Welsbourn, but is to return to me in a fortnight or three weeks, at which time I have thoughts of settling at Windsor. Governor Hamilton is well, and I have been able to see him twice."

Mrs. Delany to (her godson) Mr. Daniel Sandford.

DEAR SIR, St. James's Place, April 26th, 1787.

I am very much obliged to you for your kind inquiry after me, and I thank God I can assure you I am in tolerable health, tho' my strength and sleep still fail me; but as the weather promises to mend, I hope I shall be able to go over to Windsor, from which I trust I shall receive great benefit, and will take the first opportunity that offers of answering your letter about *the translation*, which I *think* will be in the *affirmative*. It is with great satisfaction, I can assure you, your dear mother is very tolerably well. Astley saw her on Tuesday last, and she promised to make me a visit the beginning of next week. Your brothers are both well, and William such *a beau* that you would not think his time was dedicated to musty parchments. I am sure your absence is much lamented at Welsbourn. The absence of my dear girl begins to *be insupportable to me*, but she is to be delivered into my hands by the 21st or 22d of May, by Mrs. Granville, so I *look forward to that* for *comfort*.

If Mrs. Jebb is at Oxford, make her my kind compli-

"ments, and tell her I had the pleasure of talking a great deal about her with her amiable friend Lady Parker last Sunday night.

I am, &c.,

M. D.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton, from Windsor, May 17th, 1787:—

"I am infinitely obliged to you for your good intelligence of my *few remaining* friends in Ireland, and for your good offices between me and them, and beg their continuance; but if I undertook to be particular upon a subject so dear to me, it would lead me beyond my strength. Happy should I be *could* I comply with your agreeable request of relating all the marks of favour and increasing kindness I receive. They are indeed inexpressible. I came here on Thursday the 10th, but their Majesties did not come to Windsor till the Saturday following. They called upon me *before* they went to their own Lodge, accompanied by Princess Royal and Princess Amelia; and it made my heart glad to see them look so well, and in such good spirits. I was not well enough to venture out in the evening, and had Lady Bute[1] and Louisa Stewart, her daughter. On Sunday evening I was asked with them to drink tea at the Queen's Lodge, between seven and eight o'clock. There was nobody with them but Lady Pembroke,[2] the

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[1] Mary, only daughter of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., and the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, daughter of Evelyn Pierpoint, Duke of Kingston.

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, 2nd Duke of Marlborough, married, in 1756, Henry, 10th Earl of Pembroke.

Lady of the Bed-chamber in waiting, and though it *was a circle* of the most aweful nature, it was far from a painful one. The gracious manners of their Majesties and the Princesses, made it perfectly easy and pleasant. I was dismissed as an invalid at nine o'clock; but the truth was, I believe, the Queen had a mind to indulge me with an hour's conversation with Miss Burney, whose apartment is upon the same floor, and I had the happiness of finding her recovered from a long and *dangerous illness*. And here I have a new field to expatiate upon, on the Queen's *great goodness to her*, whose attention to her has been that of a tender friend; and Miss Burney now only wants time to restore her to strength and her happy occupation,[1] which she delights in. I have been able to obey their commands in attending them *every day* at the Lodge, *till* yesterday morning, when they went to London again, and I at present feel desolate; but on *Saturday next* I hope to *revive* again, and on the Tuesday following, expect my neice Granville, and my dear Mary Ann,[2] which, *indeed*, will be a great comfort to me."

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Daniel Sandford, Christ Church College, Oxford.

Windsor, May 20th, 1787.

DEAR SIR,

I came to Windsor on Thursday the 10th, and hope in time to find benefit from its pure air; at present I cannot boast, and I am under a great perplexity to

[1] As one of the Queen's Dressers, Miss Burney seems to have impressed Mrs. Delany with the belief that she delighted in her office.

[2] Miss Port.

recollect the contents of your last letter, regarding *the translation*, which I have mislaid. I must therefore beg of you to write me *such a letter* on the subject as will be proper for me to *shew the Queen*. My memory begins to fail me as well as my eyesight, and therefore I will not attempt to repeat to Her Majesty what I fear I cannot *perfectly* recollect, and I should be sorry to lose any opportunity of doing you honour, and of testifying how much I am sincerely,

Your affection^te^ friend and humble servant,

M. D.

P. S. I had good accounts from Howland Street yesterday, I expect my dear girl on *Monday* next—*that is to-morrow.*

Mr. Bernard Dewes wrote to Mrs. Anne Viney, from Hagley, 3rd June, in this year, saying that not being well enough to take Miss Dewes to see Mrs. Delany and to hear one performance of the Abbey music, he has sent her to Windsor with her aunt Granville, who is gone to take her son to Eton.

Mrs. Mee to Mrs. Anne Viney.

June 10th, 1787.

From your recommendation, I have got Mrs. Bowdler's Poems and Essays,[1] and am delighted with them. I flatter myself, I may now congratulate you on the return of Mrs. Bull, who I hope is well. Did she go to the Abbey? I hear the music there went [illegible]x-

[1] Mrs. Harriet Bowdler wrote Poems and Essays, in 2 Vols., which were published at Bath in 1786; also "Practical Observations on the Revelation of St. John," and Sermons.

tremely well, and *your favorite composer* was *never* in higher estimation. People come to the commemoration, not only from various places in the country, but many likewise from the Continent; there was, I have heard fourteen thousand pound taken for tickets. It is supposed the town was never so full before, hardly a lodging to be procured. Their Majesties took up their residence at Kew during the time of the performances, and as you know Mrs. Delany's royal friends do not like to live a day without seeing her, they brought her up with them. On one of the days, when there was no music, the King went to Windsor. As he was walking on the terras, from which there is a short way to some of the apartments of the Castle, he thought he would go into Mrs. Delany's and he knock'd at a room door, "a young lady," (as the story was told me,) (I suppose Miss Port,) was sitting in the room, and said, "Who is there?" A voice reply'd, "*It is me*," then said she, "*Me* may stay where he is;" knock'd again, and she again said, "Who is there?" The voice answered, "*It is me*," then said she, "*Me* is impertinent, and may go about his business;" upon the knocking being repeated a third time, some person, who was with her, advised her to open the door, and *see* who it could be? When, to her great astonishment, who should it be but the K. himself! All she could utter was, "What *shall* I say?" "Nothing at all," said H. M., "you was very right to be cautious who you admitted," and no doubt it gave him more pleasure than if he had been received in any other way. If you have not had this anecdote, it will divert and please you, which is much my wish.

ELIZ. MEE.

Mrs. Granville to Mrs. Viney, College, Gloucester.

MY DEAR MADAM, Calwich, June 14th, 1787.

As I flatter myself you feel an interest in your friends at Calwich, I will no longer delay informing you that we have fixed our dear boy[1] at school.

Mr. Granville being prevented going from home, I undertook to settle him myself. I spent a fortnight at Eton, and had the satisfaction of leaving him perfectly happy and contented. He has *so many* good friends there, I doubt not he will continue to like it. Mrs. Delany was at Windsor. I spent some part of every day with her. I think she is a good deal broke since her last illness, but considering her age, is still *wonderfully well*, and I don't think either her hearing or her eyesight is worse than when I saw her a year and a half ago. I took up Miss Port at Wellesbourne, and restored her again to Mrs. Delany,—indeed she had only *lent her* for a time. Little Nanny[2] I also took to see her aunt. Mrs. Delany did *not* go to the meeting at the Abbey *this* year; but she lent me her house in St. James's Place, and Miss Port and I went the second day, which was the Messiah, and indeed it fully answered every grand idea I had formed of it. In about a fortnight our Calwich party adjourns to Wellesbourne, where I slept a night on my way up and down from Eton. We shall stay at Wellesbourne near a month, and return here again till December.

HARRIET JOAN GRANVILLE.

[1] John, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Granville.

[2] Anne, only daughter of Bernard Dewes, Esq., and his wife, Anne De la Bere, sister of Mrs. Granville.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA, Audley End, June 17th, 1787.

The constant hurry I have been in ever since I had the happiness of getting that little peep of you has really with truth prevented my finding time to write to you.

In letters from Windsor to-day I am sorry to find dear Mrs. Delany is so low, but hope it will soon go off again. How I *long to be at Windsor* and helping you to nurse her! but, alass, I fear that time is not near! We have not heard anything of poor Lady Cremorne,[1] and of course do not know how long our stay will be here or anything about our plans, which is thoroughly uncomfortable, but as I cannot help it I had much better not complain of it.

I am anxious to hear again from Windsor, how the two dear Pss[es] are? and trust both their disorders will be removed by a little care; but I grieve that any of that dear family should ever feel anything that is not pleasant. We are quite alone here at present, but *have* had Lord Huutingdon,[2] Lord Rawdon,[3] Mr. Ryder, and Mr. and Mrs. *Hatsch.* (*?*) When the weather has been fine enough we have drank tea in the Elysian Garden (which you have often heard me speak of), with two French horns playing all the time, which was delight-

[1] Lady Cremorne was sister to Lady Louisa Clayton.

[2] Francis, 10th Earl of Huntingdon. He died, *s. p.*, 2nd Oct., 1789.

[3] Francis, eldest son of John, 1st Earl of Moira, was created Baron Rawdon in 1783. On the death of his father, in 1793, he succeeded to the Earldom of Moira; and on the death of his mother, in 1800, to the ancient Baronies of Hastings, Hungerford, &c. He m., 1804, Flora Muir Campbell, Countess of Loudoun in her own right, and was created, in 1816, Viscount Loudoun, Earl of Rawdon, and Marquis of Hastings. He died 1836.

ful. Sometimes we drive, and sometimes walk, but to-day it is so very sharp *I* hope we shall do neither, for you know what *a frog I am*, and I am quite shivering at this moment. Perhaps *you* are sitting by the *kitchen fire*, for I think *if possible* you rather *outdo me*.

I spent a most delightful time at St. Albans; the weather was warm enough, and we set out in her pretty garden whilst she read to us. I met Miss Poyntz there, who is very pleasing, and is so amiable she seems as if she would make up for their disappointment in Mrs. Townshend.[1]

I make a visit to the King and Queen here every day, which is one of my greatest pleasures; and I really think one grows the better for having the frames of two such souls to contemplate; at least I know *I* never look at their pictures without thinking of their goodness and wishing to be like them. Oh! how I long to see *themselves* again! and almost envy you that happiness. Pray, if you have a proper opportunity, give my duty to their dear Royal Highnesses, and remember to tell me if ever they speak of me, but don't *invent* it if they don't, for I *promise* not to be affronted.

I shall be very much obliged to you to send the enclosed to Sophia[2] whenever it is convenient. She wrote me a sweet kind letter, as she had heard I was ill. I had the day I came out of town a most violent incessant cough, which I fancy strained me and has since given me a pain on my chest, but it is vastly better, and

[1] The Hon. John Townshend, second son of George, 4th Viscount (afterwards Marquis) Townshend, married, 10th April, 1787, Georgiana Anne, daughter of William Poyntz, of Midgham, Esq., Berks.

[2] Sophia Charlotte Feilding, m. Lord Robert Fitzgerald.

I am sure *Windsor air would quite cure it.* How foolish I am to hanker after unattainable pleasures! but I cannot help it, for do all I can, Windsor *will still* be in my thoughts, and I cannot get it out! but I will go away from it now I am determined, and tell you our accounts from Dresden are delightfully frequent and satisfactory. He is vastly happy and pleased there. My *other* child too, at Plymouth, is, thank God, charmingly well and comfortably lodged there in the barracks, which are very good and gives her the delight of a garden, which always was one of her greatest pleasures. I long to see mine again, and all my greenhouse plants, and all my comforts. You see it does not signify, for I cannot touch upon any subject that does not bring me back to *dear Windsor*, except one, which is, thinking how far off and how long we shall be from it! How many pieces at this moment I would cut myself into if they would but be so civil as to live separate; but they are so very affectionate there is no dividing them!

I never felt the pleasures of the country so thoroughly as I did this year, coming out of that fusty London; not but that I allow I was vastly pleased and entertained the whole time I was there, tho' I think I can answer for it that if my mother or any body else was to tell me at this moment that I was *never* to see it again, or have any of the amusements any more, I should not for an instant feel sorry or even disappointed; but at the same time I enjoyed it when I was there, and can think with pleasure of going there again next year. I was better pleased with Court, Texiers, and the opera than any thing else I was at. I think *the Court* is the best assembly one can be at

(putting out of the question the delight of seeing *Them*), and *without* the heat or glare of candles. I cannot say there were not the two latter at Texiers and the opera, but there is nothing I like so well as hearing French read well, and particularly good French plays. The opera I think a beautiful *spectacle*; I am vastly fond of the kind of musick, and I understand Italian enough to know what they are about.

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Daniel Sandford,[1] *Christ Church, Oxford.*

DEAR SIR, Windsor, June 18th, 1787.

I should not have been so long without giving you some account of what you intrusted me with, but that I really have not been well enough to see my best of friends: yesterday was the first day of that indulgence. Her Majesty made me a visit of two hours, by herself, and desired me to assure you she was perfectly satisfied with the translation, and agrees with you in everything you say about it in your letter to me, and wishes you to *pursue the work* in the manner you propose doing it. Her Majesty brought me back the specimen you had sent, with an apology for having kept it so long. She seemed to wish to keep it, or to have a copy of it. I took upon me to say that she might command it if she had any desire to retain it; but if you *want* it I am to let her know, so let me hear from you as soon as you can.

I have had a comfortable long letter from your dear

[1] Mr. Daniel Sandford, godson of Mrs. Delany, and afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

mother. I thank God I am now much better than I have been, and the return of your old friend and playfellow, Miss Port, will do me as much good as the summer season, which now seems to be come to us in good earnest. I am still too weak to dictate much, and am forced to live very cuatiously and quietly. This morning, for the first time, I ventured to early prayers. So now adieu, my dear Danny.

Believe me most sincerely your

Affectionate friend and humble serv^t,

M. D.

Miss Port sends her best wishes and compliments.

Miss Clayton to Miss Port.

Audley End, July 1st, 1787.

I am sat down to write again to my dear Georgiana. Here I am quite a young *woman* by myself till Thursday, when I shall have the happiness of being again under my dear mama's wing. I feel very odd and uncomfortable without her, as indeed I did the last time, which was when I was at Bromley two years ago. But every day makes me more sensible of the happiness and advantage of belonging to her! I am longing for Thursday, tho' I am vastly happy here, and this delightful weather is quite enchanting: we are out *all the evenings*, and spend the mornings in working and reading in a room 56 feet long, so it is cool enough! I go every day to *make a visit* to their Majesties, who honor me with a smile always, but never speak, tho' I do to them, which I think is using me very crookedly.

What would I give that this should be the last letter I write you, but I am totally in the dark, and cannot give a guess when I am likely to see you, for my mother will not leave Chelsea[1] whilst the poor dear inhabitants have a wish for her to stay, which in *my place* would be *for ever*. I am very often obliged to tell myself all is for the best, for I am indeed very very impatient to be at Windsor again. I am anxious to hear of Princess Royal and if their other R. H.'s have got it. I hope *the Feildings* have *not*, for *then* there is *a certainty* of my not seeing Windsor for ages! If you can, write to me on Wednesday, and direct it enclosed to Lord H^{d}, New Burlington Street. I suppose the town of Windsor is in a violent bustle with this election; how vastly impertinent and foolish in Mr. Fox to think of showing himself there, and how charming the P. of Wales's behaviour is. I am quite *out of patience* with *him*, and I long to be at Windsor, that he might know *we are against him*.

We have had a charming letter from dear Mrs. Fox to-day. She is so happy and comfortable at Plymouth it is quite delightful.

How does dear Mrs. Delany do? I was not quite pleased with your account of her, but hope she is now recovered. My most affectionate duty to her, and pray remember me very tenderly to a young lady, a neice of hers I think it is; but it is such a *monstrous while* since I have seen her (and great wits have short memorys)

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[1] "*Chelsea*."—Lady Louisa Clayton must then have been with Lady Cremorne, at the beautiful villa *now* desecrated under *that name*, and known only as a guinguette (1861).

that I can scarcely recall her to *my eyes*, tho' she is always present in my heart!

Oh! how hot it is! but I suppose *you* are setting in your gallery, *basking* with the sun in your face, and wishing for *a fire* at your *back!*

I have got in my room at present a nasty great fly, which goes *buz* in one ear and then *buz* in the other, so it puts me quite in a passion, and takes off all possible pleasure I could have in writing. Now do pity me and say it *is enough to worry a saint*, and then I'll try and command *my temper*, which *puts* me *in mind* to ask if Miss Finch is at Windsor?

Oh! I have just recollected how you triumph about ——, but I am perfectly easy and quiet about it, and not either mortified or tantalised by the power you have over him, but delighted.

EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

Mrs. Delany wrote from Windsor, the 7th of July, to Mr. Daniel Sandford, Christchurch, Oxford, expressing her satisfaction at young George Port (her little Vandyke) being then at the Charter House, to which he was presented by Queen Charlotte. She sends a message to the Bishop of St. David's,[1] and begs that Mr. Daniel Sandford will convey to Lady Clive her sense of her kind intentions towards her at Windsor, and to say that only a quarter of an hour's conversation with her would have been a cordial. She adds her blessing to her godson (Mr. Daniel Sandford).

[1] Dr. Edward Smallwell, Bishop of St. David's from 1783 to 1788, when he was translated to Oxford, and died in 1799.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Granville, at Calwich.

July 29th, 1787.

MY DEAR NIECE,

I cannot let a packet go by the hand of your dear and amiable child, without sending you a few lines. I shall be most impatient to know of his being safe in your own hands; for *he is indeed* a treasure worth cultivating and preserving, and I am always delighted to have him when he can come to me. You are very fortunate in his dame, who seems to love him maternally. I think he is happy to spend some time with you and his father to confirm those civilities in his behaviour which you have so well began, and which the multiplicity of rude school boys, with whom he is engaged, will not promote, and I never met with a child that takes reproof with more sweetness of temper.

You see I am following your good example, and don't intend to spoil him, tho' he is the darling of every individual in my family.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Granville, at Calwich.

Windsor, Aug. 5th, 1787.

I have this morning received your kind letter, my dear niece Granville, and feel myself much obliged to you for so soon informing me of the safe arrival of your dear boy. I am sure he must be happy to return to such a home—happy in the best sense to be under the direction of those whose affection *has not* blinded their judgment.

Windsor is at present very gay upon the arrival

of the Duke of York, and it is supposed the birthday[1] will be kept at Windsor, which will make it very gay indeed.

Mrs. Delany wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton, from Windsor, Aug. 11th, 1787:

"My powers are not always equal to my will, though, upon the whole, I find myself tolerably well; my days are unequal, and I am subject to a langour at times that makes me unable to dictate. I am infinitely obliged to you for the justice you do me to all my dear friends in Ireland, and for your information about them. Continue your kind offices. I do not know how to particularise the goodness which I daily experience; and it is a matter of real astonishment to me, so unqualified as I am, under the load of years, and with some infirmities, that I should receive so many unremitting marks of favour; but the truth is, the love of *giving comfort* and *bestowing happiness* seems to predominate in the hearts of my royal friends. At this time of the year the evenings are devoted by them to the terrace till eight o'clock, when they return to the Lodge to their tea and concert of music, and happy are those who are admitted to that circle! The Queen has had the goodness to command me to come *whenever* it is quite easy to me to do it, without sending particularly for me, lest it should embarrass me to refuse; so that most evenings at half an hour past seven I go to Miss Burney's apartment, and when the royal family return

[1] The Princess Amelia, youngest child of George III., was born on the 7th of Aug., 1783. She died Nov. 2nd, 1810.

from the terrace, the King, or one of the Princesses (generally the youngest, Princess Amelia, just four years old), come into the room, take me by the hand, and lead me into the drawing-room, where there is a chair ready for me by the Queen's left hand: the three eldest Princesses sit round the table, and the ladies in waiting, Lady Charlotte Finch and Lady Elizabeth Waldegrave. A vacant chair is left for the King, whenever he pleases to sit down in it. *Every one* is employed with their pencil, needle, or knotting. Between the pieces of music the conversation is easy and pleasant; and, for an hour before the conclusion of the whole, the King plays at backgammon with one of his equerries, and I am generally dismissed.

"Last Saturday morning, Governor Hamilton made me a flying visit; the few of his family he could tell me anything about (which were Mrs. Preston and her daughters), he gave me a good account of, and that there was likelihood of my seeing *her* in London before they left England, which will give me great pleasure, though mixed with some painful recollections.

"August 13th.

"I began this on Saturday, but found myself not equal to finish it; but being better in the evening, I went to the Lodge, (to Miss Burney's apartments). I had not been there a quarter of an hour before the King walked into the room, took me by the hand, and saying: 'Come along, Mrs. Delany,' led me into the Queen's apartment, and placed me in the chair allotted for me, next to Her Majesty (which, however, I am indebted to my deafness for), where I spent two hours, not knowing which gave me most delight, the

harmony of the music, or that of the amiable society. The two Princes were there. Yesterday was the Prince of Wales's birthday, and being Sunday, the entertainment that was to be given was put off till Monday. The entertainment at the Castle yesterday was very superb. There were above a hundred people, Ministers of State and foreigners, invited to come to the Castle. At seven o'clock, and after the drawing-room was over and all compliments paid and received on the day, the company were conducted into the music-room, where there was a very fine concert, chiefly of Mr. Handel's music, most exquisitely performed. When that was over, which was about twelve o'clock, there was a supper prepared in St. George's Hall, which for magnificence exceeded every thing that has been done before. The company were not all dispersed till 2 o'clock, and are invited again to the same entertainment on Thursday, which is the Duke of York's birthday. The younger part of the company are in hopes of a ball.

"I had a visit last Saturday from Mrs. Mary Henry, and we talked of you for the greatest part of the time she was with me. The justice she did my excellent friend was no small gratification to me."

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Daniel Sandford.

DEAR SIR, Windsor, Sept. 3rd, 1787.

I was last night at the Lodge, and received the enclosed from Her Majesty, which she desired me to send to you, and that you would read it and give *your opinion* whether you think it would be proper to have it translated into English. It is but a small abstract

of a book which Her Majesty has not at present in her possession, but if you can make any judgment of the whole by this small part, she will get the book and send it you. *This* is no more to be mentioned to anybody than *that* which you *are about*. Her M. is much pleased with your alacrity in the work you are now translating, and glad to hear you are so much recovered, and hopes your attention will not be prejudicial to your health.

Last Friday I had the pleasure of seeing your good friends Dr. and Mrs. Pultney,[1] who have been for some days on a visit at Mr. Brownings, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Bryant. I was quite glad to see them. They were gratified with seeing the Royal Family on the terrace, and I was no less so on its having given Mr. Bryant an opportunity of doing justice to the character of so worthy a man to their Majesties, who inquired who he was; and also I had the pleasure of seconding Mr. Bryant yesterday evening, when their Majesties mentioned it to me. My last accounts of your dear mother were very good. I hope for a continued account of the progress of your own health, and am with great esteem, dear sir,

Your most sincere friend and humble s^t^,

M. D.

Miss Port is very well, and going to the Egham races; otherwise I should have had a long postcript from her; but I am sure I must add her compliments

[1] Dr. Richard Pulteney, a physician and botanist, born in 1730, died 1801. He was the author of "Historical and Biographical Sketches of the Progress of Botany in England," &c.

and good wishes. You *may* take a copy, but you must return the enclosed under cover to Major Masters, M. P. at the Honble Mrs. Egerton's, Windsor Castle; but direct the inside to me sealed up.

Mrs. Preston wrote to Mrs. F. Hamilton, from London, 13th Sept., 1787:—

"I will not delay giving you the pleasure I know you must receive, my good friend, from hearing such an account of Mrs. Delany, as I can truly give you, from having spent two hours with her this morning. I was with her at 9 this morning, and heard (with no small agitation) her *well-known foot* hastening down to meet me. For a few minutes our meeting was silent, as many circumstances rushed into our minds very affecting to us both. I *dreaded* seeing the alteration in her, that was naturally to be expected from *twenty years' absence!* from the period in her life of from sixty-seven to eighty-seven; but I was *soon set at ease*, by seeing the same *apprehension*, *attention*, *benevolence*, and comfortable enjoyment of every pleasant circumstance in her situation, that you remember in her. Her enquiries, her remarks, her whole conversation, full of *life* and *ingenuity*; and that kind heart and manner of expressing its feelings, as warm as ever! She is *as upright*, and *walks as alertly*, as when you saw her. In short, I could have had no idea of her being as I saw her in every way. She lets me know when her spare bed is at liberty, as she insists on having '*her child*' (as she honoured me by naming me) again in her own house; and I shall instantly obey her summons, with the pleasure you can suppose, but I could not express.

GEORGINA MARY ANN PORT.

AGED 16.

Grand daughter of Ann Granville
and G.t Niece of Mary Granville Mrs Delany

From the original Miniature in the
possession of the Rt. Hon.ble Lady Lanover

London Richard Bentley 1862.

Miss Port is a most pleasing girl, with *the manners* you may suppose Mrs. Delany's *elève* would have. The King and Queen, and all the younger branches increase in affection and respect to Mrs. D. She breakfasted with them yesterday, and the King always makes her lean on his arm. Her house is cheerful, and *filled* with her own charming works, *no pictures* have held their colours so well.[1] I had time to look over near a volume of her flowers, which are, I think, *as exact* representations of *nature* as those you are acquainted with; she has finished nine hundred and eighty sheets, and regrets that the thousand she intended wants twenty of its full number."

Miss Emelia Clayton to Miss Port.

MY DEAREST GEORGIANA,

I take the first opportunity (the Queen and Pss^es having been here till just now) to thank you very sincerely for your goodness in bringing the Pss^es down stairs yesterday, but we thought it grew very late, and not having mama's leave to stay, were afraid she might not like it, but another time we will be *wiser*—in the mean time, pray believe how very much we are all obliged to you; if I don't express myself grateful it's all your fault, for you said so much yesterday about "*words* going *for nothing*," that I am almost afraid of simply thanking you; but I must say I have locked up a great deal of love and gratitude for you. Mama desires her best love to you and Mrs. Delany, and says she will

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[1] Mrs. Delany's crayon pictures are still remarkable for the manner in which the colours are preserved.

call upon you if she can to-day. I hope I need not add *I* shall certainly accompany her. Good by, pray remember your own rule, that people that *say little feel most*, and that that is the case of

Y^r^ affec^te^ EMELIA A. CLAYTON.

One more letter from Miss Emily Clayton is in the Editor's possession, without a date, by which it appears that she was then suffering from the commencement of the illness which so soon afterwards terminated her life. She was then at Windsor, but confined to the house, and the following sentences show her cheerful patience, her attachment to the Royal Family, and her failing strength:—

"How I do envy you last night, but alack-a-day no such happiness attends poor me. Think of the Queen's meaning to give you a knotting needle, and I *do* participate *indeed* in your joy, and am so generous as to feel *almost* as happy as if it were *myself*, that you are so much distinguished! Pray tell my dear Mrs. Delany that the last day Mama was at Chapel the King after having spoken to her and gone on, *turned back* to know how *I did?* I believe that was the medicine that has cured my cough! Pray remember every particular word they said about me last night. You have comforted me by telling me I *was named*—and if I do not see you to-morrow pray write them down for fear you should forget them. I hope you *are conscious* of the great honours you receive, or else you will make me envious, jealous, and a thousand bad things; but you ought to write me word 'You are sure the sun where I was born, drew all such humours from me.'

"I am so sorry about your cough; do pray take care, it *is* a *bad thing* to get, but *less* so for *you* than for *me!*

I purpose coming to you Friday night, if not before; but I do not know that mamma purposes any such thing, therefore do not take any notice of it. I know I am always welcome, but vanity, vanity, all is vanity. I am so fusty for want of air I do not know what to do, and yet I *must not* go out, and so you know I *must* stay at home! I am just this instant taken with an idle fit, and I long to go to bed. *For shame, Emily;* rouze yourself and get your letter finished before Mr. Wheble comes! I declare I have been writing down my own inward thoughts. Oh that I had but a *wishing cap.* I would this moment *bring* you this note, *stay with you all day,* make their Majesties come in the evening, and get the pearl bracelets when I get home!

"I like your dream, it is so probable, but *at present* I do not wish it to be realized. You *know* my thoughts upon *that* subject; but I always expect in about two years they will alter; but I am very stupid I know about amusements, and I despair a little of anything raising me from my lethargy of staying at home rather than going into heats and getting a headache."

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Bill Hill, 25th Oct., 1787.

I was so truly anxious for the success of my dear friend's journey to Norbury, which I thought was to take place much sooner than I find it has, that I shou'd not have fail'd to write my enquiries if I had been able; but last week I was seized with tooth-ache to a degree of torture, that I went up to London and got

my friend Sir Lucas Pepys to my assistance, but he, to my great mortification, requir'd the immediate aid of a tooth-drawer. I was obliged to submit, and had an old rock of a great tooth dug out, which had been deeply rooted in the neighbourhood of my ear for more than half a century. I will say nothing of the operation. No! but I will much praise the friendly tyrant Sr Lucas, who condemn'd me to it, for I am cur'd, whereas I was a full month last winter under *much discipline* and *more pain*.

I must be home again before your return from Norbury, so that it wou'd be vain to attempt paying my respects to you at Windsor. I should not find you, and I shou'd be ready to cry. Have you any thoughts of St. James's Place, my dear madam? Methinks 'tis a long long time since I have had the great pleasure to see you; and when I see your cousin Lady Tweedale, she expects me to give her a particular account. Your cousins *here* are stout and bonny rogues, and *little Granville*[1] as fat as butter. Their father is at the Admiralty very busy; but our newspapers to-day flatter us with hopes of peace. God grant it. My son has been a peace-maker in Cornwall, and was happy enough to pacify near a thousand angry miners, who were marching into Truro to pull their houses about their ears. He met them accompany'd with one gentleman, and contriv'd to persuade them to return home quietly to their wives and children. My friends at Badminton are well. I had a visit of one night from the Duke, when he went

[1] Fourth son of the Hon. John Leveson Gower, and grandson of Mrs. Boscawen; died unmarried, in holy orders, 1841.

up to the levee last week. I hope Mr. Dewes' journey to the South of France is more for amusement than health. I beg you will not return to Windsor in such weather as this is; it has rain'd all day, and blows too a fresh gale. I would not have you get cold the beginning the winter, nor indeed at any time, for I am most affectionately,

Most truly your faithful

F. B.

Pray return my kind complm^ts and good wishes to your fair niece, and I must send my service to your most excellent secretary.[1]

P. S. I have never deliver'd your message to Mrs. Cha. Stuart[2] for I have not the honour to visit her, and have not once seen her since I have liv'd at Richmond.

Lady E. Mackenzie[3] told me that our dear friend Lady Bute was to go to Bath on ye 20th of this month. All health attend her.

The following anecdote was written by Mrs. Preston to Mrs. F. Hamilton, in Oct., 1787, and needs no comment, but is a practical illustration of the deep attachment of Queen Charlotte towards Mrs. Delany:—

"One little anecdote of the Queen struck me, as a stronger instance of her real tender feeling towards our

[1] Mrs. Astley (afterwards Mrs. Agnew).

[2] The Hon. Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of John, 3rd Earl of Bute, married, 19th April, 1778, Louisa, second daughter and coheiress of Lord Vere Bertie.

[3] Lady Elizabeth, daughter of John, 2nd Duke of Argyll, and wife of the Rt. Hon. James Stuart Mackenzie, brother of John, Earl of Bute.

dear old friend, than all bounties or honours. As soon as the Duchess of Portland died, Mrs. Delany got into the chaise to go to her own house, the Duke followed her, begging to know what she *would* accept that had belonged to his mother? Mrs. Delany recollected a *bird* that the Duchess always fed and kept in her *own* room, and desired to have it, and felt towards it, as you must suppose! In a few days Mrs. Delany got a bad fever, and the bird died; but for some hours she was too ill even to recollect her bird. The Queen had one of the same sort which she valued extremely (a weaver bird); she took it with her own hands, and while Mrs. Delany slept she had the cage brought, and put her own bird into it, charging every one not to let it go so near Mrs. Delany, that she could perceive the change, till she was enough recovered, better to bear the loss of her first favourite."

This trait of Queen Charlotte had evidently been related to Mrs. Preston by Mrs. Delany herself, when she visited her at Windsor, a few days previous to this date.

Mrs. Granville, in a letter to Mrs. Viney, from Calwich, Nov. 19th, 1787, having lately returned from Windsor, says, "Mrs. Delany is astonishingly well for her age, and has the enjoyments of a much younger person."

In the month of Nov. in this year (1787) Mr. Bunbury[1] was at Windsor. He was celebrated for his wonderful talent for

[1] Henry William Bunbury, the celebrated caricaturist, second son of the Rev. Sir William Bunbury, Bart., born in 1750, married, in 1771, Catherine, daughter of Kane William Horneck, Esq., Capt. in Royal Engineers, and had two sons—1, Charles John; 2, Henry Edward, the present Baronet (1861), born in 1778.

drawing, as well as for what were *then* called "caricatures," but which, when compared with the vulgar burlesque figures which have since been designated as caricatures, would not be recognized under that name. His beautiful illustrations of Shakespeare are also well known. When at Windsor he wrote a hieroglyphic letter to Miss Port. The interpretation is here given, which is certainly a literary curiosity.

Ass carrying on a correspondence with a youpg lady is a *ten dead* with *danger* in *these Times, wood eye* could *Apollo gize toe ewer ant* for *a dress Inn you* without her permission. *Ass* entertaining *ass rid* L's *a Peer letter* own *nought* is *Moor* puzzling than *high rogue leaf x. Teller*[1] *toe x plain this ass fast as possible.*

H. B.

Court Dewes, Esq., to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Pau, Nov. 26th, 1787.

My dear Neice,

As you speak only of Mrs. Delany's having received a letter f^m^ me f^m^ Calais I doubt one I wrote to her f Paris is lost, as it ought to have arrived before ye date of yours. I am only sorry it sh^d^ make me seem neglectful where every tie both of duty and affection

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[1] "*Teller*."—This word is represented (*vide* plate) by a figure with a label in its mouth, "*I am the Duke of Buckingham.*" The Duke of Buckingham was *Teller* of the Exchequer.

[2] The Editor had employed Messrs. Hanhart, Chromo-lithographers, Charles Street, Fitzroy Square, to make a fac-simile of the coloured hieroglyphics from the *original letter* (which she possesses), in the hope that the Publisher would have inserted it in this work; but as he has declined doing so, she has presented the plate to Messrs. Hanhart, with permission to sell copies to any amount on their own account to those persons who may desire to possess them, to bind up with the work.

w^d make me wish to appear least so. The account you give me of her is a great cordial to my spirits. I heartily pray I may find her as well at my return; I am sure no care or attention on your part will be wanting. One of my greatest consolations in my banishment, is to know y^t she *is surrounded* wth such friends, as are rarely to be found, who are all most tenderly interested in her.

As to my own health, I hope it is not worse than it was when I wrote last, wch is saying a great deal, for I am very sorry to be obliged to retract all ye praises I bestow'd on ye climate in my last; for ten days past we have had as cold, gloomy, wet, and sometimes as hard frosty weather as you can have had in England. My inducement for coming here was to be in ye way to take a peep at Spain in ye spring, if I found myself in spirits for it, wch I still hope I shall be. In other respects I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my situation here. I have received great civilities f^m ye inhabitants, and there are three English families, good sort of conversible people, wth whom I spend most part of my afternoons; I am never at a loss about my morn^g, particularly when I can ride out, wch however ye weather does not always permit, when it does, there is no place I believe in ye world where there is such variety of good and beautiful rides.

My meals are solitary, but y^t I am a little used to at home. I have yet heard *nothing of my pianoforte!* I sh^d be glad to know ye name of ye merchant at Bourdeaux who was to forward it to Bayonne.

I never heard of Prince *Rice*—I suppose he comes

from *Carolina?* I shall be happy if my next l^re^ can congratulate Mr. Lightfoot *on ye living of Marybone.*

COURT DEWES.

Mrs. Delany to Mr. Daniel Sandford, Christchurch Coll., Oxford.

MY DEAR SIR, Windsor, Dec. 7th, 1787.

I have just received your letter dated the 5, and it made me blush to think I had not thanked you for that which I had received before with your kind information about Mrs. Jebb. I am very sorry to hear you have been indisposed, and that a genius so zealously occupied in works of the first consequence should meet with any check; but in order to pursue your good works, you must not press too hard upon so delicate a constitution. It is a great satisfaction to me, tho' no surprise, that you should be so kindly distinguished by the Dean of Oxford, and I am sure you will not forfeit any part of his favour by a longer acquaintance with him. I think I can answer for your giving no offence by prolonging the time to half a year for *the translation.* As Her M. assured me not many days ago, that she did not wish you should put yourself to any manner of inconvenience, or do *more* than your health can *well* bear. I shall take the first opportunity of mentioning the contents of your last letter, and beg you will no more doubt of my desire of doing you the justice you deserve, than of my being with great esteem,

Your most sincere friend and humble s^t^,

M. D.

Miss Port desires her best wishes and compts. I have so great an esteem and regard for the character of your excellent Dean, that I almost wish tho' unknown to him to have my respects convey'd to him.

Since my writing this letter, I have had the honour of being with Her M. two hours, and communicated the contents of your last, with which she was perfectly well satisfied.

The Hon. Mrs. Boscawen to Mrs. Delany.

Rosedale, 10th Dec., 1787.

Yes, my dear friend, *Dover Cliff* shall be my alias for a fall down stairs, so replete it is with horror and danger; and now if you will be pleas'd to invent as apt a title for a great contusion you have only to think of the most tedious thing that can be suggested, for here I am after a whole month carry'd up and down stairs like a log, my carefull surgeon not suffering me to walk, tho' I praise God I am very well able; but till all the swelling (or "tumour," as he calls it) subsides, I am not to require anything of this "*insulted* leg," wch is another of his terms, for the hurt it receiv'd. Remembering with thankfulness how much greater the "*insult*" might have been by a broken bone, I bear all patiently, not having so much as a broken skin, only a violent bruise and swelling which abates daily I believe, but very slowly. Mrs. Leveson, having perfectly succeeded in her good work, has made me two visits with her eldest son, now grown a very companionable personage, —the same for whom you us'd to make greyhounds and

hares that look'd distress'd (tho' of white paper). They left me to-day, but I may possibly see them again when she has collected her three school-boys to carry them to Bill Hill for their holydays. My son, who came up to Parliat, is step'd back again into Cornwall to finish his affairs and his planting. He made me several kind visits here, but now I depend chiefly on Miss Sayer, who has been much occupy'd with Mrs. Fullarton and 2 other good ladies about our Sunday School, which I hope we have happily atchiev'd, and yesterday our children were rang'd at church for the first time, and behav'd extremely well. We have had it much at heart, for Her Majesty (of whom we may well say, there is nought too low for her care or her goodness) was pleas'd to express her desire that there shou'd be a Sunday School at Richmond, and our endeavours have been exerted to bring it to effect. Indeed, I shou'd not say *ours*, as if I had been active, but the four ladies who have, very judiciously, repair'd to Mrs. Trimmer[1] for instructions, and repeating their visits are become good proficients in their business, I flatter myself, and as they reside here all the winter, will carry it on under their own immediate inspection. I am very glad to hear you have had such welcome visitors as Mr. Bernard Dewes and his daughter, as well as the great pleasure to see dear Lady Bute. I have heard of her good looks from London, where I hope to have the honour to see her by the end of this week; for I announc'd my intention to my doctor to-day, and he seem'd to think

[1] Sarah Trimmer, born at Ipswich in 1741, died in 1810. Her maiden name was Kirby.

I might walk by that time! The Duke and Dss of Beaufort are return'd to *old Cornbury*, where they wait (with some impatience) for the arrival of their lovely sons from France, and then proceed to Badminton, where, on Ld Worcester's birthday and coming of age, there are to be holydays most splendid (*and joyous I hope*). Mrs. Leveson goes, as do L^d^ and L^y^ Falmouth, Lady Bathurst[1] and her young people, L^y^ de Clifford[2] and hers, L^y^ Geo. Cavendish,[3] L^y^ Sefton[4] from London, and so many from Glostershire and the county of Monmouth, tho' *all volunteers* (for no invitations are sent), that I cannot but doubt whether the large hospitalites of Badminton will be sufficient to entertain them.. *Had* it been *summer* it wou'd have made a delightfull al fresco, when every bower and every alcove wou'd have offer'd a collation, and every grove a concert of instrumental musick instead of vocal. My paper warns me to take leave of my dear friend, and to kiss my hand to her fair niece. Adieu, then! health and happiness attend you!

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[1] "*Lady Bathurst.*"—Trypheena, daughter of Thomas Scawen, Esq., and second wife of Henry, 2nd Earl Bathurst.

[2] "*Lady de Clifford.*"—Sophia, third daughter of Samuel Campbell, Esq., married, 20th Aug., 1763, Edward Southwell, 17th Baron de Clifford, who died in 1777. Lady de Clifford was Governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales.

[3] "*Lady George Cavendish.*"—Elizabeth, daughter of Charles, 7th Earl of Northampton, married, 27th Feb., 1782, Lord George Augustus Cavendish, third son of William, 4th Duke of Devonshire.

[4] "*Lady Sefton.*"—Isabella, second daughter of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington, married, 27th Nov., 1768, Charles William, Viscount Molyneux, created Earl of Sefton, 30th Nov., 1771.

Court Dewes, Esq., to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Pau, 3rd Jan., 1788.

MY DEAR NIECE,

Many happy new years, and every good wish of ye season, to you and your dear aunt, and may I never pass another at such a distance from you again! Not y^t^ I w^d^ have you think I am disappointed in what I expected from my expedition, I pass my time full as well as I imagined I should, and my health is certainly much mended; so that if I have no drawback in the winter and spring, I have a reasonable hope y^t^ I shall see my friends in the summer *as well* as they are so good as to wish me. I propose leaving y^s^ place ye latter end of March. If I find myself in tolerable health and spirits I shall make a tour into Spain, then I shall not be at home till July; if I do not feel bold enough to go to Spain, I hope to see Eng^d^ in May, and then I shall be consoled for the loss of my tour by seeing my friends 2 months sooner than I sh^d^ otherwise have done. Do not omit as soon as you receive y^s^ to get me a letter to Madrid, for the Marquis del Campo, and send it directly to me to Pau, or else it will come too late. I now ride out generally without my great coat, and frequently even at y^s^ season see *butterflies*, and this morn^g^ there are violets in ye market. I am much obliged to you for your entertaining letter of ye 11th Decr. I don't quarrel wth you now for your *little writing*, so pray don't enlarge your hand while I stay abroad, and why sh^d^ you leave 3 inches at ye top of ye first sheet, for at 1000 miles distance one excuses y^t^ respect!

I dare say ye verses in YE WORLD are very pretty,

but I see no English paper here; all my intelligence comes fm ye Courier de l'Europe, a French one wch has all ye material public, but no private occurrences.

I am much obliged to Mrs. Feilding for ye honour of her invitation, wch if I pass through Paris in my way home, I shall certainly profit by. I am a little embarassed on acct of Mr. Sandford whom I gave hopes I shd meet there, but I hope you and Mrs. Delany will be able to settle yt matter wth him; it will depend upon my Spanish expedition. If I go to Spain I shall have no time to spend at Paris, if I do not I shall be happy to meet him.

I have now to thank *Mrs. Delany* for a charming letter of ye 13th Decr. Your account of poor Miss Clayton[1] has *shocked me very much*; but as youth is wonderfully elastic, I will still hope she *may* get thro', if not, I shall feel greatly for her poor mother! In such cases it may *well be said*, "*'tis ye survivor dies*," and for Mary Ann,[2] who will begin (in early life) to feel the greatest and inevitable misfortune of a long one, *the loss of friends!* The French papers frightened me with the death of Lord Guildford, you have revived me by letting me know yt so valuable a life is yet preserved. I am glad Her Majesty preserves her taste for botany. I think, however, a *real* hortus siccus is better than any shadow, unless it was *such a one as yours*, wch is almost

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[1] Miss Emily Clayton was at this time very ill, and it was probably from Mrs. Delany's letter giving an account of her danger, that Mr. Dewes so abruptly ended this letter to his niece, Miss Port, and continued it to Mrs. Delany.

[2] "*Mary Ann.*"—Miss Port.

a *reauy*. At ye dead season my botanical studies are at a stand, I have, however, found the Mercurialis *annuus*, and ye Helleborus foetidus in flower, wch I believe is earlier than they are in England. I am very sorry for Mr. Lightfoot's disappointment, and more for his illness; I hope I may now congratulate him on his recovery, I sh^d^ be very glad to do so on a preferment wch he so well deserves. I w^d^ not have you think y^t^ we have no Xmassing here; we have had as large a round of dinners at Pau as we could have at Welsbourn (tho perhaps (to me) *not* quite so pleasant). At one time we musterd 21 children (English included). We have likewise got a tolerable troop of players come, so y^t^ we are now much gayer than we were. I beg to be kindly remembered to *all* who *enquire after me*, particularly Miss Burney and Mrs. Astley, and am a most dutiful affectionate nephew to the best of aunts, and a most affectionate uncle to one who I *hope* and have *no reason to doubt* will prove one of y^e^ *best of nieces*.

C. DEWES.

P.S.—Jany 4. The courier going off gives me but time to say that I have just received yours of ye 20th Dec^r^, many thanks for it: happy to hear a good acc^t^ of *you*, tho' *I grieve sincerely* for poor Miss Clayton, for *her mother*, and *her friend*![1]

The death of Miss Emily Clayton (which had evidently been announced in Mrs. Delany's letter of the 20th of Dec., the receipt of which was acknowledged by Mr. Court Dewes in the above postscript) occurred in the month of Dec., 1787; the cause was sup-

[1] Miss Port.

posed to be a rapid decline. Her death was not only a grievous sorrow to her own family, but also to Mrs. Delany and her niece, and to the latter it was the *first* great sorrow she had ever experienced.

Mrs. Delany wrote from Windsor to Mrs. Granville, Jan. 5th, 1788:—

"I am a little hurried this morning, expecting company to look at my books, and I expect the Royal Family home this evening to stay till about the 16. I shall go[1] a day or two before."

The Hon. Mrs. Fox to Miss Port, at Windsor.

Audley End, Jan. 6th, 1788.

MY DEAR MISS PORT,

I feel very grateful to you for the kind lines I received from you this morning; be assured that every mark of regard from *so dear* a friend of my darling Emily is soothing to me, indeed, I never can be sufficiently thankful for the preservation of our health during such a deep affliction; time, and a thorough confidence in the mercy of Providence (even when it so sorely wounds), can alone restore our tranquility, and I trust they will in some degree, though I have no idea of ever ceasing to greive for the dear lovely friend I have lost! whose society and the reciprocal correspondence that subsisted between us when separated, constituted so *very large* a part of the happiness of my life, that I *cannot* imagine it possible for me *ever* to enjoy again such *perfect felicity* as I have done!

I am sure you will rejoice to hear that we have

[1] "*I shall go*"—to London.

constant good accounts of my dear mother's health, and that her wonderful fortitude, and pious resignation, still continue. The kind and dear friends that surround me here are all well in health, and my engaging little boy grows every day more interesting to me. I hope dear Mrs. Delany is well; pray give her all our best compts (and mine most affectionately); accept them from Col. Fox, and believe me, my dear Miss Port, to be ever

Your affecte and sincere friend,

MARIANNE FOX.

Pray give my love to Miss Goldsworthy when you see her.

On the 18th of January in this year (1788) Mrs. Delany dictated to Mrs. Frances Hamilton as follows:—

"I came to town the beginning of this week. My illustrious neighbours have *also removed* to their winter-quarters, which makes me *less* regret my leaving Windsor; and, indeed, as I cannot enjoy my old friends (that reside here) when I *am there*, it makes me support what *now* is a *melancholy* home to me, as recollection brings back the happy hours that made this situation so dear to me! My niece is now of an age to be indulged with those amusements, which are reasonable at her time of life; and, indeed, I think her worthy of all my care. I know, my dear friend, you wish for some little anecdotes concerning my intercourse with those who do me so much honour as to continue their partiality and indulgence to me, calling on me if I am confined at any time, and allowing me the great privilege and happiness of attending them, when I am

able, every evening at the Queen's Lodge, which is generally two or three times in the week. By that means, I have an opportunity of seeing my amiable and much esteemed friend Miss Burney whenever I go there, and when I cannot go she is permitted to come to me. The most extraordinary account I can give of myself is, my having made a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Locke, at Norbury Park, about thirty miles from Windsor, in the month of October." "Mr. Locke is esteemed one of the most perfect characters living. His lady's *outward form* and amiable disposition are truly angelic. They have two sons and three daughters, all beautiful; most rationally and elegantly educated: The eldest son, Mr. William Locke,[1] is the first *genius* of the age for drawing. My niece and I spent four days there very agreeably, and, I thank God, though a bold undertaking, it agreed very well with me."

It was at this period, on the day before Mrs. Delany intended to leave Windsor, and when she was at dinner with Miss Port, that the Queen, unannounced, entered the dining-room. Her Majesty desired she would not be angry with her servant, as it was by her command that she was unannounced, and she said she would sit down and eat with her. The dinner was a dish of veal cutlets and an orange-pudding; Miss Port waited upon Her Majesty, the Queen commended the cooking, and said that the orange-pudding was so excellent that she desired the receipt might be sent to the royal cooks, which was done; but as they never succeeded in making it equally well, it was at last sent up for the Queen's dinner by Mrs. Delany from her own house ready made. This orange-pudding was afterwards named "Queen Charlotte's orange-pudding," and the receipt is in the

[1] "Mr. William Locke," brother to the late Lady Martin and Mrs. Angerstein, and father of Lady Wallscourt (1861).

possession of the Editor under that name. This anecdote is mentioned to Mrs. F. Hamilton, but without all the above details, and Mrs. Delany concludes in these words:—

"Soon after the clock struck four, Her Majesty said she would resign her place; for she came to see me on purpose to prevent my venturing out in the evening, lest I should catch cold before my journey. I am now in the midst of unpacking and receiving the visits and kind enquiries of my London friends, so that I hardly know what I write; but I could not let the new year run on farther without wishing you, my dear Mrs. F. Hamilton, many happy returns of it.

"I was much gratified in having Mrs. Preston's company for a few days at Windsor, and in talking about dear Irish friends; to whom I am sure you will always do me justice. All my family are well. I have just heard that Lord Aylesbury[1] has made proposals to Lady Anne Rawdon—a match approved of by every body."

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

St. James's Place, Feb. 3rd, 1788.

My dearest M. I am sure must be thoroughly convinced that my not having written a letter lately has not been for the want of the tenderest affection, and the kindest wishes for the recovery of her health; and now I do not mean to urge you to write, as I want no

[1] Thomas Bruce Brudenell, Earl of Ailesbury, K. T. Treasurer to the Queen; married, 2ndly, Feb. 14th, 1788, Lady Anne Rawdon, eldest daughter of John, 1st Earl of Moira.

assurance of your real affection or regard for me, and as a proof of its continuation, I hope you will have every attention to your own health. Nothing can conduce more to revive and support me in my very declining state than an increase of your happiness. I pray God to guide and guard you. Dictating now grows painful to me, and I can only add that your dear daughter is all that you can wish her, and that I am, with the truest affection,

Yours,
M. D.

Mrs. Delany to Mrs. Granville (at Calwich).

St. James's Place, Feb. 11th, 1788.

Mary is very well, and would have written if I had not, but she has many engagements on her hands for this week; *the trial*, the Richmond House Play, (she goes with Lady Ailsbury,) and the oratorio at Tottenham Court, having had a ticket given her by the King. Her love and duty attend you all.

The trial of Warren Hastings, Esq., before the House of Commons, commenced on the 13th of Feb. Horace Walpole, in writing to the Countess of Ossory, Dec. 16th, 1787, says:—"The play at Richmond House is to be 'The Wonder,' with 'The Guardian.' The new performers are Lord Henry Fitzgerald, who never played in comedy before, but is good in tragedy; a Miss Hamilton, niece of Lord Abercorn, and a Captain Merry." Mrs. Hobart does not play in those pieces, but is to choose her own part in the next.

Mrs. Astley to Daniel Sandford, Esq., Ch. Church Coll., Oxford.

St. James's Place, March 4th, 1788, (Qy.)

SIR,

I received your letter this morning, and am charged with Mrs. Delany's kind comp^ts and thanks for your great attention to her. She was, indeed, *much affected* by the sudden death of Mr. Lightfoot,[1] who she has seen in full health but a few days before.

The attack was very severe and unexpected. He got up in the morning, perfectly well; but was seiz'd about ten o'clock, with a violent pain at his breast and great oppression, assistance was immediately called in, and a blister applied to the part most affected, and apprehending danger, Dr. Lind from Windsor was sent for, who arrived about 3 in the afternoon, and approved of what was done, but cou'd get *no medicine* to *stay* on his stomach! However, his pulse rather recovered, accompanied with an uncommon sleepiness, and Dr. Lind hoped to find him better in the morning, but alas, about one o'clock he departed. What a change in 14 hours!

His disorder at first was thought to be a flying gout, but from some appearances afterwards they had reason to think a blood-vessel had burst. I forgot to mention one circumstance: upon his first being taken he fainted quite away in a cold sweat, and remained with little or no pulse for some hours.

Mrs Delany, I have the pleasure to inform you, is in very good health, so is Miss Port, who begs her com-

[1] The Rev. John Lightfoot, M.A., F.R.S., Rector of Gotham, co. Nottingham, author of "Flora Scotica," died 20th Feb., 1788.

pliments. Your brother Mr. W^m^ dined here last Sunday, and seem'd very well, and hoped Mrs. Sandford was better than she had been. I am, sir,

Your obliged humb^e^ ser^t^,

ANNE ASTLEY.

Mrs. Delany to her godson, Mr. Daniel Sandford,[1] *Ch. Church Coll., Oxford.*

St. James's Place, March 22nd, 1788.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged to you for your letter dated the 19, and am very glad that you and Dr. Sibthorp[2] have begun a botanical friendship, I shall receive thanks from both sides for being the promoter of it. I have still better accounts from Bath, and have now but just time to answer your questions about the translation of G. I think it will not be proper for me directly to mention what you say about the printing of it. But when I have an opportunity, I will inform *the person* how near it is to a conclusion, and that may give occasion to enter more upon the subject, and then I will let you know the result. Believe me,

Most sincerely, your affectionate friend,

M. D.

Tho' Miss Port is fast asleep in her bed after ten o'clock, (sleeping away the remains of a cold,) I know she will chide me if I do not add her good wishes. Your friend Mrs. Jeb has taken a house at Marlow, Berkshire.

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[1] Afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

[2] Dr. John Sibthorp, a learned naturalist and Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Oxford. He published, in 1794, "Flora Oxoniensis," and died 1796.

The sad period has now arrived when Mrs. Delany, from causes which had little or nothing to do with her advanced age, was deprived of her life. The Editor does not possess any manuscript in relation to the short interval between the 22nd of March, when Mrs. Delany wrote to Mr. Daniel Sandford, and the 7th of April, when Miss Port wrote the following words to Mrs. Dickenson. Mrs. Delany was taken ill on Sunday, the 6th of April.

Miss Port to Mrs. Dickenson.

7th April, 1788.

My aunt has passed a very bad day, her fever and oppression on her breath increasing every moment. Indeed to so violent a degree, that without wait^{g} for Dr. Turton, at nine o'clock Mr. Yonge *bled her.*

When Dr. Turton came, he approved of what had been done. She appears somewhat relieved, but not as much so as was to be expected, upon which Dr. T. has order'd *a blister*, which if she is not speedly and very greatly relieved from the oppression, *is to be put on*; she was much obliged by your kind concern, which, wth her love, she charged me to assure you of,

G. M. A. P.

Miss Port to Mrs. Dickenson.

April, 1788.

Dr. Turton gives us *some hopes* by say^{g} there are some favourable symptoms since mor^{s}.

May they continue and increase!

G. M. A. PORT.

Miss Port to Mrs. Dickenson.

8th April, 1788.

As I fear'd, the blister was obliged to be applied (tho' not till 6 o'clock this morning). She has been up to have her bed made, and Mr Yonge says, thank God! that *she is really better*, that is, that the fever is very much conquer'd, but she *is weaker* than can be imagined. She thanks you most sincerely for your kindness.

G. M. A. P.

Were it not known that Mrs. Delany *did not* survive this illness, it must be anticipated that no mortal frame could support such medical treatment as is here detailed. It will be remembered that Mrs. Delany had been subjected, only the previous year, to very much the same treatment, which had resulted in a putrid sore throat, which she struggled through by the extraordinary strength of her constitution. On the present occasion, after being bled and blistered, temporary relief was obtained at the price of deadly exhaustion and the speedy termination of her existence; and this relief being pronounced by a medical attendant to be positive "*amendment*," was hailed by her friends and relations as the forerunner of recovery. It appears from the following letter of Horace Walpole's to Mrs. Dickenson, that she had communicated to him the favourable impression she had received, and that he believed Mrs. Delany to be out of danger.

The Hon. Horace Walpole to Mrs. Dickenson.

13th April, 1788.

How very kind my dear madam, in the midst of your own anxiety, to *think of mine!* I am *as much* obliged to you, as if you yourself *had cured* Mrs. Delany! "Certainly recovering," (I trust she is,) and that you will be rewarded by enjoying her again. But I fear you will *dread* London, after being received by such alarms

about *her* and y^r^ daughter, who I hope remains quite well; and that she and you may live to Mrs. Delany's age, and be *as much beloved.*

Yours most, &c. WALPOLE.

Bernard Dewes, Esq. to Mrs. Dickenson.

13 April, 1788.

DEAR MADAM,

Miss Port is gone to church. I shall, therefore, take upon me to answer y^r^ kind note, which I have the happyness of being able to do in as satisfactory a way as the time will permit. Mrs Delany certainly continues gradually mending, and Dr Turton's expression this morning, was, "*I have the greatest reason to believe now that we shall have our old friend restored to us.* But for that purpose it is absolutely necessary to keep her as quiet as possible," which advice you may be sure we most strictly observe, and I hope and trust her very valuable life, will yet be spared to her family and friends,

Yours very sincerely, B. DEWES.

The simple account given by Mrs. Delany's attached waiting woman, Mrs. Anne Astley, (afterwards Mrs. Agnew) will be the best and most authentic narration that can be given of the hours that intervened between the 13th of April, when her niece was gone to church under the consoling belief of Mrs. Delany's recovery, and the 15th of April, when she breathed her last, only two days afterwards. Mrs. Astley's statement is as follows:—"An inflammation on the lungs was certainly the cause of Mrs. Delany's death, caught in going to meet the Royal Family at Kew. After three days' illness the fever began to intermit and she was thought better, then it was that the doctors

ordered bark to be administered; when I told Mrs. Delany she looked *so distressed*, and said, ".I have always had a presentiment that if bark were given it would be my death. You know I have at times a great defluxion on my lungs, it *will stop that*, and my *breath with it*." This I mentioned to the doctors, but they said there was *no alternative*, and it was the *only* medicine they could depend upon to remove the fever; but seeing the dear lady so averse to taking it I offered to keep her secret and to put it away. "Oh, no!" she said, "*I never was reckoned obstinate and I will not die so.*" The effect was what she foretold. *Many hours--a great many*—did she lie *after she had lost the use of speech*, labouring for breath. I grieved to see it, and it was really a relief when this best of human beings was relieved from suffering to joyn her kindred spirits in heaven; for she was little short of an angel on earth."

"I have not the *least recollection* of the message[1] I was enjoined to deliver to Madame d'Arblay after Mrs. Delany's death; but my memory is not the best, and some things make more impression than others; this was of a nature (I should think) *not* easily forgotten; it *might* be true, tho' I cannot bring into my mind any idea of it."

From the favourable opinion pronounced by her doctors on the 13th April, Mrs. Delany's death was at last so unexpected, that the shock to her friends was as great as if she had been in the full vigour of youth, and to her niece (her adopted child) then only in her 17th year, it was completely overwhelming; her feelings cannot be better expressed than in her own words to Mrs. Frances Hamilton, to whom she communicated the fact of Mrs. Delany's death, on 17th April, two days after the event took place.

"Oh, madam, she is no more! On Tuesday the 15th, she expired at 11 o'clock at night." "Were it not for the assurance I have of her felicity, I think it would not be possible for me to exist." To Mrs. Winnington (born Foley) she wrote, Wed-

[1] Madame d'Arblay related, in her Memoirs of Dr. Burney, that a message had been delivered to her from Mrs. Delany after her death by Mrs. Astley.

nesday, 16th April—"Last night, at five minutes before eleven, I lost—my—best—my—dearest friend, in my ever-blessed, ever-regretted Aunt Delany."

The blow, under which Miss Port nearly sunk, was so stunning that, with the exception of a few circumstances relating to Mrs. Delany and herself, she did not afterwards retain a distinct recollection of all the details of that most afflicting period; but on perusing the history of it, given by Madame d'Arblay *forty-four years* afterwards in the life of Dr. Burney, she was so utterly astonished at finding a circumstantial narration of things she had never witnessed or ever heard before, and which she did *not believe*, that she wrote to Mrs. Agnew, (then alive,) to obtain the *testimony* of *her* recollections with regard to the last hours of Mrs. Delany, the result of which has been given in the foregoing pages.[1]

In conformity with her will, that as little expense should be incurred in her burial as decency would permit, "*no matter where*," she was interred in a vault in the church of St. James's, in which parish her house was situated, on a column in which church there is a tablet to her memory, with an epitaph written by Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester.

NEAR THIS PLACE, LIE THE REMAINS OF

MARY DELANY,

DAUGHTER OF BERNARD GRANVILLE,

AND NIECE OF GEORGE GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.

SHE WAS MARRIED, 1ST, TO ALEXANDER PENDARVES, OF ROSCROW, IN THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL, ESQ.;

AND 2ND, TO PATRICK DELANY, D.D, DEAN OF DOWN, IN IRELAND

SHE WAS BORN MAY 14, 1700, AND DIED APRIL 15, 1788.

SHE WAS A LADY OF SINGULAR INGENUITY AND POLITENESS, AND OF UNAFFECTED PIETY. THESE QUALITIES ENDEARED HER THROUGH LIFE TO MANY NOBLE AND EXCELLENT PERSONS, AND MADE THE CLOSE OF IT ILLUSTRIOUS BY PROCURING FOR HER MANY SIGNAL MARKS OF GRACE AND FAVOUR FROM THEIR MAJESTIES.

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[1] Mrs. Agnew wrote these recollections of Mrs. Delany's last hours, from her house, 21, Park Street, Windsor, where she was living, in the full possession of her faculties, 15th Dec., 1832, the date of the letter from which the preceding extracts were taken.

The tomb has long closed over the earthly remains of Mary Granville, and the Editor feels grieved that she can do no more towards effecting the object which she has had in view for many years, and which determined her to undertake the present work. Having inherited an intense veneration for the character of Mary Granville, (to whose precepts and example her own mother considered she owed more than she could ever express,) who had never been represented in her true and proper position, and whose merit and abilities were almost unknown in the present century, the Editor believed that the history of her life as unfolded in her own autobiography and correspondence, and illustrated by oral tradition from the reign of Queen Anne to that of George III. would be the best method of doing justice to her memory. The end of this self-imposed task is now at hand! whether the result intended has been attained or not it will ever be a source of satisfaction to the Editor to feel that she *has done her best* and *all* that it *was in her power* to accomplish, and if the reader is not finally impressed with the conviction that the renowned lineage and uncommon beauty of Mary Granville were far excelled by her virtues and her talents—that her unaffected humility and extensive benevolence equalled the dignity of her manners, and the refinement of her mind—that her religion was as practical as it was fervent, and her devoted loyalty not inferior to her heroic progenitors—the fault is to be attributed to the Editor, but *not* to the subject of the work.

To those who may have been interested in the various scenes in which Mary Granville has borne a part either under her own ancestral name or that of Pendarves or Delany, it is due to give abstracts from her will, together with some other particulars, without which her history would not be complete, but which, from being miscellaneous, will more properly appear in the following Appendix.

APPENDIX.

THE commencement of Mrs. Delany's will is characteristic of her mind and disposition:—

"*I, Mary Delany, being, God be praised, in good health, but sensible of mortality, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament: To be buried with as little ceremony and expense as decency will allow, indifferent where, but to give as little trouble as possible.*" Her will was dated Bulstrode, 22nd Febry., 1778. After directing any debts to be paid, she leaves legacies to her servants, including her own maid, Ann Motley, to whom she also left all her wearing apparel and body linen that had been washed and once worn, with certain exceptions of embroidery and lace and the work of friends, and all her fur and feather muffs and tippets, which were bequeathed to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

To her "dearest friend" the Duchess of Portland, (then alive,) she left the Holy Family, in crayons, painted by herself, after Trevasani; the Woman and Child (oval), in oils, after Guido; two Italian pieces (beggars), Scaglioni; two small pieces in water-colour (ruins), Ricci; Liotard,[1] by himself (crayons), in a large square shagreen case; a book of paintings of fish; any flowers she selects out of "*what I call 'Ehret's Book,' or any other pictures of my painting,*" besides those already named; also her choice of shells and fossils, and the collection of plants "*I used to call my Hortus Siccus paper mosaic;*" but when no longer an amusement to her to go to Mr. Court Dewes and his heirs.

"*These trifles*" (she proceeds to say) "*are offered as a small tes-*

[1] John Stephen Liotard, born at Geneva in 1702. He painted admirably in enamel, and his colouring in enamel, as also in crayon and miniature, was excellent. Liotard etched some plates of portraits, among which was that of himself with a long beard and turban.

timony of gratitude for unbounded and unwearied friendship for above 40 years." And she adds, "*It is, and will be to my last sensible moment, my constant and earnest prayer that that great and good Providence who blessed me with such an inestimable friend, will guide, support, and bless her through this vale of tears till she meets a lasting reward, hoping, in all humility, that we shall meet where only true joy is to be found.*"

She then proceeds to state that the Duchess of Portland, unasked, advanced 400*l.* at the time she purchased her house in St. James's Place, for which the Duchess had her bond, the *discharge* of which *is ordered* by the will. She also mentions that the Duchess would never receive the interest.

To Lady Weymouth she leaves her sketch of Charity (crayons), after Paris Bourdon,[1] and the Holy Family (crayons), after Trevisani.[2]

To the Countess of Stamford she left the Madonna and Child (oval), in oils, after Guido, and the scarlet bowls mounted in gilding with china flowers, given by the Duchess of Portland.

To the Countess Gower the blue and white cup and saucer, Dresden, out of which she used to drink her tea, and a pair of white china bottles with raised flowers.

To the Countess of Bute, the Three Marys at the Tomb, after Salvator Rosa, and the Raising of Lazarus.

To Mrs. Boscawen, "*my good and kind friend,*" the Madonna in the blue veil (crayons), after Guido, and two saucers of old japan china, with the two blue glass bottles that used to stand in them with flowers, and the picture of Hagar and Ishmael.

To the Viscountess Andover, the portrait of King Charles the First, after Vandyke, and the landscape, after Salvator Rosa.

To her daughter, Miss Frances Howard, the amber box full of carmine, "*which was turned and given to me by the late Duke of Portland,*" also the Holy Family, by Raphael.

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[1] Bourdon (Sebastian), born 1616, died at Paris in 1671. He painted the Crucifixion of St. Peter, for the church of Notre Dame at *Paris*, which established his reputation.

[2] Trevisani (Angelo), a native of Venice, painted both portraits and historical pictures. He lived about 1760.

To the Viscountess Wallingford, the Angel looking at the Lily, a pair of japan china bottles, and Lady Weymouth's drawing in chalks.

To Mr. Frederic Montague, the portrait of Madame de Sevigné, in oil, copied after one in the possession of Mr. Horace Walpole.

She bequeathed to "*my dear Mrs. Sandford one hundred pounds*," and mentions that she had *intended* a *much larger sum*, but that unexpected circumstances and nearer claims prevented the fulfilment of that intention. She also left to Mrs. Sandford an inlaid chest of drawers out of her drawing-room, and the portrait of Mrs. Letitia Bushe, in crayons.

To Master Thomas Sandford, the picture of Mrs. Sandford and Mrs. Preston together, and her "silver standish."

To Master Daniel Sandford,[1] Wilks and Abin on Butterflies, and to Thomas, Daniel, John, and William Sandford, five guineas each, to buy a book or whatever they pleased.

To Mrs. Hamilton, of Summer Hill, the china bottle set in gold, left by Mrs. Isabella Sutton, and the medallion of Sir William Hamilton and Mr. Edward Hamilton.

To her nephew, Mr. J. Dewes (afterwards Mr. Granville of Calwich), the following portraits: "*My father and mother and my brother*," (Bernard Granville,) Lady Johanna Thornhill leaning on her hand, by Wright, Lady Stanley, by Huysman (the above all in oil), Lady Dysart, Lord Granville's daughter, by Pond (crayons).

To Mrs. J. Dewes, five guineas to buy a ring.

To her nephew, Bernard Dewes, 300*l.* and the black ebony cabinet "*which formerly belonged to King William*," a desk with a case for papers over it, and the net-work mahogany table in the drawing-room; also her father and mother's portrait, in oils, when very young, the two landscapes that hang under them, and the landscape with cattle, in oil, by Wootton;[2] also the small landscape by Wootton, with the lady on horseback, and the fruit-piece with the bird; also Calmet's Dictionary, 3 vols. folio; Col-

[1] Her godson, afterwards Bishop of Edinburgh.

[2] John Wootton, a celebrated English painter of horses and landscapes. He died in 1765.

lier's Dictionary, ditto; Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World, folio; Ogilvy's Æsop; ditto Virgil; and the History of China, with Hollar's prints; Bayle's Dictionary, folio; Sherlock's, Newton's and Hurd's Works; and the deal cabinet of shell fossils, and any other fossils that the Duchess of Portland does not choose; but any duplicates to be given to Master Daniel Sandford, with the little flat case now screwed up against the wall in the closet in her bedchamber; Bernard Dewes also to have the drawers with corals, "*if he chooses it*," also his brother Court Dewes's portrait, in oils, and duplicates of music and other books not otherwise disposed of.

To Mrs. Port, of Ilam, the shells not chosen by the Duchess of Portland; and what she did not choose to go to Mrs. Sandford.

To her great niece, Anne Dewes, the picture in water-colours of flowers with *the vine frame*.

To her eldest nephew, Court Dewes, her silver tea-vase, all her gold, silver, and copper coins and medals, and casts; all her books of botany and natural history (except Physique Sacré, left to Mrs. Port of Ilam); also the copy after Claude Lorraine, Lord Mansfield's print given by himself, the Liber Veritatis, after the original sketches by Claude Lorraine, Crouzat's collection of prints, first impression, very scarce, 2 vols. folio; 2 vols. of portraits of remarkable persons, one lettered "*different masters*," the other buff binding, with the figure 7; Hollar's prints, (different sizes) 3 vols; the Ruins of Baalbek and Palmyra, old historical prints, 2 large vols. folio.

Also to Mr. Court Dewes, Dr. Delany's portrait by Soldi, "*now over my bedchamber chimney, as I know he was very sensible of the merit of the original, whose genius so well employed his learning, and whose liberality and piety were exemplary and inestimable;*" also the picture of the Duchess of Queensbury, and the choice of one hundred books not already disposed of; the two pictures of Ruins, by Marco Ricci,[1] and one hundred guineas.

Mrs. Delany after an acknowledgment of Mr. Court Dewes's

[1] Marco Ricci, nephew of Sebastiano Ricci, a Venetian painter. Marco Ricci painted the Last Supper, in the Chapel at Bulstrode; and died at Venice, 1730.

kind and filial attention to her, as well as that of his brothers and his sister, adds these words:—"*I hope they will rejoice and not mourn when it pleases God to release me from this world at an age when infirmities and pain must daily increase. May they always preserve that friendship and union with one another which it hath ever been my delight to encourage, and I pray God to support, guide, and bless them and their families. I also give to Mr. Court Dewes the portrait of his mother in oils.*"

Mrs. Delany leaves to her brother-in-law Mr. Dewes of Welsbourn, (*still alive,*)[1] ten guineas to buy a ring; also five guineas each to Mrs. Mary and Mrs. Anne Viney, for the same purpose, or anything else they please; to Mrs. Ravaud of Bath was bequeathed Mrs. Delany's painting in crayons of Rachel and Leah at the Well; and to Mrs. Shelley a japan box in the shape of a heart. To Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the head of our Saviour (oil), to Dr. Ross, Bishop of Exeter, the picture of the Angel looking up with expanded wings, after Guido (oil); and to the Earl of Dartmouth the Angel with the hands across, after Guido (oil); to the Rev. Mr. Mason, Sacharissa's portrait copied after the original by Vandyke, "*which she gave to her poet Mr. Waller, and is now at Beaconsfield.*"

After this bequest Mrs. Delany gives as a reason that "*these much esteemed friends may sometimes recollect a person who was so sensible of the honour of their friendship, and who delighted so much in their conversation and works,* to be transcribed and sent with the pictures."

She alludes to the Chancery suit in which she was then involved in Ireland, and which had been going on from the time of the Dean of Down's death, and desires that if it should appear after all expenses and lawful demands are paid with regard to that suit, that there is in the judgment of her executor, Mr. Court Dewes, a sufficient balance in her favour, that he will pay the Rev. Luke George of Ireland, nephew to the late Dean of Down, the sum of 100*l* in trust for the sole use of Mrs. Bridget

[1] 1778.

Barber if then living, if not for her daughter if then living; but *if* the suit did *not* end in Mrs. Delany's favour, then only five guineas to each. Also if the suit ends in her favour the sum of 100*l.* is to be remitted, which has been in the hands of Mr. Rupert Barber (husband to the said Bridget) several years, and has never been accounted for, and that the said Bridget is to receive, *without dispute*, the above named legacy.

To Dr. Turton, ten guineas to buy a ring.

To Thomas Pitt, of Boconnoc, Esq., the portrait of Sir Bernard Granville, and his son Sir Bevil Granville,[1] and his wife, "*who were my ancestors; but as I received them from the said Thomas Pitt, Esq. I look upon them as his property, to dispose of as he thinks fit, otherwise I should have wished to have left them to the successor of the remaining fortune of the family—my nephew Dewes, whose mother was great-grand-daughter to Sir Bevil Granville. This is my last Will and Testament, written by my own hand in the 79th year of my age, on the 22nd of February* 1778. *Witness my hand,* M. D.

The above extracts contain all the principal points of interest. The disposition of her property is omitted, as it was afterwards *altered* and *revoked* by codicils, of which there were *twelve* added later at different intervals. In which codicils she leaves ad-

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[1] The following lines, composed by Dr. Llewelyn, (1643,) appear on the monument to Sir Bevil, erected to his memory in Kilkhampton Church—

"*And with this constant principle possess't*
He did alone expose his single breast
Against an armies' force, and bleeding lay,
The GREAT RESTORER *of th' declining day.*
Thus slain, thy VALIANT ANCESTOR *did lie,*
When his one BARQUE *a* NAVY *durst defye:*
When now encompass'd round, the victor stood,
And bath'd his pinnace in his conquering blood,
Till all his purple current dried and spent,
He fell, and left the WAVES *his* MONUMENT.
WHERE SHALL THE NEXT FAM'D GRENVYLE'S ASHES STAND?
THY GRANDSIRE FILLS THE SEA, AND THOU THE LAND."

ditional bequests, and makes a final disposition of the whole of her property in trust for the benefit of Mrs. Port, of Ilam, and after her death *one half* to her great niece, Georgina Mary Ann Port, and the other half to be equally divided between her three younger sisters.

After the death of the Duchess of Portland the picture in crayons of Liotard, by himself was left to Mr. Horace Walpole. To Mrs. Dewes, (afterwards Granville,) she bequeathed a japan snuff-box set in gold. To her niece, G. M. A. Port, the locket with the Queen's hair set in pearls, and the cameo of the King set in brilliants. To her niece, Anne Dewes, an ivory case with two smelling bottles; to Lady Clanbrassil, the Two Boys and the Lamb after Guido; to Miss Foley, Lord Clanbrassil's seal with his head, and a Dresden china cup and saucer with sprigs of flowers; to Mrs. Winnington a gold urn with essense of roses; to Mrs. Dickenson the picture of St. Catherine after Paul Veronese, in crayons; to Mrs. Fountayne a locket with a weeping-willow, given by Mrs. Montague, and a Dresden china soup basin, cover and plate; to Lord Guilford the picture of the Transfiguration in oil, after Carlo Maratti, "or if he died first to go *to Lady Willoughby;*" to her waiting woman, Anne Astley, Mrs. Delany left *her own silver hand-candlestick*, and the chest of drawers in her (A. A.'s) room. The above *codicils* were dated July 1785, the year of the Duchess of Portland's death. The following year a codicil was added, desiring the picture of Grapes, painted by Michael Angelo Caravaggio, might after her decease be presented to the King as a small offering of the gratitude she felt to her last moments for His Majesty's unbounded goodness at the time of her deepest distress.

She leaves all her plate, japan, and china (not previously disposed of) to her great-niece, Georgiana Mary Ann Port. The above bequest is a separate codicil, dated "1787, *my birthday. M. D.*"

In another codicil, "Windsor, 17th July, 1787," she leaves all the contents of her closet at Windsor also to her niece, G. M. A. Port, and bequeathes the print and frame of the Two Princes to Mr. Court Dewes.

The 10th codicil contains the bequest to Lady Weymouth of the fine enamel portrait of Petito by himself. (It will be remembered that this was a bequest of the Duchess of Portland's to Mrs. Delany.)

To Lady Stamford, the two small square pictures of the Mice, by Raphael. (This was also left to Mrs. Delany by the Duchess of Portland.)

To her niece, Ann Dewes, her gold pincushion given by the Queen.

After this bequest are the following words:—

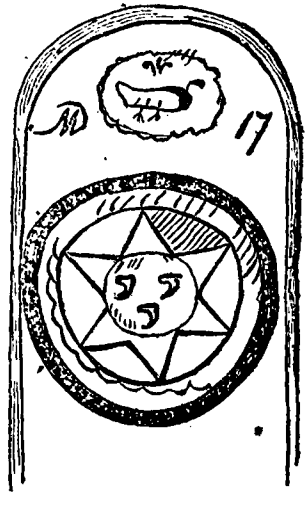
"*I bequeath to Miss Burney the two medallions of the King and Queen now in my closet at Windsor, also Sacharissa, in oil, a portrait of my own painting.*"

These are the *only* words in relation to Miss Burney throughout the Will. It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Madame d'Arblay quoted the expressions appended to the bequests made to Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, the Bishop of Exeter, the Earl of Dartmouth, and Mr. Mason the Poet, as addressed to herself, but those words were written in relation to the above-named persons *six years before Mrs. Delany ever saw Miss Burney!* viz., 22nd February, 1778. That the picture of Sacharissa, left to Miss Burney *without comment* (nine years afterwards), was the same portrait which had previously been left to Mr. Mason seems to be impossible;[1] it must have been another copy of the same picture, and a memorandum to this effect exists in the handwriting of the Editor's mother, stating that Mrs. Delany painted *three* copies of Sacharissa after Vandyke.

The 11th codicil is as follows:—"*I have wished, if not attended with too much trouble and expense, that the round painted window now in my drawing-room, St. James's Place, should be put up in the middle arch window of the great room at Calwich in Staffordshire, lately belonging to Bernard Granville, Esq., if the present possessor, the Rev. Mr. Dewes, has no objection to it; it is the only*

[1] The bequest to Mr. Mason was not revoked, and he survived Mrs. Delany nine years.

monument I desire may be put up for me, DATED THE DAY OF MY DEATH. *I would have the round piece of glass with the Dove (now in the middle of the large round) taken carefully out, and the* GRANVILLE ARMS (*three Horsemans Rests only*), *painted in their proper colours on glass, inserted in the place of the Dove. As I apprehend that the arch of the window is rather pointed, I should think it would admit of the Dove without the red and green border, which must remain where it is, above the large round, in the manner of this sketch.*



The letters of the name and figures are made too large in proportion; that may be altered as Mr. Loton pleases. Mr. Loton, glazier, in King Street, Westminster, is the person that has placed it where it now is, and I have reason to think is very honest as well as ingenious. If you send him the exact dimensions of the window on paper, and a copy of this sketch, I believe he will alter and fit it very well.

MARY DELANY."

The 12th codicil was to bequeath her harpsichord[1] to her niece, G. M. A. Port, and *all* her written music-books, *which harpsichord* must have been often played upon by Handel, as well as by herself and Mr. Granville.)

To Queen Charlotte Mrs. Delany presented (or desired to be presented after her death) an enamel picture of the Duchess of Portland, in a box of papier mâché. The Duchess's hair in a cypher, and her coronet, were on the lid, under a glass surmounted with pearls. Queen Charlotte had also the selection of

[1] A harpsichord had previously been left to Mr. Court Dewes; but it must have been another harpsichord, and probably the present bequest was her own particular instrument.

twenty of Mrs. Delany's flowers in paper mosaic. The ultimate fate of these flowers the Editor has not been able to discover.

Altho' this is the conclusion of a *true* history, it will be more satisfactory to those who have perused it to add (as is the custom in works of fiction) a few pages of information with respect to some of the persons who have been so continually brought under notice, that interest is naturally excited to know how they felt, or what they said, after the death of the individual, who had been so long connected or associated with themselves and their daily habits of life. Few letters have been preserved written after the event of Mrs. Delany's death, but among them are those of Lady Stamford and Lady Weymouth, with an allusion from the former to the bequests of Mrs. Delany to herself, and the high value which would be placed upon any token of her regard. She also speaks of the sincere share she has taken in the great affliction of her niece, and her hope that God will support her. Lady Tweeddale[1] wrote to Miss Port from Ham[2] on the 18th of April, 1788. She was then *the last* survivor of her generation, and as has appeared in the present work, she was the cousin Mrs. Delany most valued, after the death of Louisa Carteret, Lady Weymouth; and the one whose repeated trials, from the loss of her children, had excited her deep and continued sympathy. Lady Tweeddale says: "I fear your health will be impaired with the late melancholy scene, and the great loss you have sustained, which none of your friends or relations partake of more sincerely than I do; but as *our loss* is *her gain*, that *must* be *our consolation!* If you should like to come to me here, I would fetch you. You would be quite retired, (as I do not see any company,) and the air is good. I will only add, I am your affec^te^ cousin,

F. TWEEDDALE."

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[1] Frances, Marchioness of Tweeddale, youngest daughter of Earl Granville, by Frances Worsley, his first wife.

[2] Ham House, Petersham, Surrey.

From Lady Clanbrassil there were two or three letters, enclosing one from her sister Mrs. Winnington. She, it will be remembered, was of a later generation than Lady Tweeddale, being the daughter of Grace Granville, (Mrs. Foley,) and consequently the granddaughter of George, Lord Lansdown. She also appears to have been deeply attached to Mrs. Delany. She writes from 9 Great[1] Stanhope Street in a manner which proves that she was truly penetrated by her loss, and she expresses her hope that she may be able to testify her regard by conducing in some way to the consolation of her niece, who she hopes will accept her friendship, not merely from relationship but from the happiness it would be to herself to be able to testify affection for the sake of her who was gone. "Religion alone," (she adds,) "can calm such an affliction, and the thought of the selfishness of our lamentations ought likewise to weigh with us"

Mrs. Cornwallis[2] (sister of Sir Horace Mann) writes, repeatedly, in a tone of deep feeling. She says that she "not only condoles, but most feelingly shares the irreparable loss, as everybody must do who had the happiness to know Mrs. Delany;" that "she *was lent* so long for *their sakes*, but was *now taken away* for *her own*, and was, it could not be doubted, enjoying the reward of a life spent as her's had been."

Mrs. Weddell[3] was another friend whose sentiments were preserved in writing. She speaks of the love she bore Mrs. Delany, and endeavours to persuade her niece to leave St. James's Place, and to come and remain with her in Stratton Street.

Mrs. Cole, (whose name is so repeatedly mentioned by Mrs. Boscawen,) records, on the 29th of April, her recollections of

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[1] Then called "Stanhope Street" only.

[2] Catherine Mann, wife of the Hon. and Right Rev. James Cornwallis, Bishop of Lichfield, son of the 1st Earl Cornwallis, who afterwards succeeded as 4th Earl, daughter of Galfridus Mann of Egerton, and sister of Sir Horace Mann, (the friend of Horace Walpole) and mother of James Mann, 5th Earl of Cornwallis.

[3] Mrs. Weddell. Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Ramsden, married, in 1771, William Weddell, Esq., of Newby.

"*those agreeable days past and gone,* which received their highest zest from her whose loss we all lament! Providence *lent her long, very long,* a blessing to those she honoured with her friendship or her acquaintance, and therefore severely should we feel her loss; but we must not repine, *that* would be *ingratitude,* for the remembrance of her will be a lasting source of pleasure and a *safe guide through life.*"

Lady Louisa Clayton, on hearing of the death of Mrs. Delany, wrote: "Now that it has pleased God your anxieties for her have ended, let me know if by coming I can be of the smallest use or comfort. My sweet Emily, *by being taken first,* has *been spared* some pangs of tenderness she would have felt *for you* at this time." She also expressed the feelings of her sister, Lady Charlotte Finch, on the loss of Mrs. Delany.

Lady Juliana Penn transmitted by the hand of her daughter,[1] what her sister Lady Louisa Clayton had written for herself,—saying that "there were no friends of Mrs. Delany's who could more sincerely sympathise than those in Spring Gardens."[2]

Miss Fountayne,[3] the niece of Mr. Frederick Montague, for whom Mrs. Delany always had so great a regard, wrote in terms that proved the sincerity of her sympathy.

One letter has been preserved from a Mrs. Harrington, who was at that time a dame at Eton to young John Granville of Calwich, the great-nephew of Mrs. Delany, in whom she took deep interest, and whom she had with her a great deal at Windsor. He gave

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[1] Sophia Margaret, second daughter of Thomas Penn, Esq., and Lady Juliana, third daughter of the 1st Earl of Pomfret, married 1796, the Hon. and Rev. William Stuart, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh, 5th son of John, 3rd Earl of Bute. She was mother of the present Dowager Countess of Ranfurley (1861).

[2] "*Spring Gardens.*" This delightful house is now the corner of New Street, Spring Gardens, and belongs (1861) to General Sir Wm. Gomm. It was inherited by John, the eldest surviving son of Mr. and Lady Juliana Penn, and at his death was possessed by his brother, Granville Penn, Esq., whose daughter Sophia was the first wife of Sir William Gomm, who m., 2dly, Elizabeth Anne, dau. of Lord Robert Kerr.

[3] Catherine Judith, youngest daughter of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, and niece of Frederic Montagu, Esq., died at Bath, March 3rd, 1824.

the promise of every excellence she could desire, and the following account written to his mother, proves that he was deeply attached to her. Mrs. Harrington thus writes from Eton, 20th April, 1788, to his mother, Mrs. Granville :—

"The young gentleman is very well, yet not without the most sensible feelings for the loss of that most good lady Mrs. Delany. The first of his hearing it was by Mr. Roberts, just as he was coming out of school, who only told him '*Mrs. Delany is dead.*' The dear child came instantly to me as I was sitting at work, and in his usual manner when anything does not go pleasant with him, said, '*Mrs Harrington,*' and looked grave; of course I said, 'What's the matter?' As oppressed as he cou'd possibly be, he said, 'I have heard bad news, *very bad, indeed.*' To relieve him I reply'd, I imagined what it was; he said 'What?' Then I said, 'Poor Mrs. Delany.' He instantly lean'd his dear little head on my shoulder, and cried very much, truly afflicted; and indeed he was so much so that I thought it better to indulge him in his grief a little while, and so I told him had she lived her age was so great that she could not have enjoyed life, &c.: Mrs. Roberts came soon after to inquire about him, and took him to dinner; he is gone there again to-day. I told y^r^ dear son that he undoubtedly had lost a most valuable friend, but I did not point out to him his immediate loss, in losing many comfortable days during his being at school; he is now very cheerful *excepting* when *her name* is mentioned.

"Give me leave, madam, to say, I am sorry for y^r^ loss, but it is *everybody's* loss who knew her. I have a loss, for it is impossible to say what pleasure I had in giving her satisfaction in my care of y^r^ young gentleman. Her goodness used to apologise for '*troubling* me,' (as she call'd it,) by her great anxiety for her dear nephew. I felt myself honour'd by receiving her commands and directions, and great pleasure in observing them. I shall not forget the continuance of them to Master Granville."

The career of the much-prized John Granville was very short. He died of decline at nineteen (1800), leaving his parents childless. The following lines were written by his father, and en-

graved on a slate which was kept in a wooden case at the back of a seat under an old beech-tree at Calwich, on which young Granville had carved his own initials, in the centre of a row leading to a romantic spot known as Cabin Knowl.

When Lycidas,[1] intent on rural fame,
Grav'd on the smooth rind of this spreading beech,
The dear initials of his fleeting name,
He stretch'd his fancy to its utmost reach
Of pious resolution, both to *guard*
And *nurse these groves*, as his fond sire had done.
Ah, me! how *great their gain* had *he* been spar'd!
How *great their loss*, now Lycidas *is gone!*
Yet shall a future master of these trees,
Of *kindred blood*,[2] and *kindred mind the same.*
Struck by the record which he passing sees,
Protect *their* honour and respect *his* name!
For *they* surviv'd that storm, and ruin wide,
Which *sunk poor Calwich*,—when her darling *died!*

J. G., 1800.

Miss Beckingham (afterwards Mrs. Montagu,[3]) and her father and mother, were also amongst those whose expressions proved that they knew the value of Mrs. Delany's friendship; but perhaps there was not one of her survivors, who more thoroughly appreciated her character, and retained a more lasting sense of the extent of her loss, than Lady Bute. She did not content herself with merely expressing her own grief, and offering personal sympathy and condolence; but she continued to write, and some extracts from one letter are here given, *not merely* because everything which relates to the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and to the wife of the Minister, Lord Bute, excites interest; but because the opinions expressed and the advice given, are *much more wanted* in the *present* age than in the one in which the letter was composed.

Lady Bute says: "You are but just entering into life, and be

[1] The late John Granville.

[2] Calwich was inherited *and sold* by Court, the son of Bernard, who was brother of the writer of these lines.

[3] Dorothy Charlotte, daughter of Stephen Beckingham, Esq., married George, Viscount Hinchinbroke, eldest son of John, 5th Earl of Sandwich

lieve me whatever good advice or assistance you may have, that much of your future happiness *depends upon yourself*. Nature seems to have been bountiful both to person and to mind, but the benefit of these advantages rests entirely on the use that you make of them. A modest natural cheerfulness adds charm to beauty and good sense, while affectation and pretence to wit destroy the effect of both. Indolence is not an uncommon fault at your age, and perhaps it is one of the most pernicious in its consequences, and this I beg you carefully to guard against. You *have several* accomplishments for your amusement; but I would *earnestly recommend to you*, not to neglect the less genteel employment of *good housewifery*, which *in my opinion is necessary for a woman in whatever station of life she is placed*. If circumstances are not affluent, *it is indispensable;* but if *they are*, many comforts arise from regularity and order in the conduct of those affairs which are usually under a woman's direction, whether mistress of a family or not. *Sensible* men are more likely to have serious thoughts of young ladies whom they observe to be neatly dressed, unaffected in behaviour, with good humour, and *attentive to economy*, than of indolent and accomplished beauties! Music and drawing are rational and agreeable amusements, but *they are amusements only*. Let me hear from you again—forgive this sermon, it is meant as a proof of real regard."

Lady Bute induced Mrs Delany to sit a second time to Opie that he might paint a portrait for her from life, in exactly the same dress and position as the picture he had painted by the command of King George III. and Queen Charlotte, and which during their lives was hung in their bedchamber at Windsor Castle, and is now at Hampton Court. Both these portraits were considered two of Opie's finest works, and it is from the one painted for Lady Bute, that the engraving is taken which makes the frontispiece of the 1st vol. of the present work. After the death of Mrs. Delany, Horace Walpole[1] (who always appears to have formed a very high and just estimate of her

[1] Mrs. Delany is one of *the few* contemporaries of Horace Walpole whom he spoke of with respect and reverence.

character) designed a frame for Lady Bute's picture, with an inscription; the frame is elaborately carved, and the principal ornaments were intended to be emblematic of her particular accomplishments; at the top are a group of musical instruments, interspersed with sprays of bay and laurel, and at the bottom a palette forms the centre, with a miniature easel, pencils and brushes. On the palette is the inscription composed by Horace Walpolé, and a facsimile of the rough draft of which is given in one of the chromo-lithographs at the end of this vol., the other represents the frame which he designed, as it still exists. The original inscription, in his own hand, was given *by himself* to Mrs. Dickenson, (Mary Hamilton,) and is endorsed *by her*, with the date when she received it at Strawberry Hill. The picture and the frame were given by the late Marquis of Bute to the Editor's mother.

Little remains that is necessary to be said of the survivors more immediately connected with Mrs. Delany. The good Mrs. Anne Astley, her attached waiting woman, wrote to Mrs. Dickenson on the seventh day after Mrs. Delany's death, stating that their Majesties had most generously given her an appointment which would entirely provide for her. She was afterwards installed as housekeeper to the house Mrs. Delany had previously occupied at Windsor, which was altered and enlarged, and (the Editor believes) ultimately converted into Augusta Lodge.

There is presumptive evidence that the intentions of King George III. and Queen Charlotte with regard to Mrs. Astley had been made known to Mrs. Delany long before her death, because Mrs. Astley in whom she had so much confidence, and who had served her so faithfully, was the only individual in her household to whom she did *not* leave any legacy in money; but to her she bequeathed her "*own silver hand-candlestick.*" It is not improbable that Mrs. Astley herself had also been privately made aware of it, and perfectly understood and appreciated the reason of her not being benefitted by Mrs. Delany's Will, altho' she was especially remembered in it.

Of the immediate descendants of Ann Granville, her eldest

written & given to me by
y. Hon.ble Hor. Walpole at
Strawberry Hill May 13th 1780

Mary Granville
Niece of Lord Lansdown,
Correspondent of Dr Swift,
Widow
of Mr Pendarvis,
and of Dr Delany Dean of Downe.
Her piety and Virtues, her excellent understanding,
and her talents and Taste in Painting & Musick,
were not only the Hopes, Ornaments & Comforts
of an uniform life,
but the Blessings that crowned & closed
the Termination of her Existence
at the uncommon age of 88.

Inscription for a pallet on the frame of the Portrait
of Mrs Delany,
in the possession of the Countess of Bute.

The frame was designed & the Inscription
was written by the Honble Horace Walpole May 1788

son Court Dewes, who had succeeded his father in the Wellsbourn estate, before Mrs. Delany's death, only survived her six years. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his brother Bernard, whose son, Court, ultimately inherited the Calwich estate,[1] and the name, from his uncle Granville, and that of Wellsbourn from his father. The former is now the property of The Hon. Augustus Duncombe, Dean of York. Wellsbourn still belongs to his son, Bernard Granville, great-grandnephew of Mrs. Delany, whose eldest son, *Bevil Granville*, was one of the few officers in the regiment of the gallant Welsh Fusileers, who survived the battle of the Alma.[2]

LIST OF PICTURES PAINTED BY MRS. DELANY IN OILS AND CRAYONS.

Portrait of Sacharissa, from Vandyke. The original picture was given by Dorothea, Countess of Sutherland, to her poet Waller. Bequeathed by Mrs. Delany. to the Rev. William Mason, the poet.

A second copy was given to the Duchess of Portland, and left by her to Mrs. Port, of Ilam.

A third copy, painted by Mrs. Delany, was bequeathed by her to Miss Burney, the authoress, afterwards Madame d'Arblay.

St. Catherine, in crayons; from Paul Veronese. Left to Mrs. Dickenson (born Hamilton).

Summer, in crayons; from Rosalba. The original now in the Louvre, Paris.

A Madonna in a blue veil, believed to be after Guido, crayons.

Hagar and Ishmael.

Charity, after Bourdon. Crayons.

Holy Family, after Trevisani. Crayons.

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[1] The house at Calwich built by Mrs. Delany's brother, Mr. Granville, on the site of the old Abbey, is razed to the ground, and a new house built in another situation.

[2] The old prophecy which used to be kept in the Abbey of Ned (1400), stated that the Granvilles would suffer great reverses till the time of a King Charles—that they would then recover some of their former grandeur, again decline—but later again revive.

Sigismunda, crayons (a chef d'œuvre). See account of the original, vol ii., page 261.

Angel and Lily. Crayons.

Anne Granville, Mrs. Dewes. Crayons, from life.

Mary, the Maid of the Inn. Crayons.

Rachel and Leah at the Well. Crayons.

Our Saviour and St. John, and a Lamb, after Guido. Crayons.

Another St. Catherine, mentioned by Mrs. Hamilton as in her possession, and in her house in Dublin, in 1750.

Picture of Mrs. Sandford and Mrs. Preston (in one piece).

Portrait of Letitia Bushe. Crayons, from life.

A picture of Mary, Queen of Scots, painted at Hollymount from an old portrait.

The Duke of Ormond, after Sir Peter Lely. Oils.

A picture of Mrs. Granville, daughter of Sir Martin Westcomb. Oils.

A second picture of Mrs. Granville. Oils.

The Duchess of Mazarine's picture, from Sir Peter Lely.

Another picture of the Duchess of Mazarine, half-length; given to Miss Bushe. Oils.

An Angel, after Guido. Oils.

A drawing to illustrate "The Allegro," described by Mrs. Delany as an imitation (or illustration) of Handel's "Let me wander, &c.," (vol. ii., page 451.)

Portrait of Lady Johanna Thornhill (daughter of Sir Bevil Granville). Oils, after Wright.

A portrait of King Charles the First, after Vandyke.

Another copy of Charles the First. Oils.

A Madonna and Child, after Guido. Oils.

Another Madonna and Child, after Guido. Oils. This was the first oil picture ever painted by Mrs. Delany.

The Three Marys, and the Angel sitting at the Tomb, after Salvator Rosa. Oils.

The Raising of Lazarus, enlarged from an engraving after Rembrandt. Oils.

A Landscape, after Salvator Rosa. Oils.

The Flight into Egypt. Oils.

The Holy Family, after Raphael. Oils. Almost the same as the picture discovered many years ago concealed at Okeover.

Another Holy Family, after Raphael. Oils.

An Angel looking at a Lily, after Guido. Oils.

Portrait of Madame de Sevigné. Oils. Copied from her picture at Strawberry Hill.

An Angel looking at a Lily, in profile. Oils.

A third picture of a Angel and Lily.

Head of our Saviour with the Crown of Thorns, from Carlo Dolci. Oils.

An Angel looking up with expanded wings, after Guido. Oils.

An Angel with hand across, after Guido. Oils.

The Marriage of St. Catherine. Oils.

A second copy of the above painted on copper.

The Transfiguration, from Carlo Maratti. Oils.

A Holy Family, after Correggio. Oils. The original picture was in the possession of the Portland family.

The Duchess of Queensbury, from life. Oils.

Another copy of the Duchess of Queensbury.

A Tortoiseshell Cat, with a Ball, and Basket of Flowers, from life. Oils.

Two portraits of her father, Colonel Granville.

Picture of Mary Dewes (Mrs. Port of Ilam), and her brother, John Dewes (afterwards Granville), from life. Oils.

Portraits of Court and Bernard Dewes, from life. Oils.

Singing Boy and Girl. Oils.

A Barber in a Ruff, from Vandyke. Oils. Left by the Duchess of Portland to Mrs. Port of Ilam, and given by her to Dorothy, Duchess of Portland.

David and Goliath. Oils. The destination of this picture is not known. It was seen in 1799 at the house of Mrs. Vennor, at King's Mead, near Charlcote.

Portrait of a Lady, from Sir Godfrey Kneller, left by the Duchess of Portland, to Mrs. Port of Ilam.

Portrait of Dr. Delany, Dean of Down, from life.

The above catalogue of the pictures in crayons and oils painted by Mrs. Delany, has been compiled from a written list made from recollection by the Editor's mother, from the bequests in Mrs. Delany's will, and from the accounts given by herself in her correspondence of the pictures she was painting. The total number of her pictures was *known* to be *seventy-two*, but the Editor has been unable to trace above *fifty-four*. Probably some of them were given to friends in Ireland during her residence there.[1]

Besides paintings Mrs. Delany executed numberless designs in shell-work; she made a grotto at Sir John Stanley's at North End; another at the Bishop of Clogher's at Killala; another at Calwich; and another at Delville. The chapel at Delville was ornamented with shell-work, as described in her letters; and a cornice of shell-work still exists there, most beautifully executed.[2] There are also now (1862) at Stoke Edith[3] garlands of shell-work on the panels of a room, which were done by Mrs. Delany; who also made candelabras of shells for Bulstrode and Delville, and numberless mantel-pieces with Etruscan and other designs in cut paper laid upon wood, which had the effect of inlaying.

Were it possible to give a list of *the work* designed and executed by Mrs. Delany *with the needle*, independent of the quantity of various works in various ways *designed* by her for her friends to

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[1] Within the last ten years a person looking at a house to be let in Dublin saw a portrait, which struck her as very beautiful. She was told it was "*Mrs. Delany*," but has no recollection in what street she saw it.

[2] Delville is now the property of the Honourable Francis Clements, who kindly allowed Lord Llanover to see the house and grounds (Aug. 1861), when he found this cornice in perfect preservation; and by the aid of a ground-plan of the place, obligingly given to the Editor by Mr. Mallet, (who possessed it previous to its purchase by Colonel Maude) he was able to trace almost all the places described by Mrs. Delany, and found the magnificent ever-green oaks still flourishing. From the quantities of shells which were on the ground in heaps previous to Colonel Maude's occupation, there must have been a great deal of shell-work in various parts of the building destroyed by alterations.

[3] *Stoke Edith*, now the property of Lady Emily Foley.

execute, it would be a much more extraordinary exemplification of what *may be* achieved by human industry and ingenuity, aided by natural talent, than the catalogue of her paintings. The Editor is not able to give an account of more than the specimens of Mrs. Delany's needlework which are in her own possession, and that of her sister, and a few other relations. Of these are a number of chairs, the backs and seats of which are embroidered in a manner entirely different to anything that has ever (in the knowledge of the Editor) been done for a similar purpose. They consist of magnificent groups of flowers from nature, some on light and some on dark grounds, all different from each other, and all executed in *worsted* chenille, (made upon *linen* thread;) possessing the finest semi-tones of colour, which produce a variety of tint and harmony, as well as depth of colour, which *never appear* in the modern dyes of wool of any description. Some of these chairs are worked in embroidery stitch upon canvas, by which means the utmost freedom of outline was possible, and the most exact imitation of nature. In other sets of chairs cloth was used as the ground upon which the outline of the flowers must have been sketched, and the shades and colours filled in by sewing down the worsted chenilles by the eye, and cutting them off where required. These specimens prove Mrs. Delany's marvellous talent for design, as well as ability in execution, and are suitable for furniture which though ornamental was yet useful; but there also exist bed hangings, and chair and sofa covers, which combine in as remarkable a manner striking effect with every day utility. Some of these were the covers of her drawing-room chairs in London, where the ground was brilliant dark blue *linen*, bordered with leaves cut out by herself in white linen, and edged and veined with white knotting of different sorts and thickness, sewed down along the edge. A bed completed by herself, and her sister Ann Granville, was of nankeen, with designs executed in white linen, for the headboard and hangings, all different, but well adapted to the various parts, and of a washing material, the durability of which as well as the excellence of the work is best proved by its en-

durance for near a hundred years in continual use! Mrs. Delany did not employ silk for her furniture, but woollen or linen materials; and the worsted chenilles, made on linen thread, never were attacked by the moths: there is now a box of them in the Editor's possession left from Mrs. Delany's work, which are still fit for use; it ought also to be mentioned that all these chenilles were wound on two cards folded together by herself in a peculiar manner, which prevented the chenilles being cut by the edges of the cards.

The specimens still existing of Mrs. Delany's embroidery in silks deserve framing and being put under glass, as a visible proof of what embroidery *can* and *ought* to be. The following specimens are among those yet in perfect preservation:—

An apron of thick nankeen-coloured silk, embroidered with purple and white violets and leaves, in hard twisted silks. It is impossible to give an idea of the effect by description, but the whole may be compared to a very fine painting from nature, very much raised from the silk ground; the stitches being so artfully blended together that no divisions are to be seen between them, and the shading is equally wonderful. It must be remembered that the apron was to wear over a hoop, consequently there was very little fulling, but the whole design was to be seen without many folds.

A black silk apron finely embroidered with flowers from nature, in the same manner.

A black satin court petticoat, covered with sprays of natural flowers, in different positions, including the bugloss, auriculas, honeysuckle, wild-roses, lilies of the valley, yellow and white jessamine, interspersed with small single flowers (where too much ground would otherwise have appeared). The border at the bottom being entirely composed of larger flowers, in the manner in which they grow, both *garden* and *wild* flowers being intermingled where the form, proportions and foliage rendered it desirable for the effect of the whole. For instance, the top of an upright hollyhock, buds and flowers, with some of the broad green leaves are side by side with a wild thistle of the same height,

entwined with the wild pink convolvolus, also a thick spray of wide-leaved myrtle placed upright, and so on with sprays of orange flowers, &c., &c., all arranged to nearly the same average height, (though higher in the centre,) with a sufficient thickness of their own leaves to form a mass of foliage relieving each other by their different shades of greens and browns, with little of the black ground appearing till the flowers and buds at the top of each spray required such a relief to throw out their delicate outlines. The description here given is *from sight*, but the gown and train which belonged to this petticoat the Editor never saw, though she has heard it described by those who had seen it, and who said that it was also of black satin, that it was studded all over with natural flowers of the same wonderful embroidery, but all minute flowers, making a complete contrast with the petticoat, although exactly suiting it, and producing altogether a most beautiful effect. A stomacher is still preserved which most probably belonged to this court suit. It is of black velvet, divided into compartments by a very curious narrow lace made of white silk; each compartment contains a sprig of jessamine embroidered on the black velvet, tied with a blue bow, also embroidered; and it is worthy of remark that although the whole design is in perfect proportion, and each spray and ribbon exactly balanced by its companion, that there is not a leaf or flower which is a duplicate of the other, and in all Mrs. Delany's designs the same thorough mastership of the art of design is apparent; for she had studied nature too long and too closely not to have impressed upon her mind the invariable law of nature,—that although everything harmonizes nothing is ever an exact duplicate of the other.

A white tiffany three-cornered handkerchief, which is the most wonderful of all Mrs. Delany's works, whether considered for beauty of design, close imitation of nature, or delicacy of execution. The tiffany is simply doubled and sewed down to form a broad border, on which appear groups of natural flowers executed with the very finest coloured silks in running stitch. The ground is *not* covered, but the flowers are all delineated and shaded by runnings, which can only be compared to a fine en-

graving or etching *in colours* on a white ground. Some of the principal flowers are double anemones, and the corner is ornamented with a most beautiful double poppy with curling leaves and bent stem, which exactly fills the required space. The flowers are connected together by a blue ribbon, the outline light and shade of which is a study for a painter. The ribbon is also executed in the same needlework etching.

A quilt, the ground of white Indian cotton lined with linen, bordered with flowers from nature of a large size, and bows of ribbon, with groups at the corners and centre of each side; executed in the same manner as the tiffany handkerchief above mentioned, only that the silk is thicker with which the flowers are traced out, as was required by their increased dimensions and the coarser texture of the material on which they are worked. The ground of the quilt (the centre) is filled up by a beautiful and intricate mosaic pattern of white knotting sewn down.

Many more inventions of Mrs. Delany's in needlework might be mentioned, but space will not permit of further details, as the originality and beauty of the designs and execution of work on muslin and on net, (the peculiar flaxen thread net of that period, which was *in large squares*,) for aprons, for toilettes, for ruffles, and for sweet-bags, would *alone* occupy many pages if enumerated and properly described.

Among the remaining collection of Mrs. Delany's own unrivalled needlework, is a white silk apron, (also) intended for a hoop, given to her by her friend Mrs Hamilton,[1] and which was so exquisitely painted and so perfectly preserved that it is probable it never was worn, but kept as a work of art. The border is entirely composed of sprays of jessamine, each different from the other, yet forming a complete whole, filled up and interspersed with insects, among which are moths and butterflies, bees, dragon-flies, ladybirds, and even a small snail with its shell is introduced. The whole is painted in grays and the

[1] Dorothea Forth, wife of the Hon. and Rev. Francis Hamilton, 7th son of James, 6th Earl of Abercorn.

outline is so perfect, as well as the perspective, and the softness and finish is so great, that (in *these* days) at first sight it might be taken for an excellent photograph from the real objects represented.

In conclusion it may be truly said that the works of Mrs. Delany would form admirable models for schools of design, as *a standard* to show what *may be attained,* and what *should be* aspired after. They afford an instructive contrast to the bad taste of those performances, *called* "embroidery," in shops of the present day which are frequented by ladies to *buy* patterns, (superior to what they can design for themselves,) with the work begun for them, and to which numbers return, to get it *finished afterwards;* or to those numerous compositions annually seen in the exhibitions in London, called "Flower Painting," where preposterous flowers are finished minutely with lights and shades put in or out at random, (*in defiance* of nature,) and the outlines of which are painfully out of drawing.. Mrs. Delany's maxim used to be that the *ornamental work of gentlewomen ought to be superior to bought work in design and taste,* and *their* plain work the model for their maids, and she exemplified by her own productions that such a maxim was practically followed by herself.

The following epitaph, being an antiquarian curiosity, and connected with Ilam and the history of Mary Granville (Mrs. Delany), it is here inserted :—

Inscription on the Monument of ROBERT PORT, OF ILAM, ESQ. *in the Parish Church of Ilam.*

ROBERT PORT,

DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT ILAM, ON THE 20TH DAY OF MAY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,

1640.

Virtue in *those good times*, that bred *good men*,
No testimony craved of tongue or pen
No marble columns, nor engraven brasse
To tell the world that *such* a person *was*.
For then *each pious act* to fair descent
Stood *for* the worthy owner's *monument*.
But in this change of manners, and of states,
Good names (tho' writ in marble) have their fates ;
Such is the barbarous and irreverent rage
That arms the rabble of this impious age.
Yet may this happy stone that bears a name,
(*Such* as no bold survivor dares to claim,)
To ages yet unborn, unblemished stand
Safe from the stroke of *an inhuman hand!*
Here, reader, here, a Port's sad relics lie
To *teach* the careless world MORTALITY,
Who while he mortal was *un*rivall'd stood
The crown and glory of his ancient blood.
Fit for his princes, and his countries trust,
Pious to God, and to his neighbour just.
A loyal husband to his latest end ;
A gracious father, and a faithful friend.
Belov'd he lived, and died *o'ercharged with years*,
Fuller of *Honour*, than of *silver hairs*,
And to sum up his virtues, *this was he*
That *was* what *all we should*, but *cannot be*.

Lady Llanover takes this opportunity to record her especial acknowledgments to all those persons who have been so good as to add to the interest of this work by contributing information, lending pictures for engraving, or letters to render the correspondence more complete. Among the former she has been indebted to the Duke of Sutherland,* the Duke of Portland, Lord Stafford,[1] Lady Anna Maria Dawson; to her sister, (the Baroness de Bunsen,) Mr. Granville of Wellsbourn, the Rev. Iltyd Nicholl, and Mr. Erskine Sandford.* Among the latter to the Hon. Mrs. Greville Howard, Sir John Anson, Sir Thomas Winnington, Mr. Granville of Wellsbourn, Mrs. Stratton;* to her aunt, Mrs. Ram,* Mr. and Lady Jane Ram, and Miss M. A. Ram, Mrs. Carter Smith (niece of the celebrated Mrs. Eliz. Carter), to Mrs. Shaw (great-niece of Mrs.

[1] *Jerningham.*

Ann Viney,) and Mr. Kingdon.* To the Hon. Francis Clements of Delville, to Mrs. Maude and Mr. Mallet, (late of Delville,) she is under obligations for the assistance afforded in tracing the former history, and still existing remains of Mrs. Delany's designs and works at Delville. Mr. Twyford Joliffe, of Amerdown Park, the Rev. Hamilton Beamish, Mr. Bushe, and Mr. John Bushe, have, in the most obliging manner, replied to inquiries and given information with regard to the families and genealogy of Twyford, Hamilton, and Bushe. With regard to Cornwall she owes an especial acknowledgment to Sir Charles Lemon for his hospitality and kind assistance (during her visit at Carclew) in a personal inspection of Roscrow, and towards tracing the history of Mary Granville in Cornwall. Also to the Rev. John Davis,* Rector of Kilkhampton; the Rev. R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Moorwinstow; and to the obliging Mr. and Mrs. Adams of Kilkhampton, who gave up their own rooms for her accommodation. To the Duke* and Duchess* of Bedford, during a visit at Endsleigh, she owes the sight of Sydenham, &c., &c., and through them for the local information received from the Rev. G. A. Bray,* Vicar of Tavistock, and Mrs. Bray, about Lamerton and Collacombe,[1] and the still existing traditions respecting Mary Fitz, of Fitzford, wife of Sir Richard Granville. To the Rev. Dr. Oliver,* the well-known antiquarian of

[1] Philippa Granvil, daughter of Sir Roger Granvil, "*the Great Housekeeper*," m. Thos. Tremayn, of Colacomb. A very curious monument to their memory was seen by the Editor in Lamerton Church, with a long inscription, of which the following lines were a part—

"*Thomas the sire matched Greinvil's blood*
Philip her name—a Gentle good."

Exeter, she is indebted for repeated letters and information to assist her researches, and to Dr.* and Mrs. Coleridge of Thorverton and their daughter Mrs. Martyn, for allowing her to see and attempt to obtain a photograph of the original oil painting of Stowe, although unfortunately the photograph was not successful. She hopes that if the names of any other persons are omitted, that it will not be attributed to intentional neglect, but to the true cause of want of time for reference and recollection in the last hurried moments of completion for the press.[1]

The Editor had proceeded thus far when on re-perusing the names of those who had taken interest in the work and rendered assistance, she was reminded of the melancholy fact that no less than *eleven* have died during its progress! Their *names* are marked with asterisks, to show that it is now to their *memory* alone that this tribute can be paid.

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[1] The Editor had intended to introduce a few remarks in allusion to the deep feeling of reverence and attachment of Mrs. Delany to King George III., and Queen Charlotte, (as evinced to her last breath,) in connection

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[1] Whilst these pages have been passing through the press, the Editor has received some interesting photographs of Delville, and remains of Mrs. Delany's grotto there, summer-house, limes, &c., from Mr. Hamilton, of Hamwood, Ireland.

with the loyalty of her grandfather Sir Bevil Granville, and her loyal uncle Denis Granville, Dean of Durham, (whose letters have recently been published by the Surtees Society), and who was one of the last true and *sincere believers* in the divine right of Kings, Mary Granville having formed the last link in her family between the creed of her ancestors as exemplified in Sir Bevil and in Denis Granville, and the greater liberty of opinion which tempered her own mind, though combined with the same fervent and inextinguishable loyalty, but any further remarks on this subject are now as needless as impossible! Between the *intention* above expressed, and its *execution*, a *great national calamity* has given another warning of the instability of human life, and has at the same time testified by the mourning of a whole nation, *as one man*, that whatever might have been the opinions of times past on 'the divine right of kings,' that at no period in the history of Great Britain did any sovereign become so entirely and universally the object of the love and sympathy, as well as the devotion of the Empire, as THE QUEEN, whose present cause of grief is felt as the individual misfortune of each of her subjects!

Llanover, 20th Dec. 1861.

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